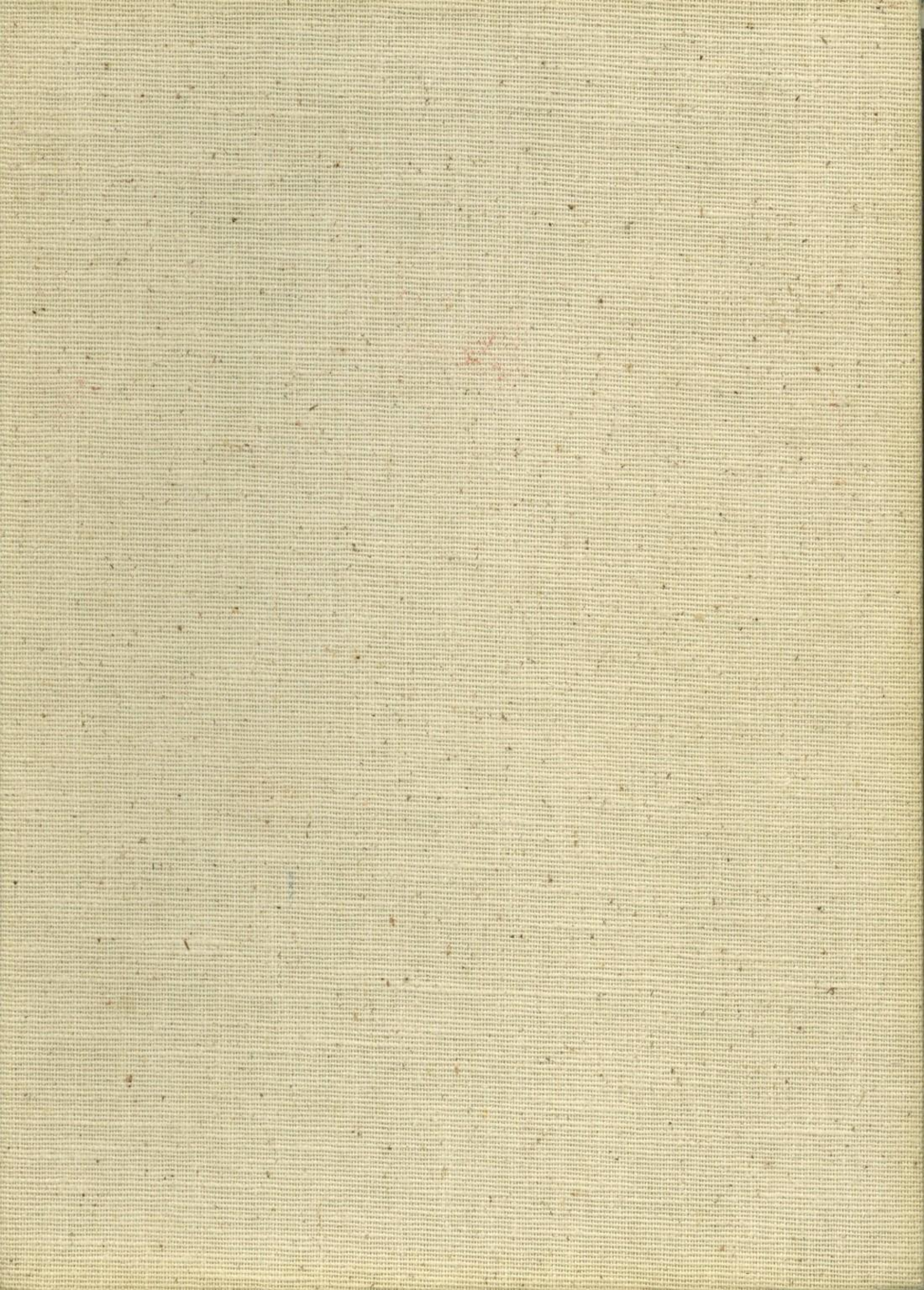
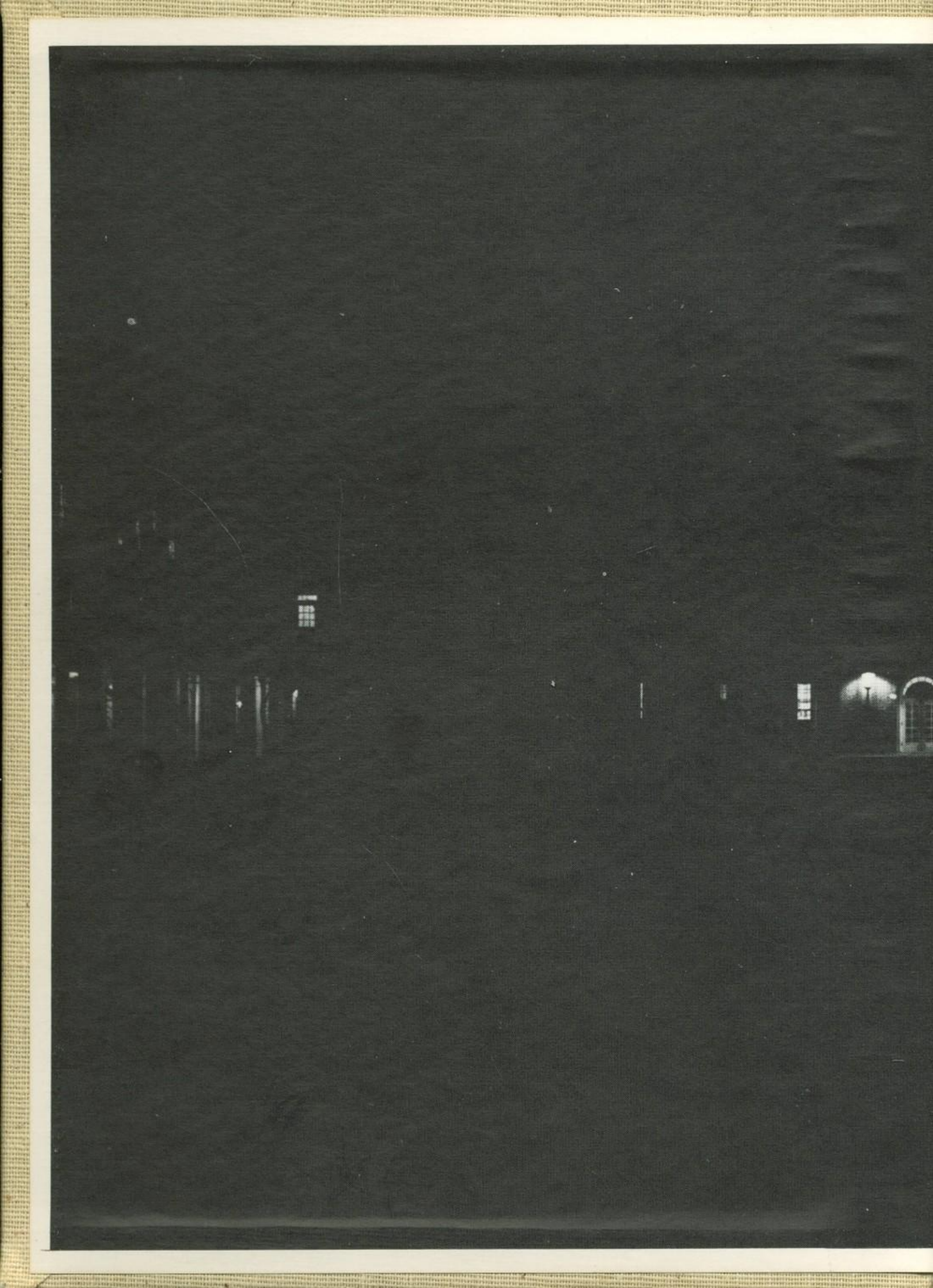
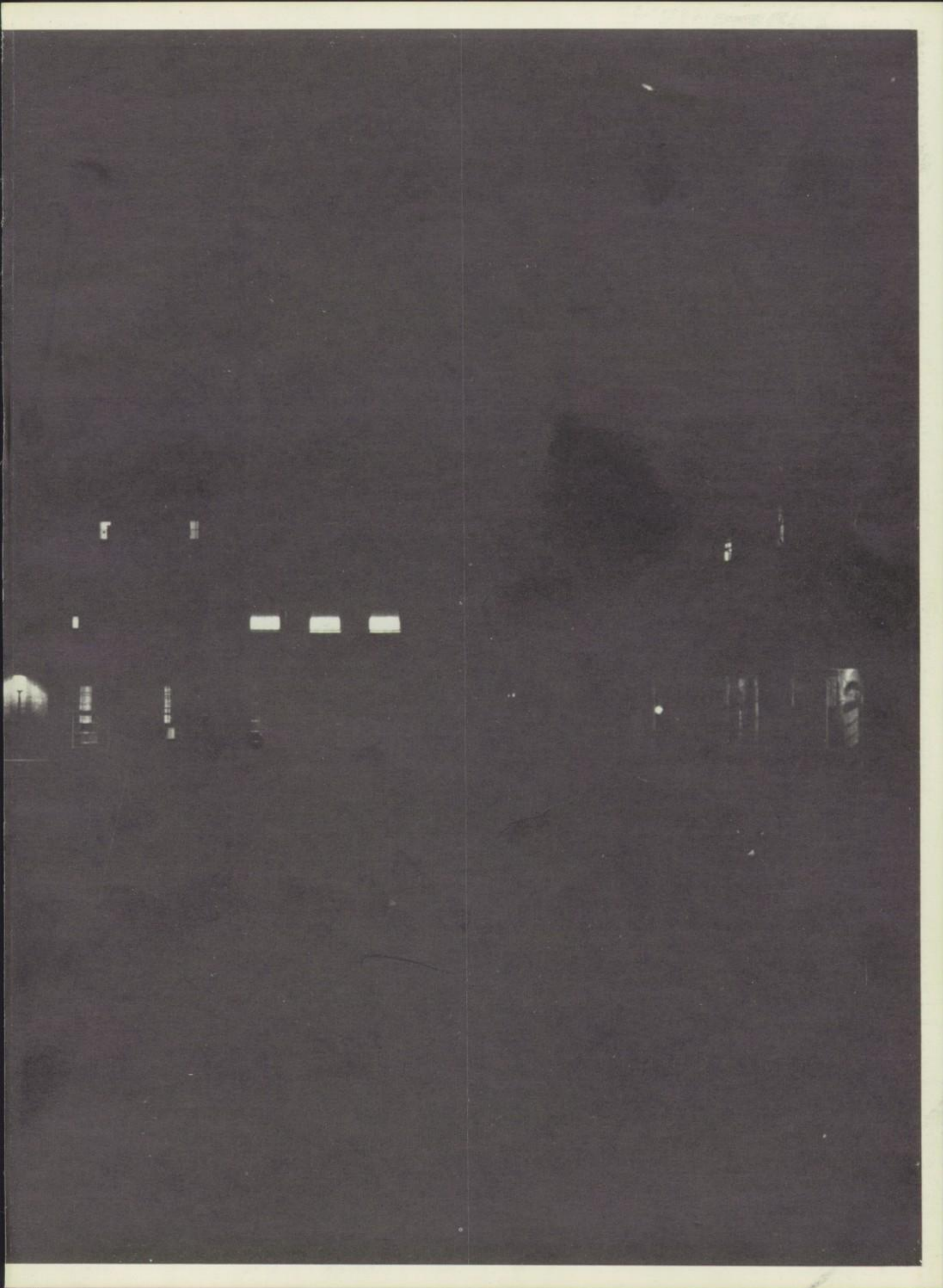








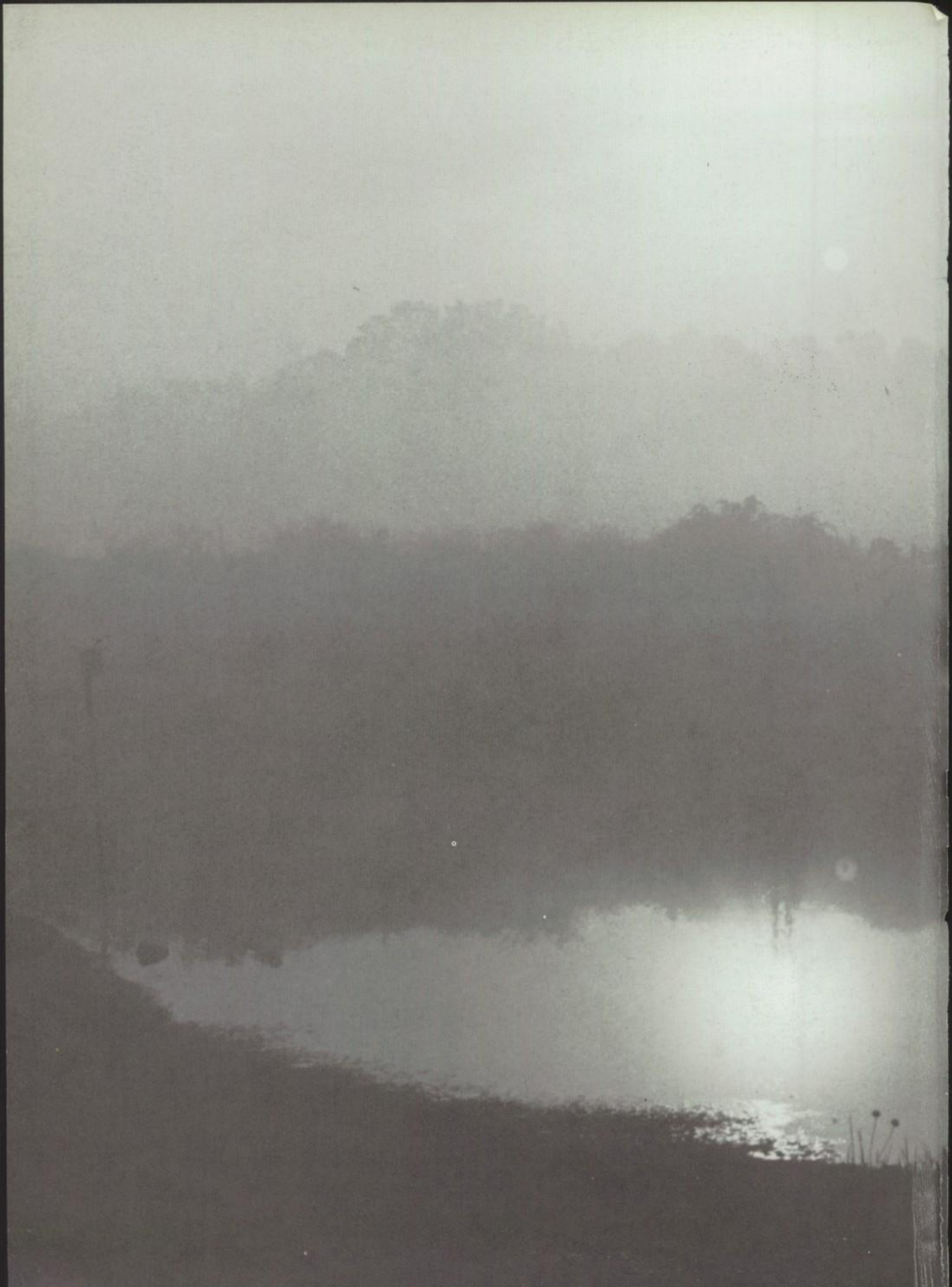


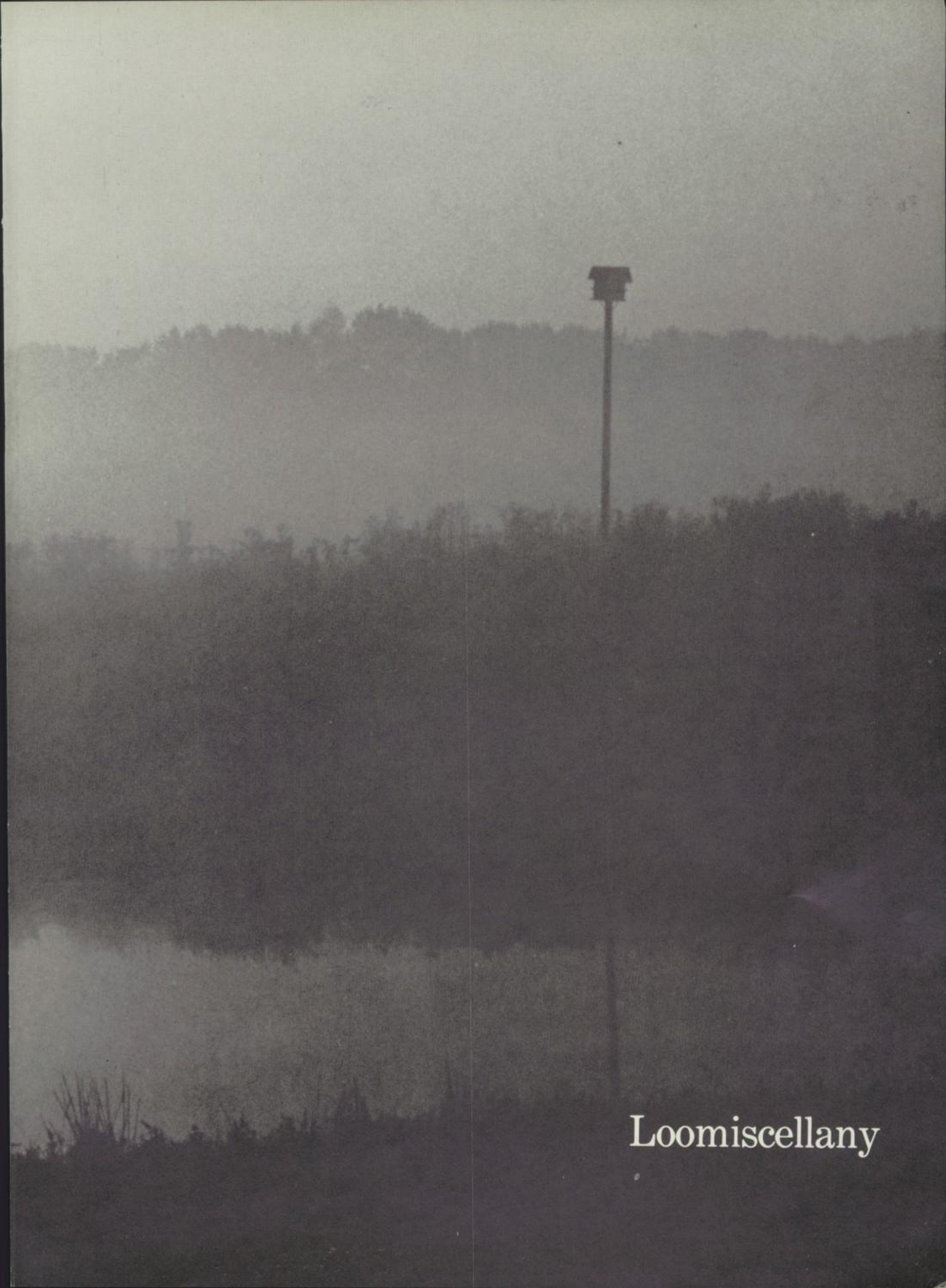
The Faculty

The Year: The Individual and
The Community

The Seniors

Senior Index





Loomiscellany



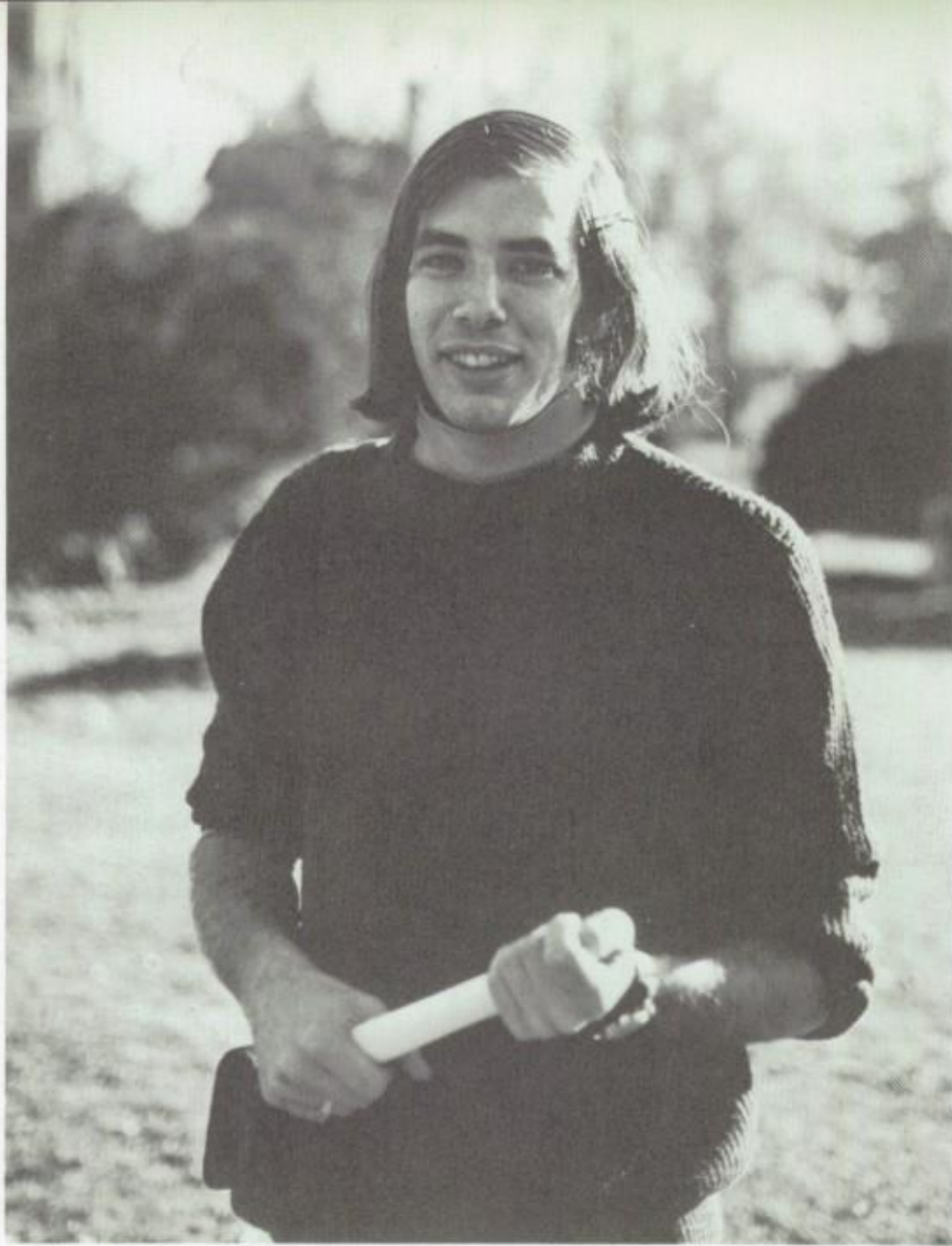
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Frances and Frank Grubbs



Frederick Torrey
Aubrey Loomis



Phil Lebowitz

Peggy Barnes

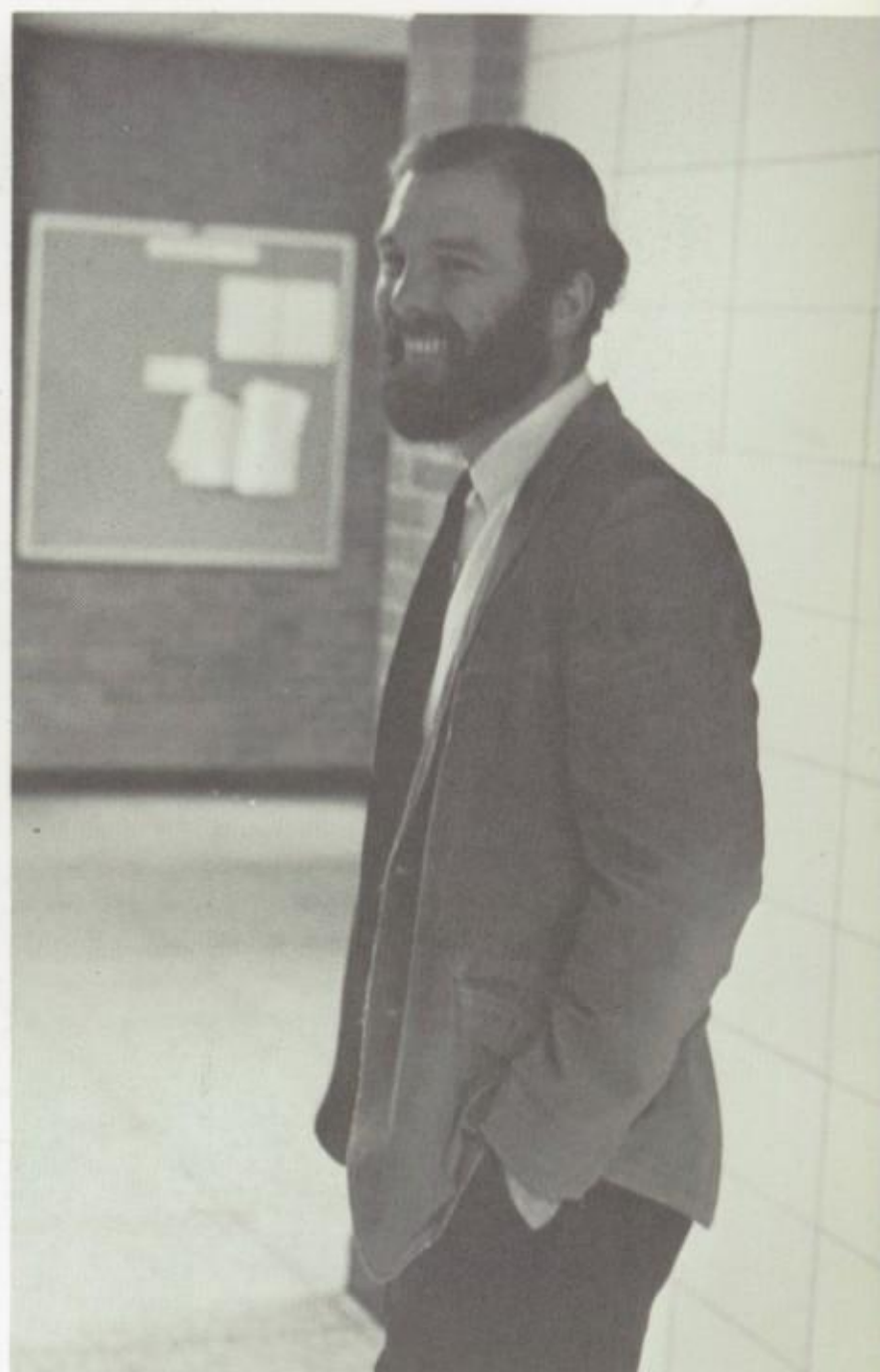


Dodi Britton





Leila Carlson
Elizabeth Spears
Louisa Serviçi



Rich Johnson



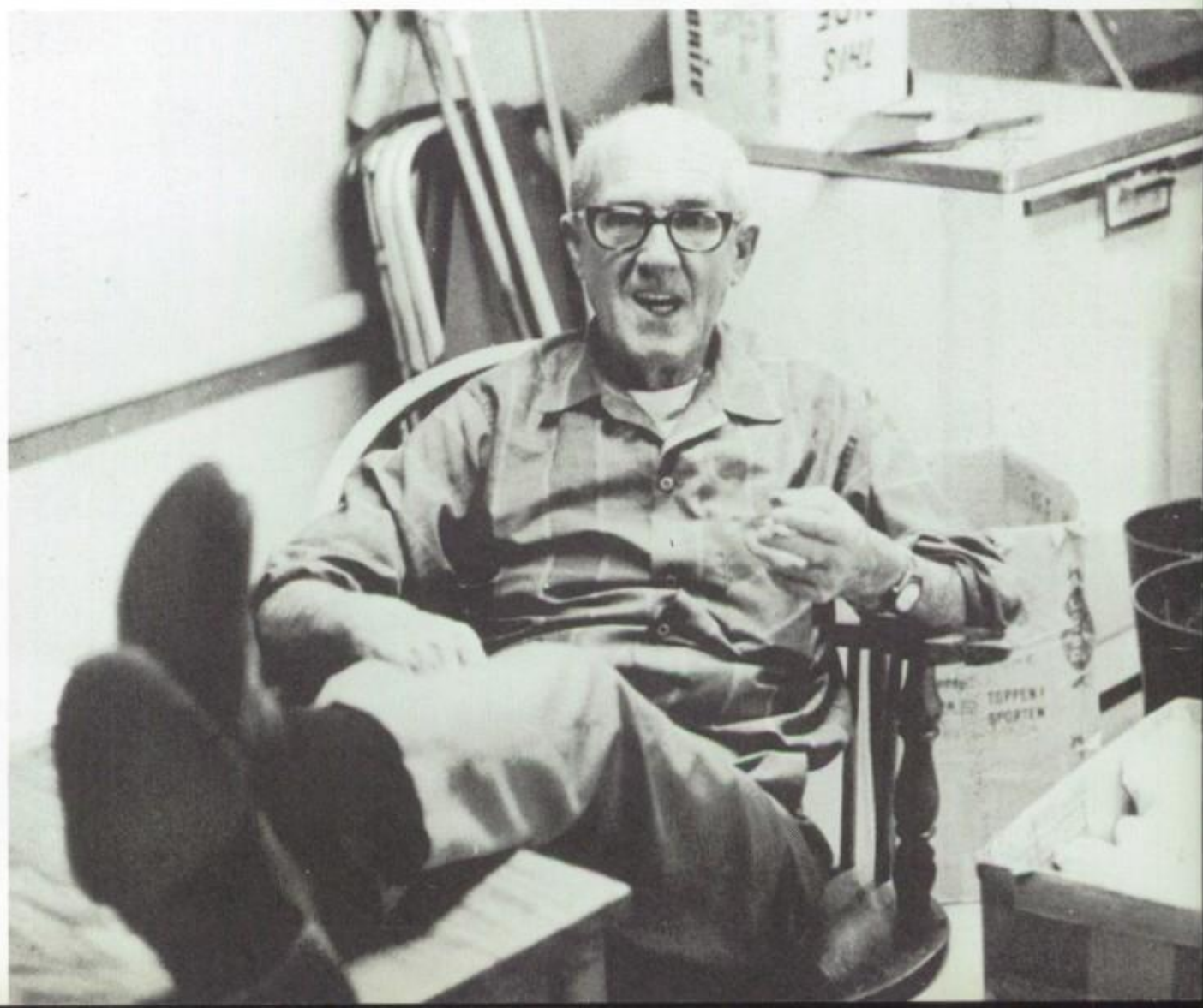


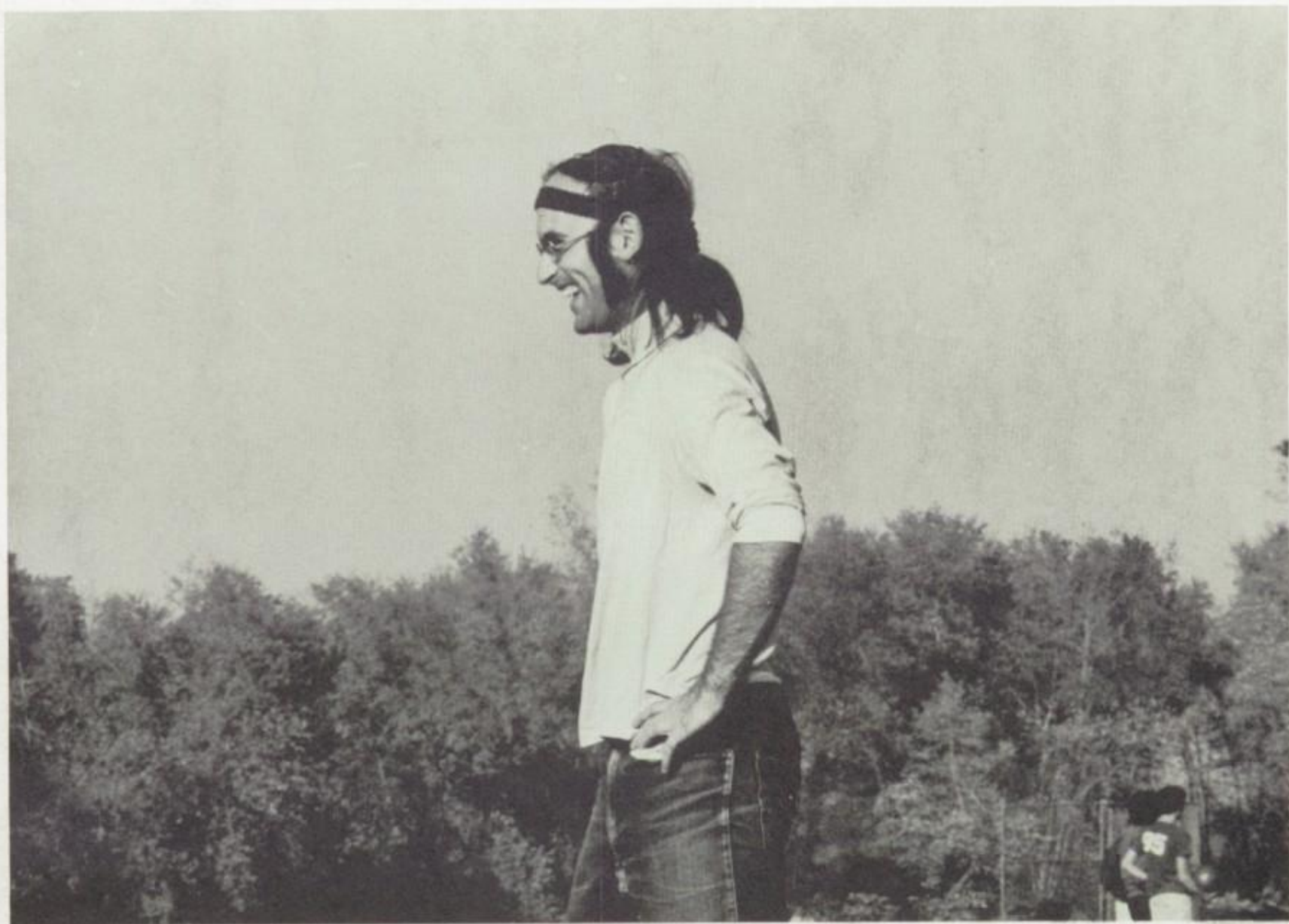
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Al Beebe

Tom Enright

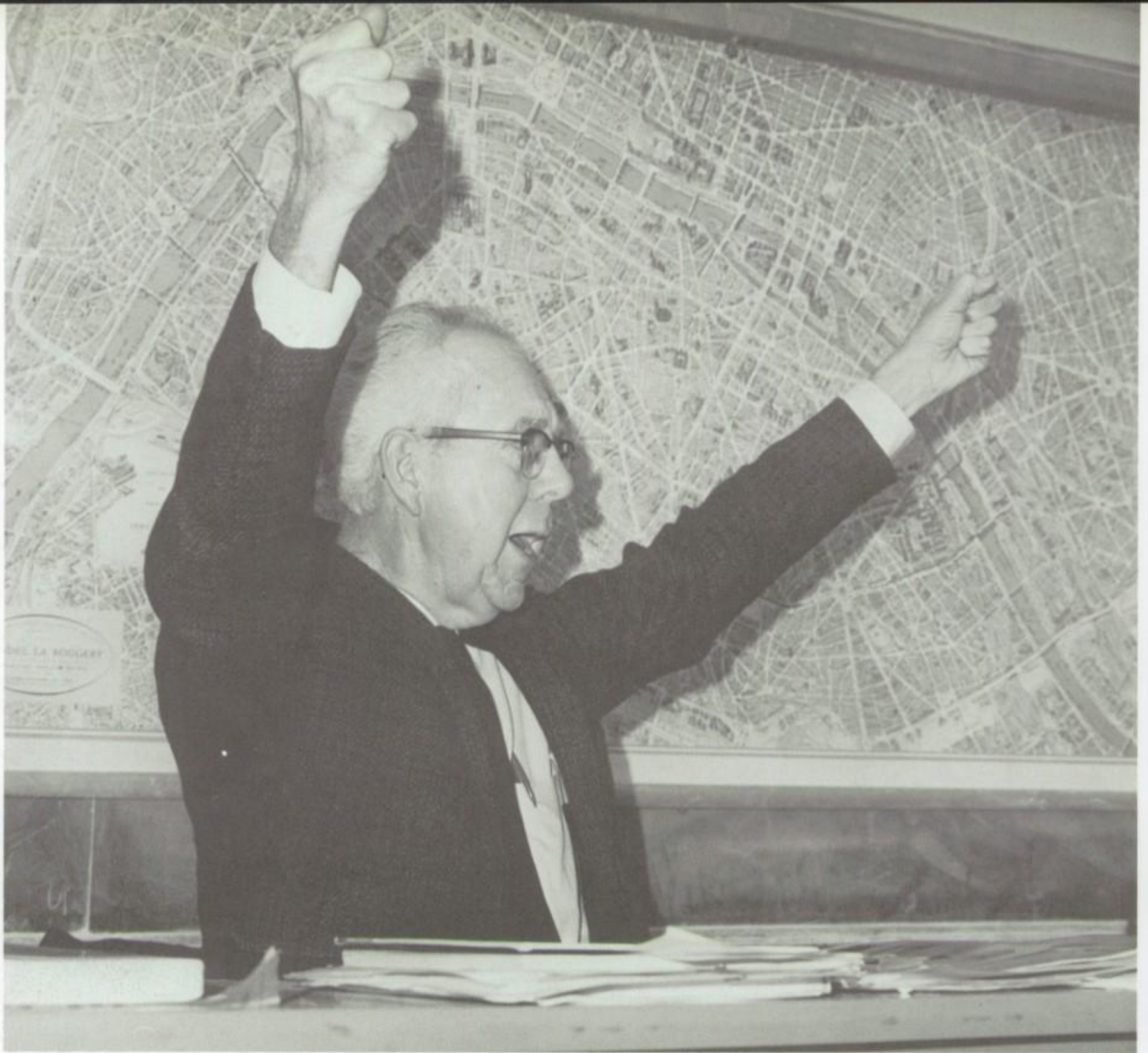




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Bill Curry

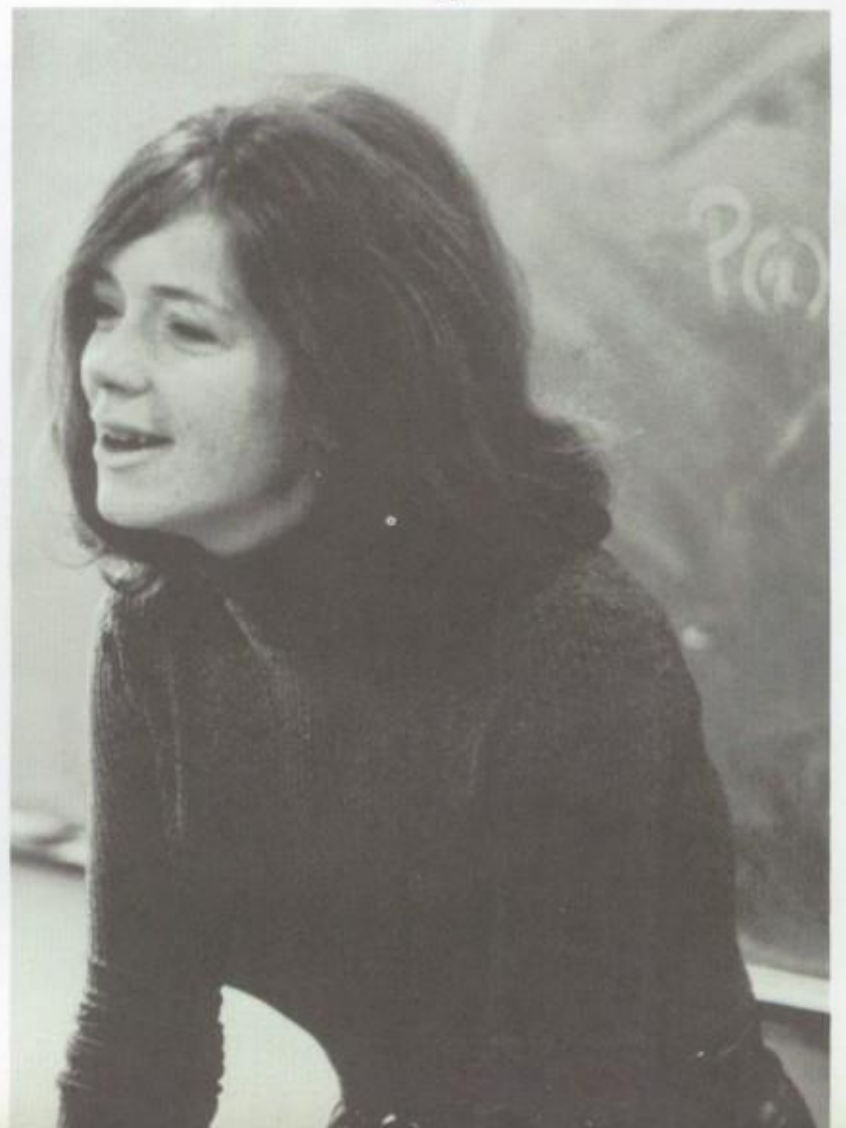
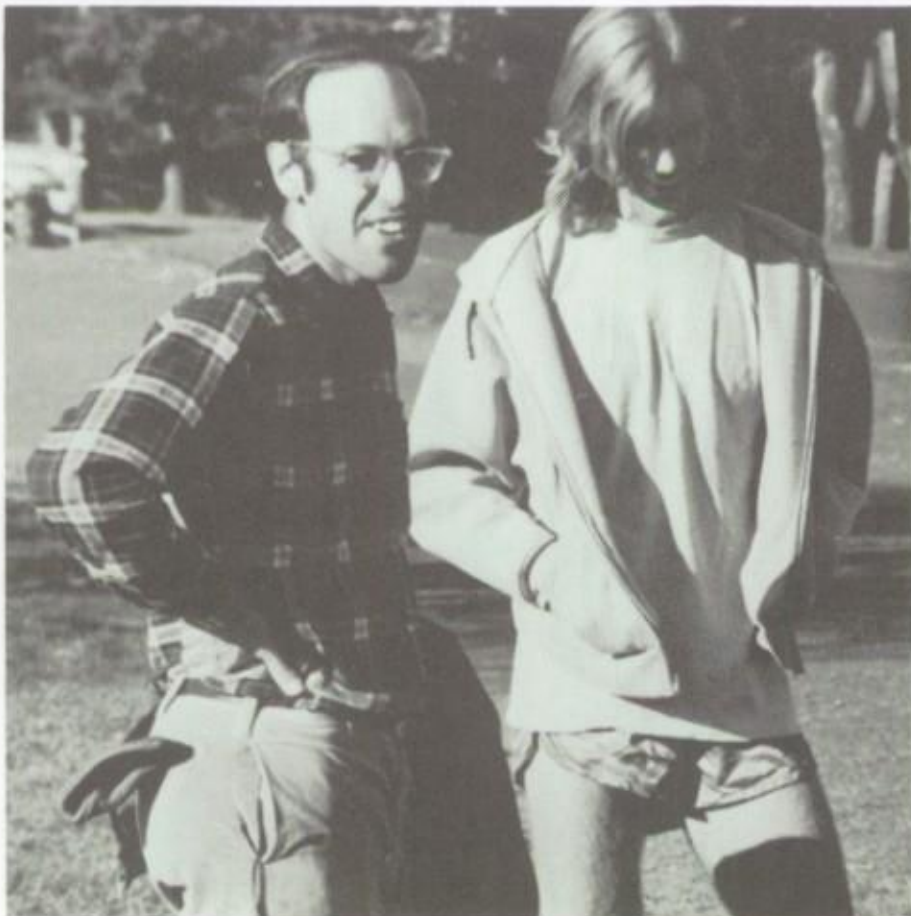




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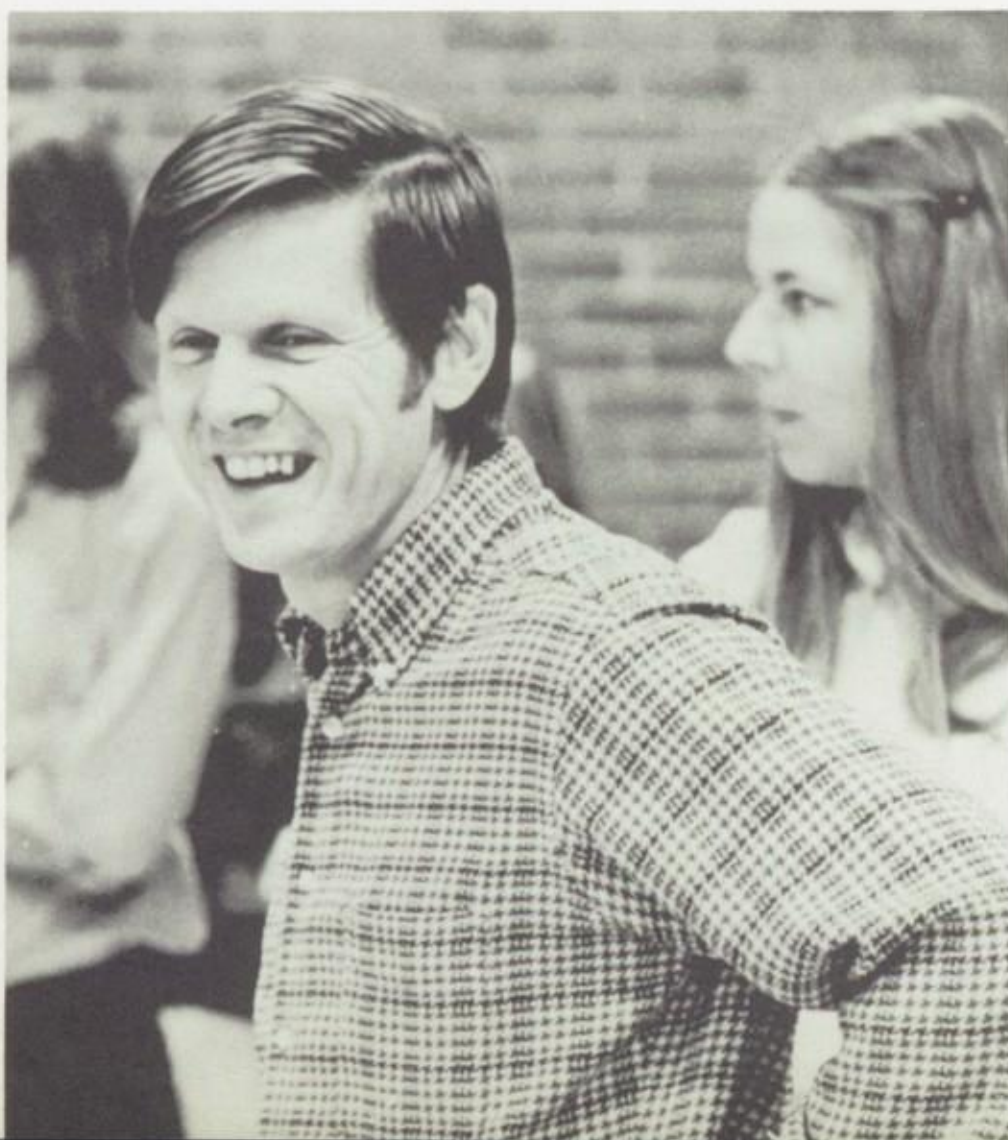
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Liz Traggis

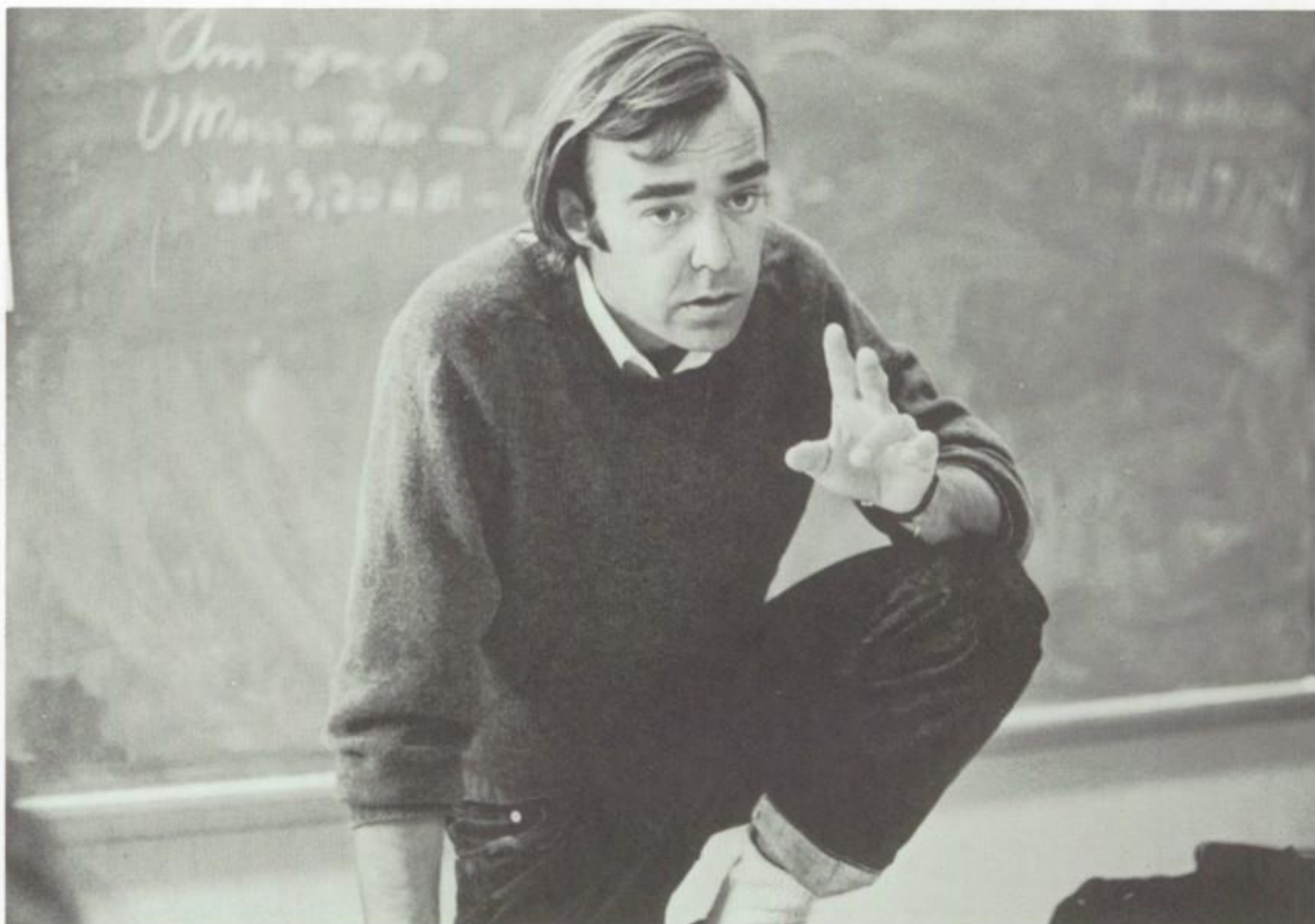




Dave Haller



Harvey Knowles



Jim Wilson



Leila Carlson



Alexander Gregorieff



Steven Opalick
Peter Stevens



Richard Venable

Howard Baker



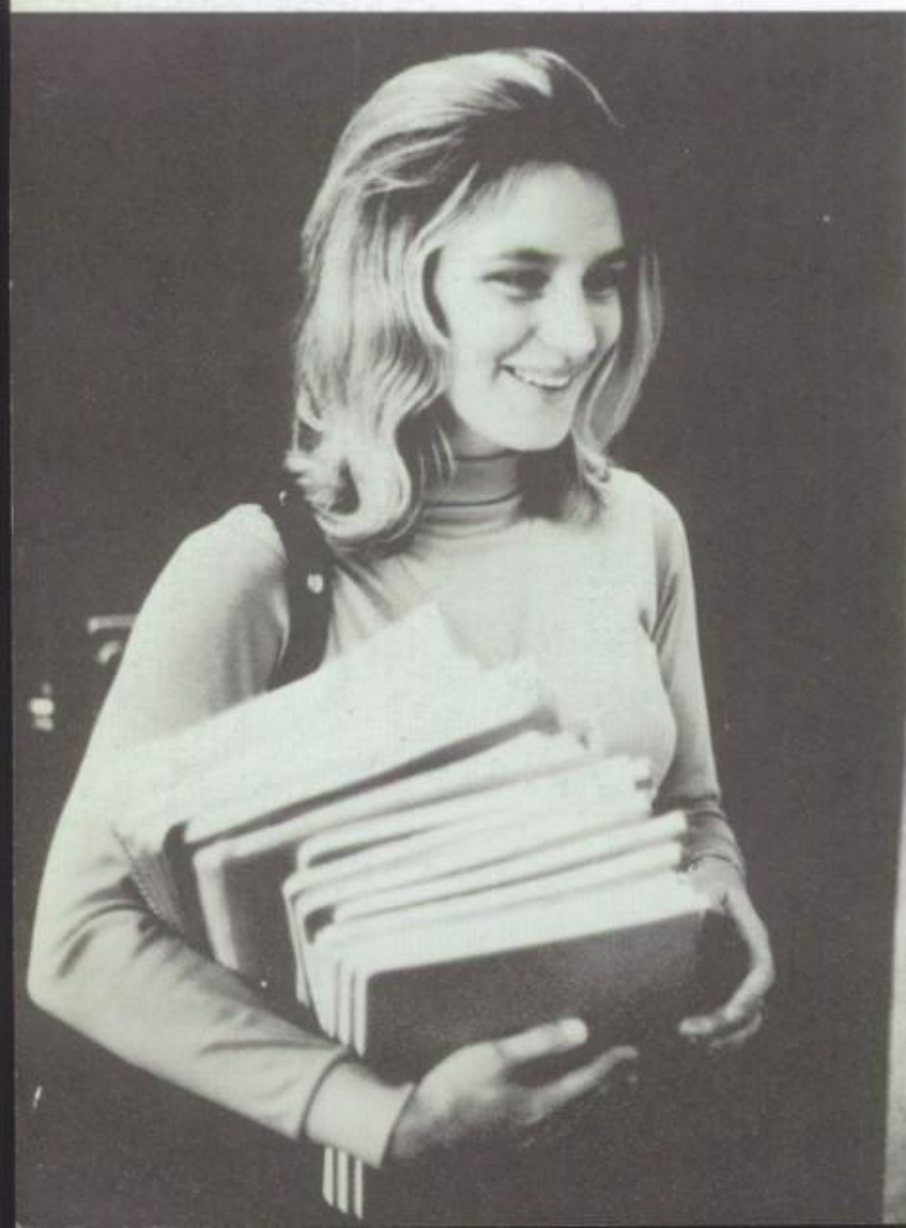


Bill Hoppe

Bob Southall



Sue Greene



Sam and Kathy Pierson



Sandy Flash



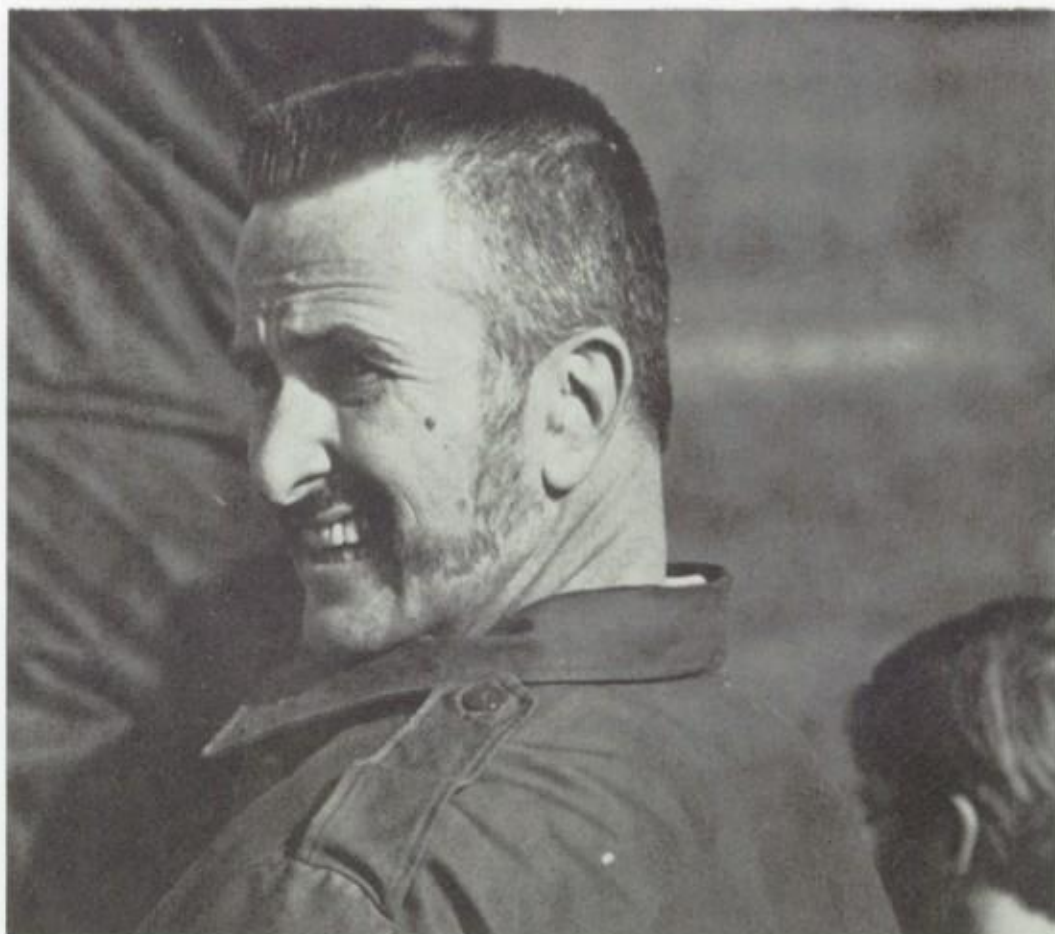
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Bruce Carlsten



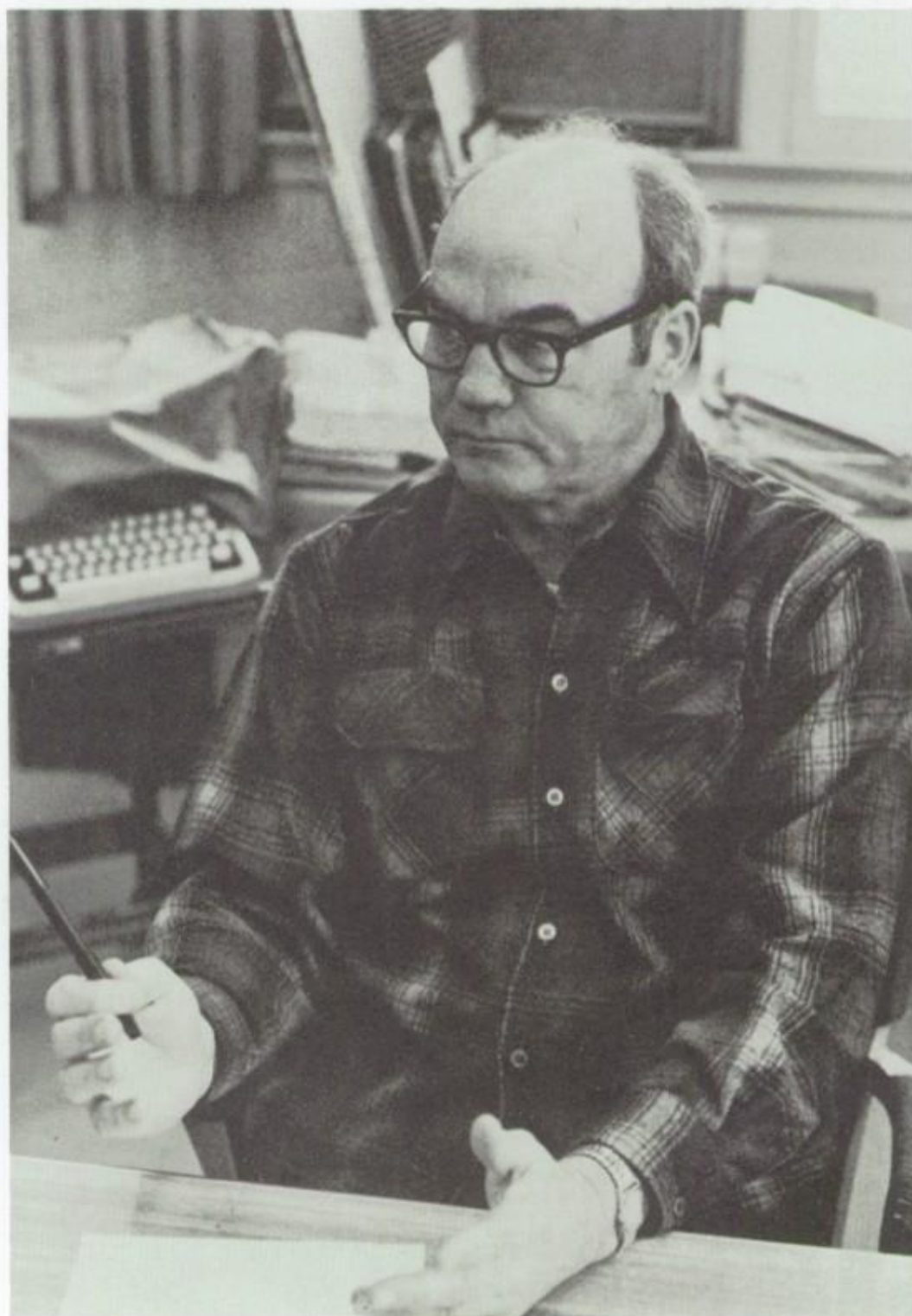
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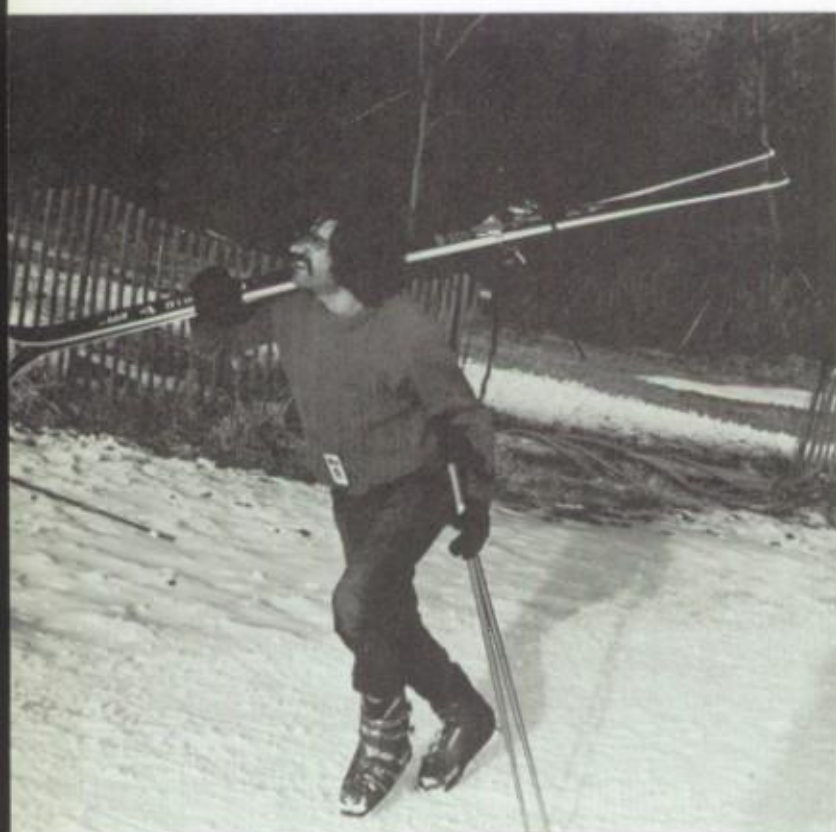
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Dan Wells



Ron Marchetti





Bonnie Stewart



Claudio Ramirez



The Tzeuschlers



Dorothy Fuller



Aaron Pratt



Martha Porteus

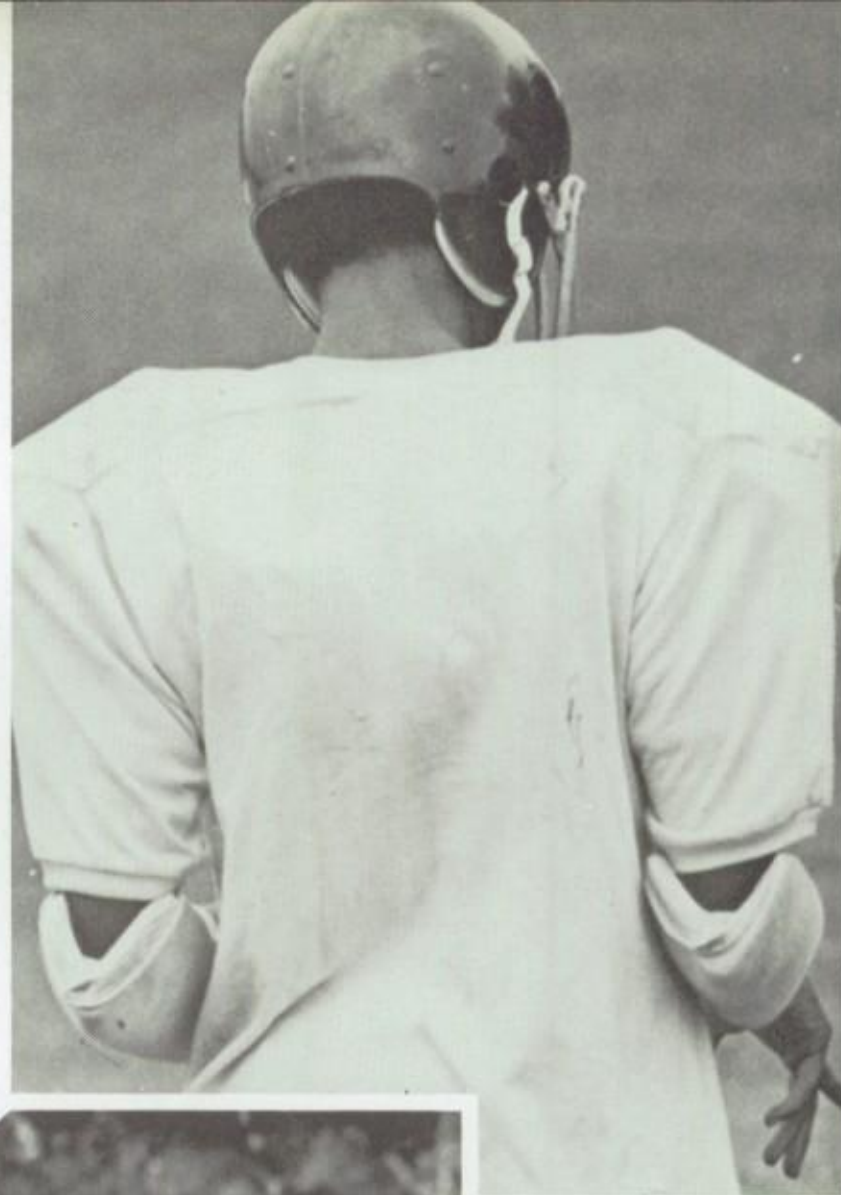
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Joel Sandulli



Peter Crim



Charlie Vola



Ted Plamondon

Bob Hartman

Dick White

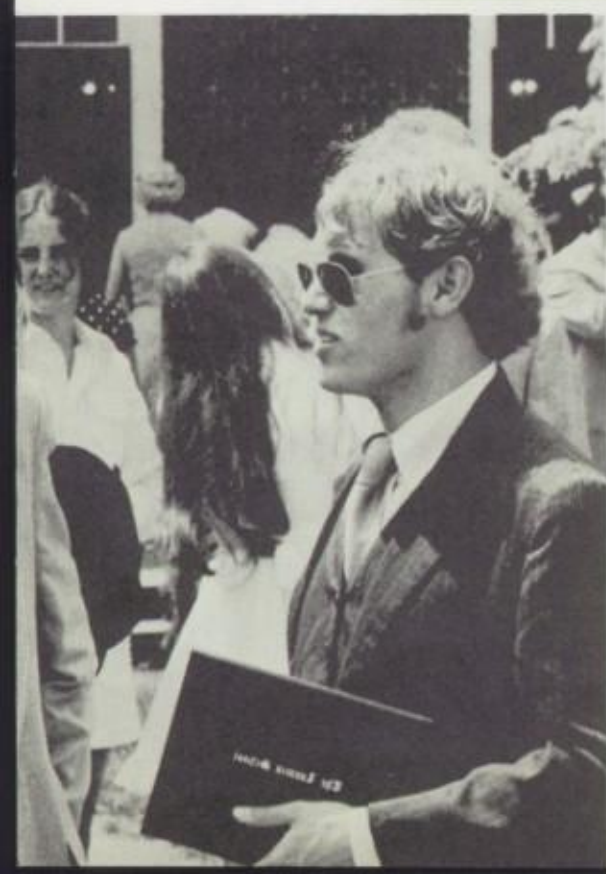


Sam Stevenson



Bob DiCurcio

Sam Cutler





Evelyn Smith



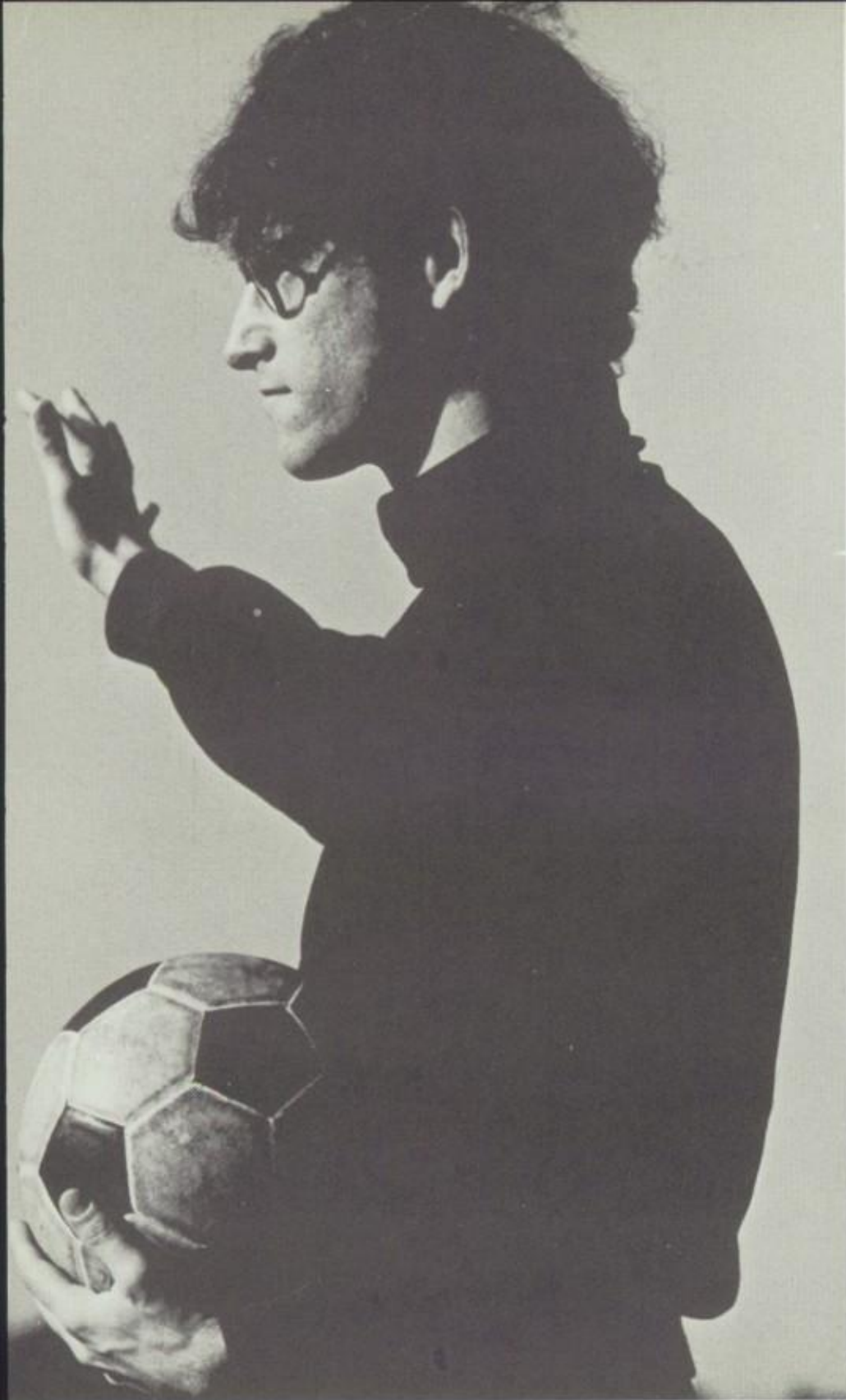
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Rusty McTeague



Bev Hall

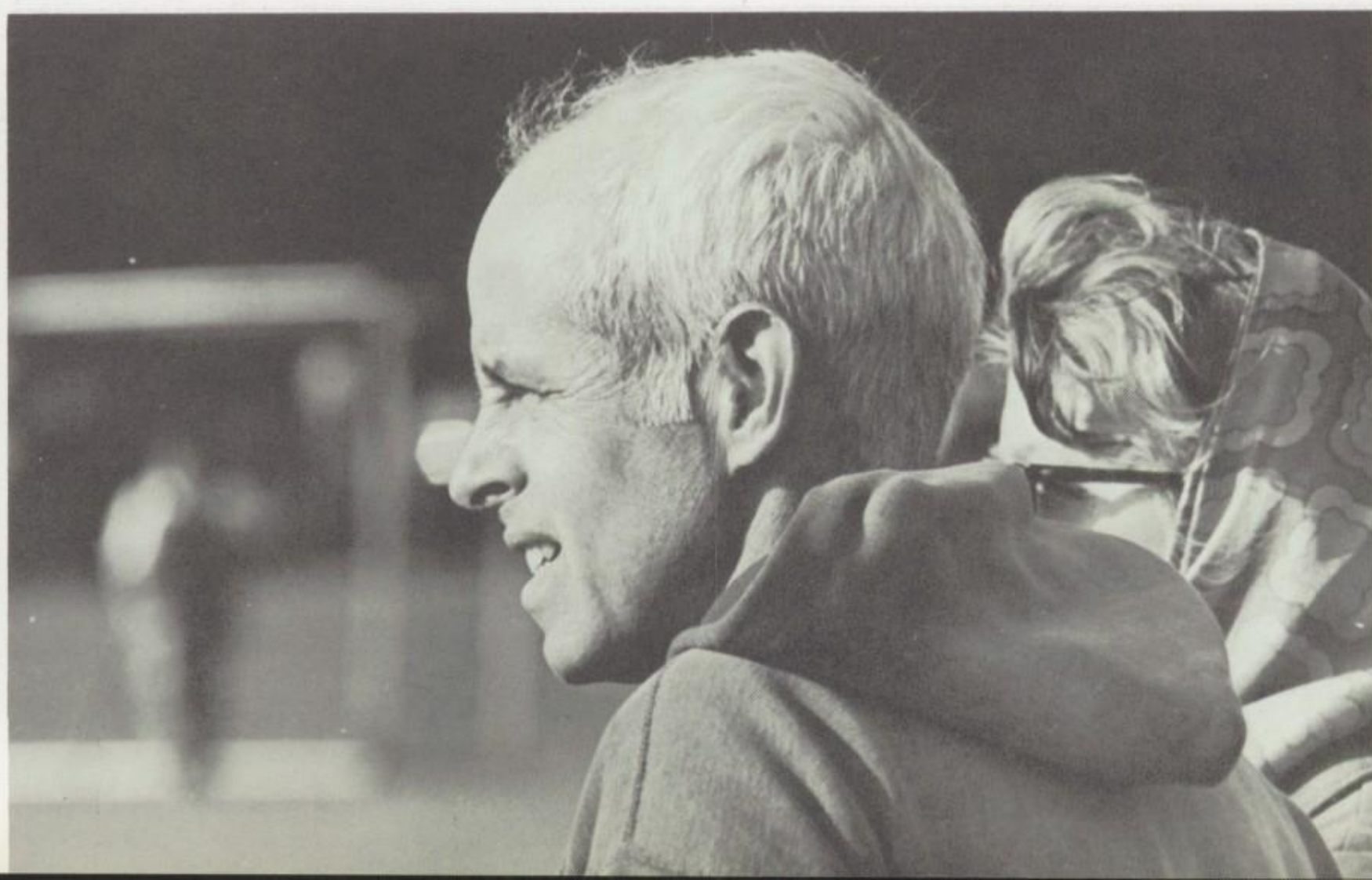


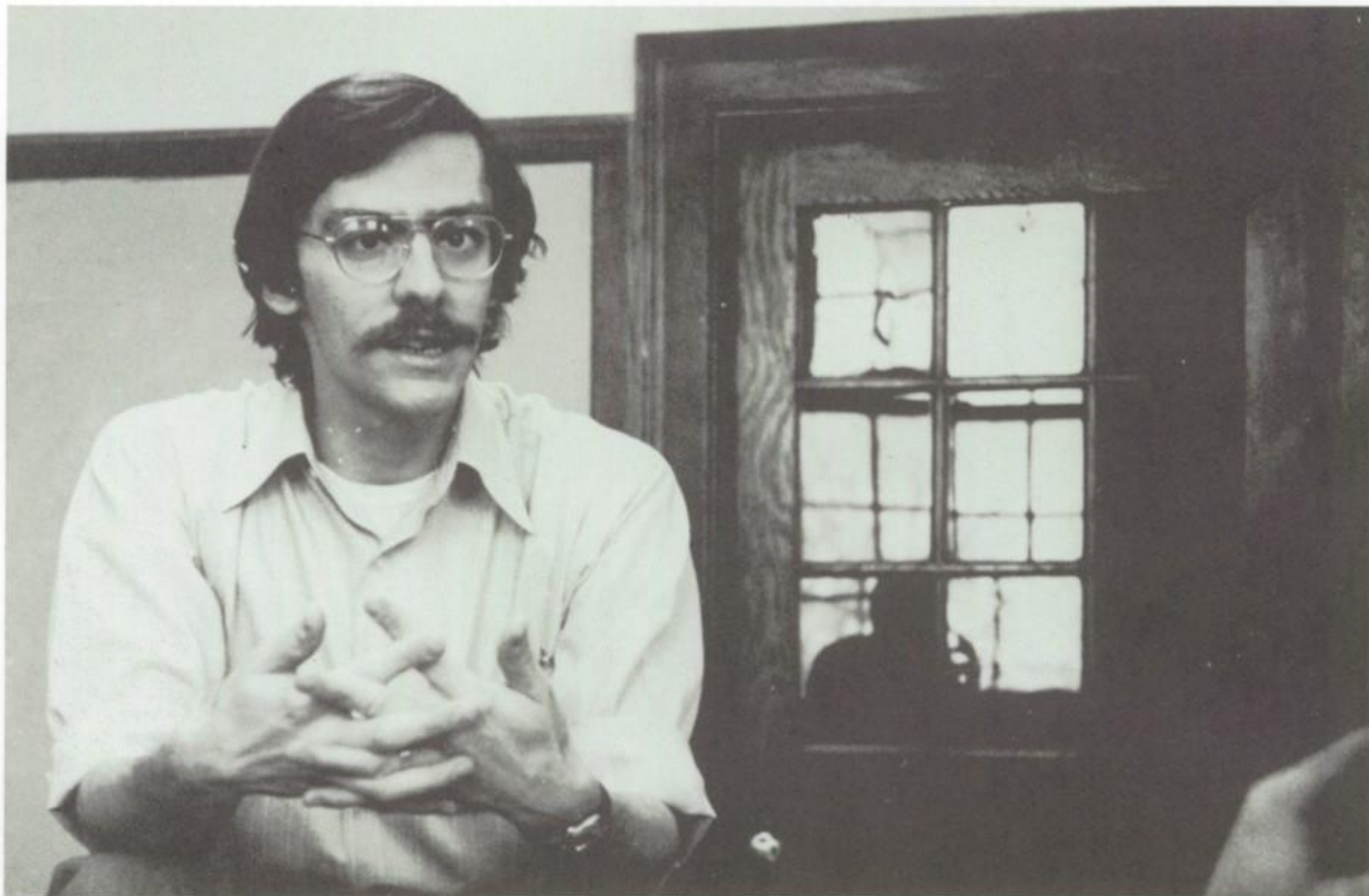


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Richard Goldschmidt

Jim Shea



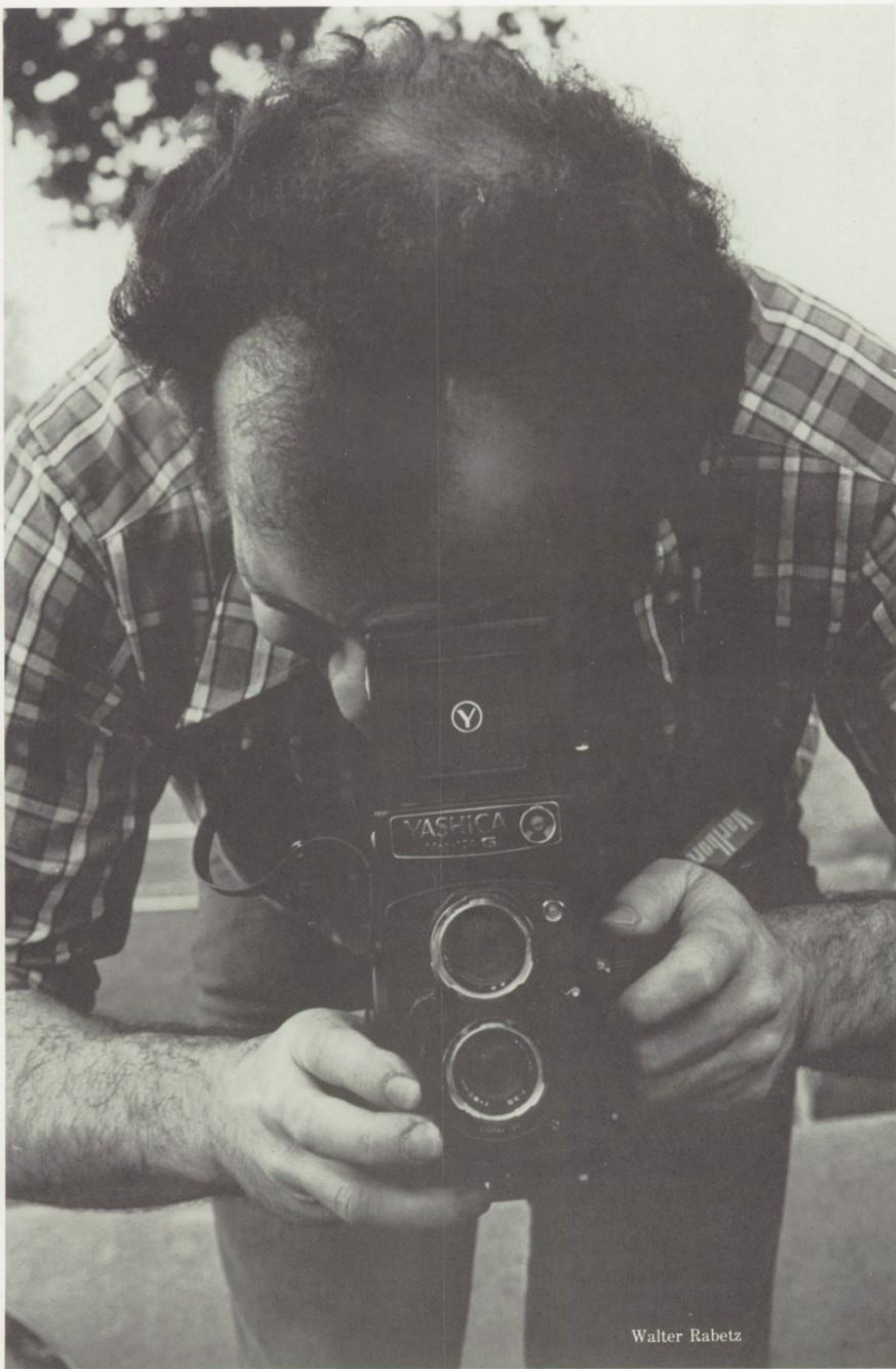


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Doug Fenner

Barry Moran

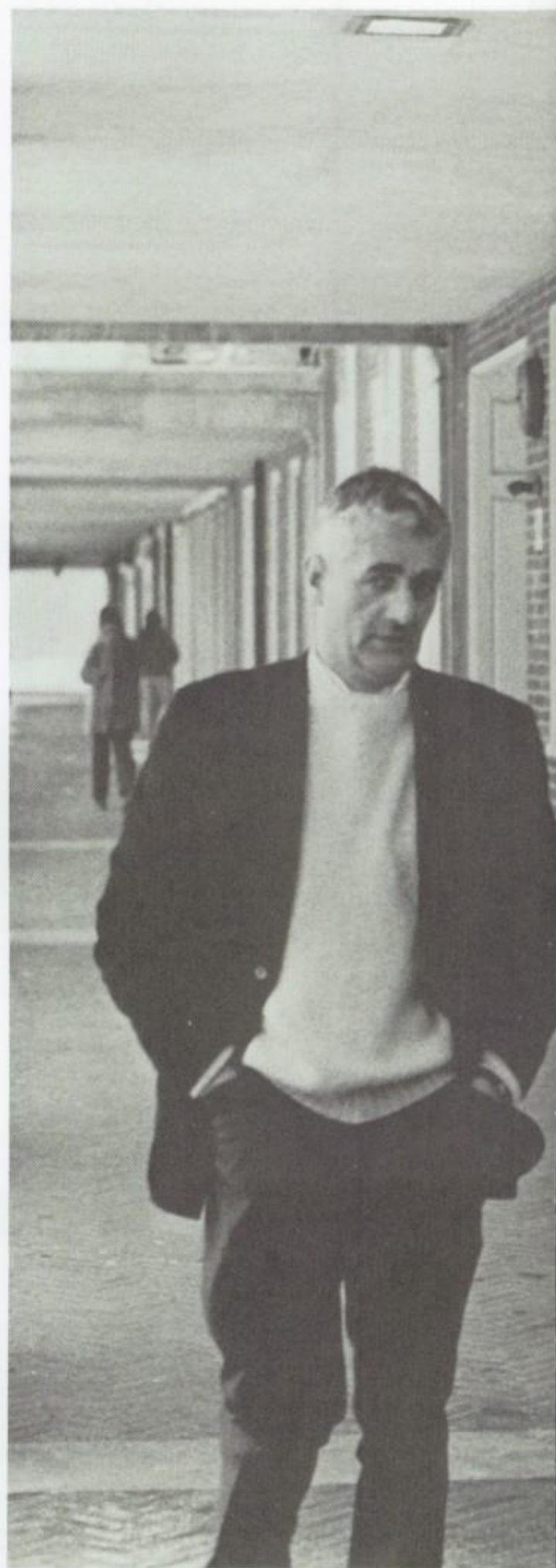




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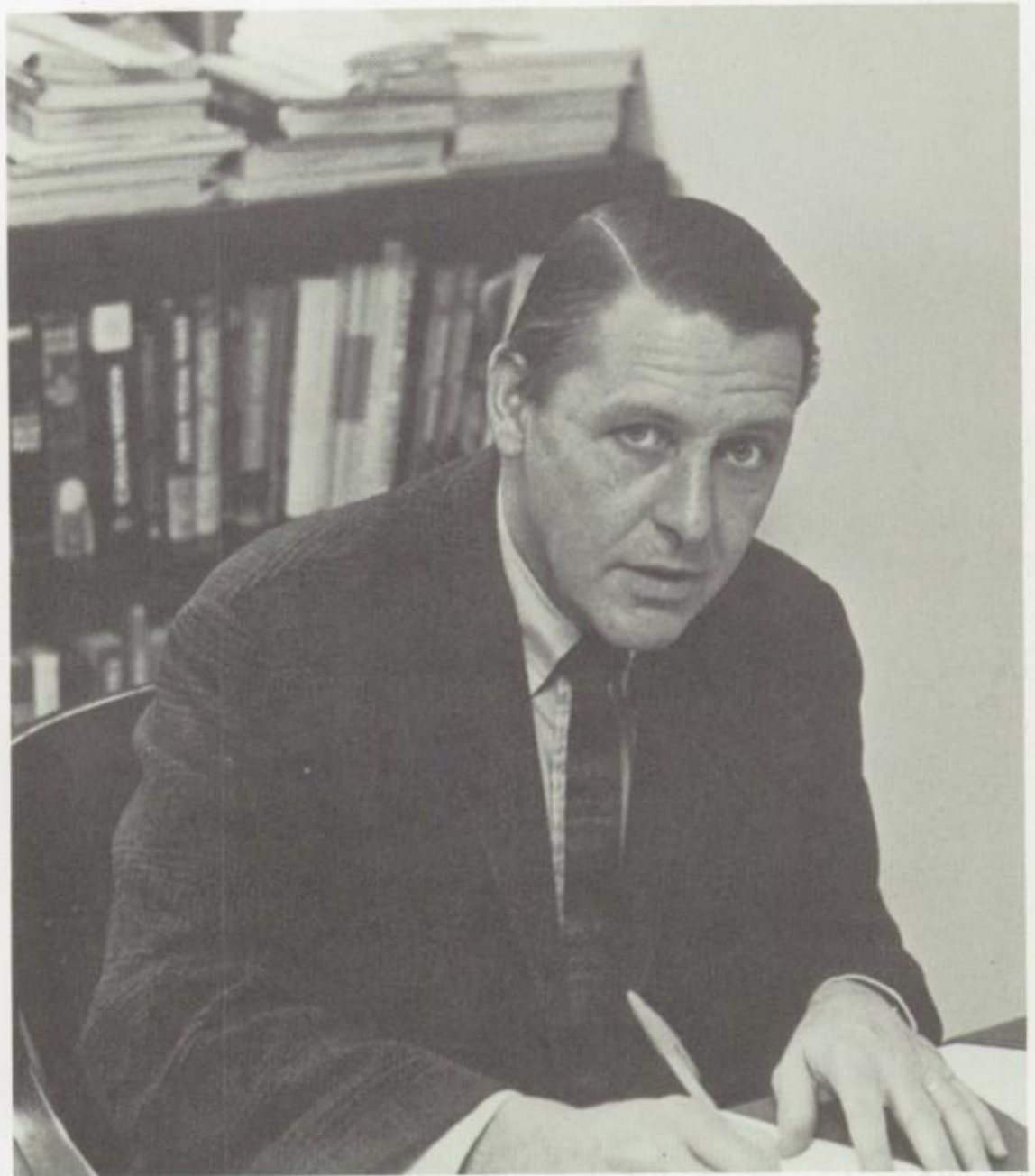


Marcia Sanderson
Carol Hartman



Glover Howe

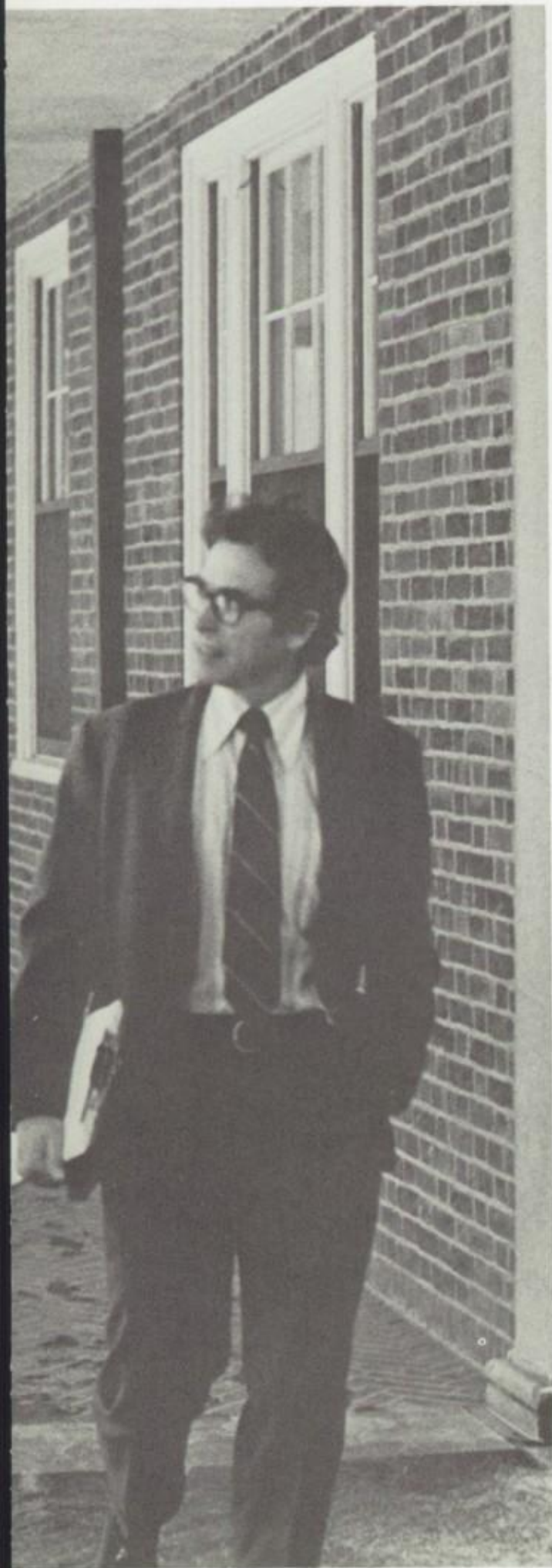
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Eleanor Johnson



Ben Meyers



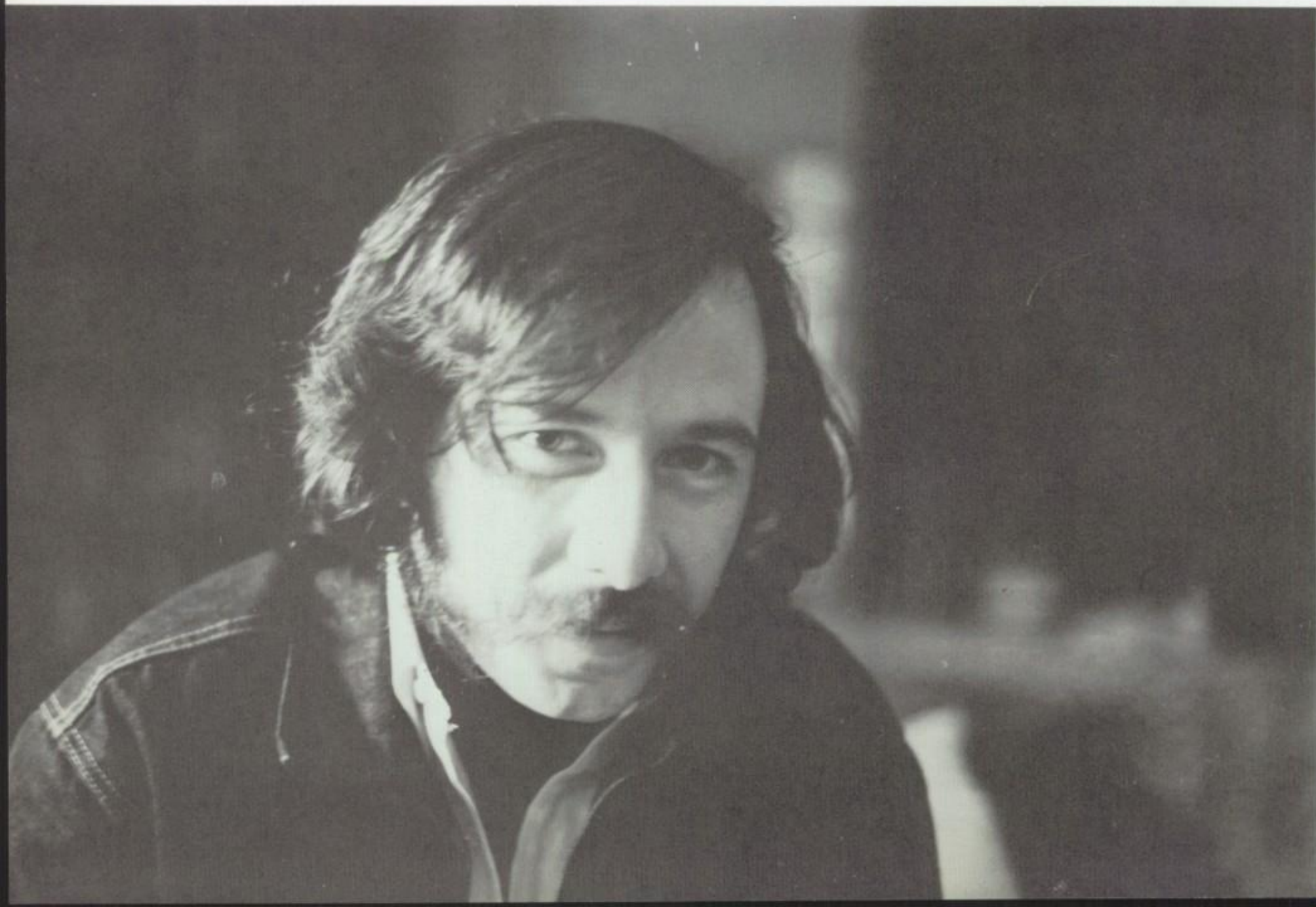


Jean Farrell



John Bermon

Duncan Newcomer





Chuck Swanberg



Louisa Servici



Gary Bricker





Joel Sandulli
Bank Greene
Hal Sullivan



Stan Shimkus



Glover Howe
Spencer Grey

George Hickok





Sherman Shelton



Edie Treadway



Frank House



Janet Daggenhart



Sue Joffray



Jane Howe

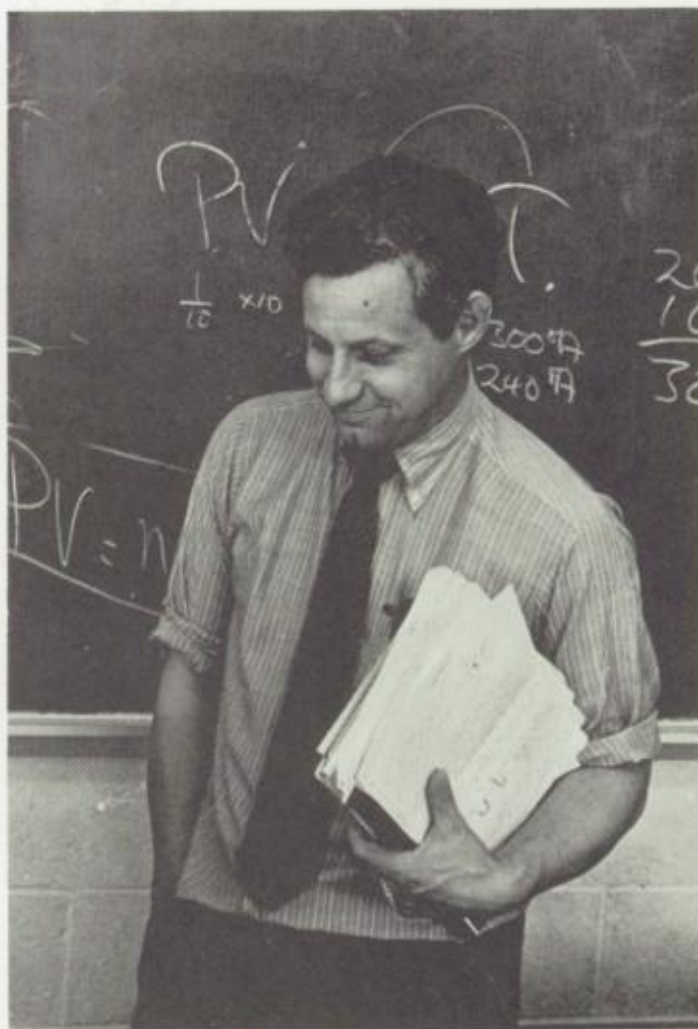
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Helen Cohn



Keith Palmer



Marci Siedor



Ginny Baker



Bernita Sundquist



Chuck Vernon

Barbara Norris



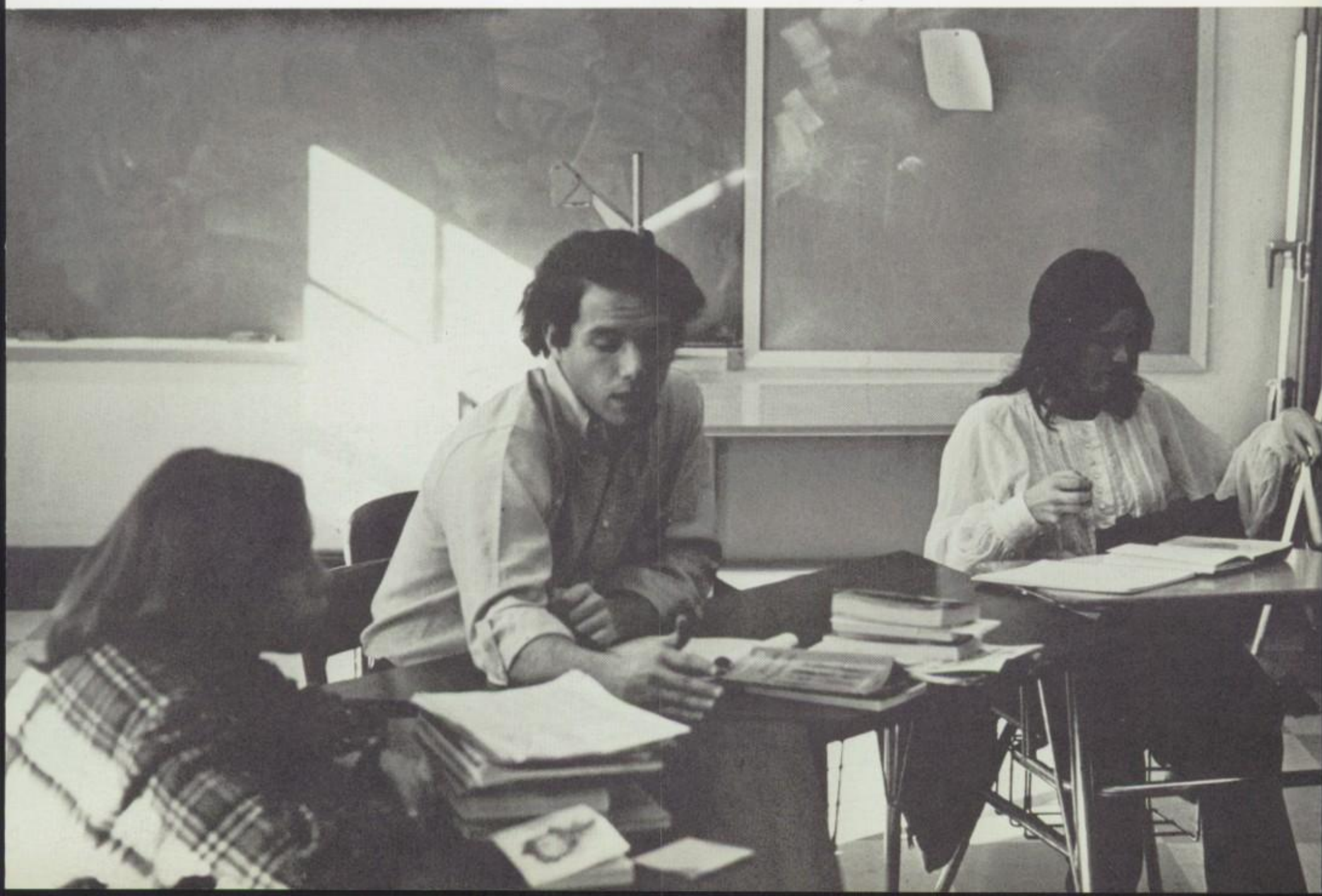
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Ray Levy



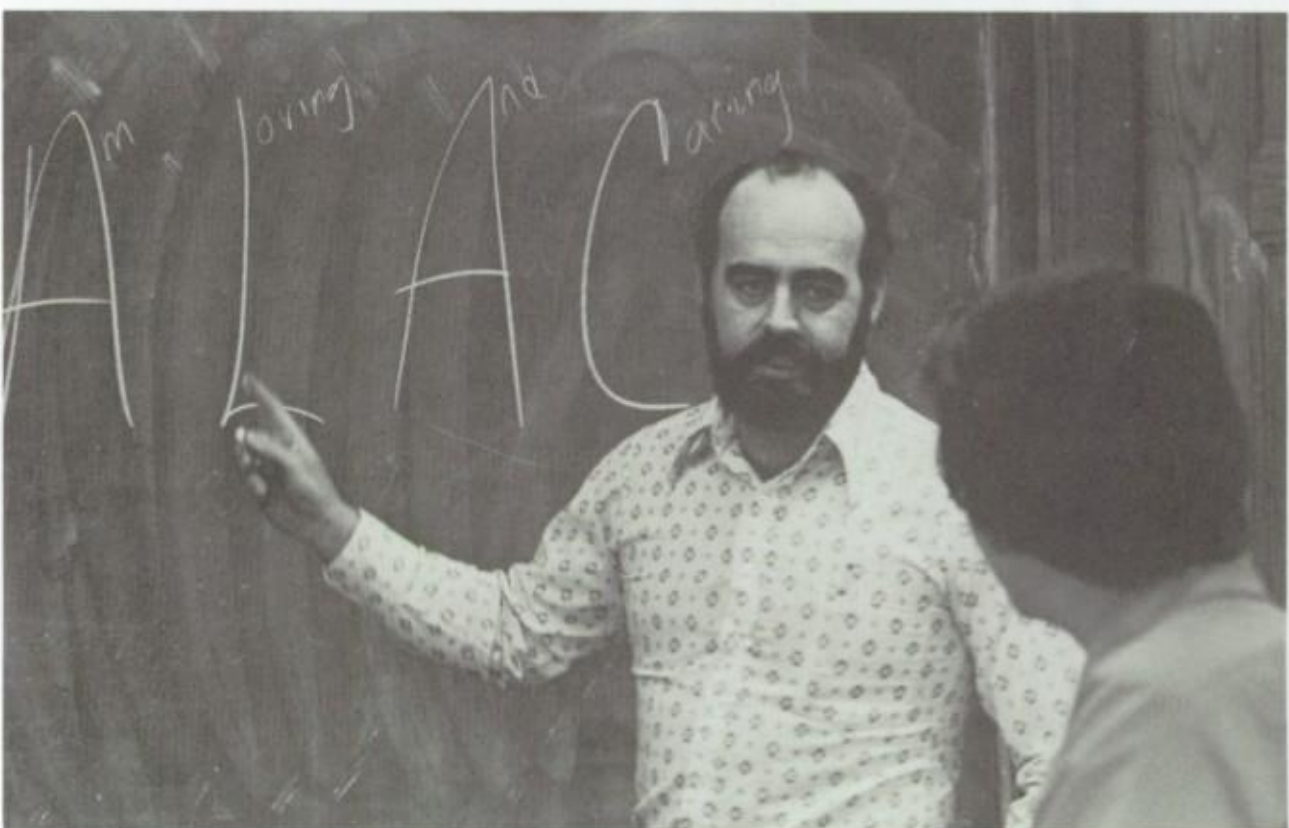
Marianne Devine



Chick High



Hal Sullivan



Frank Grubbs
Bill Eaton





Marilyn Rabetz

Elaine Lowengard
Duncan Newcomer
Margot Torrey



The Individual and the Community

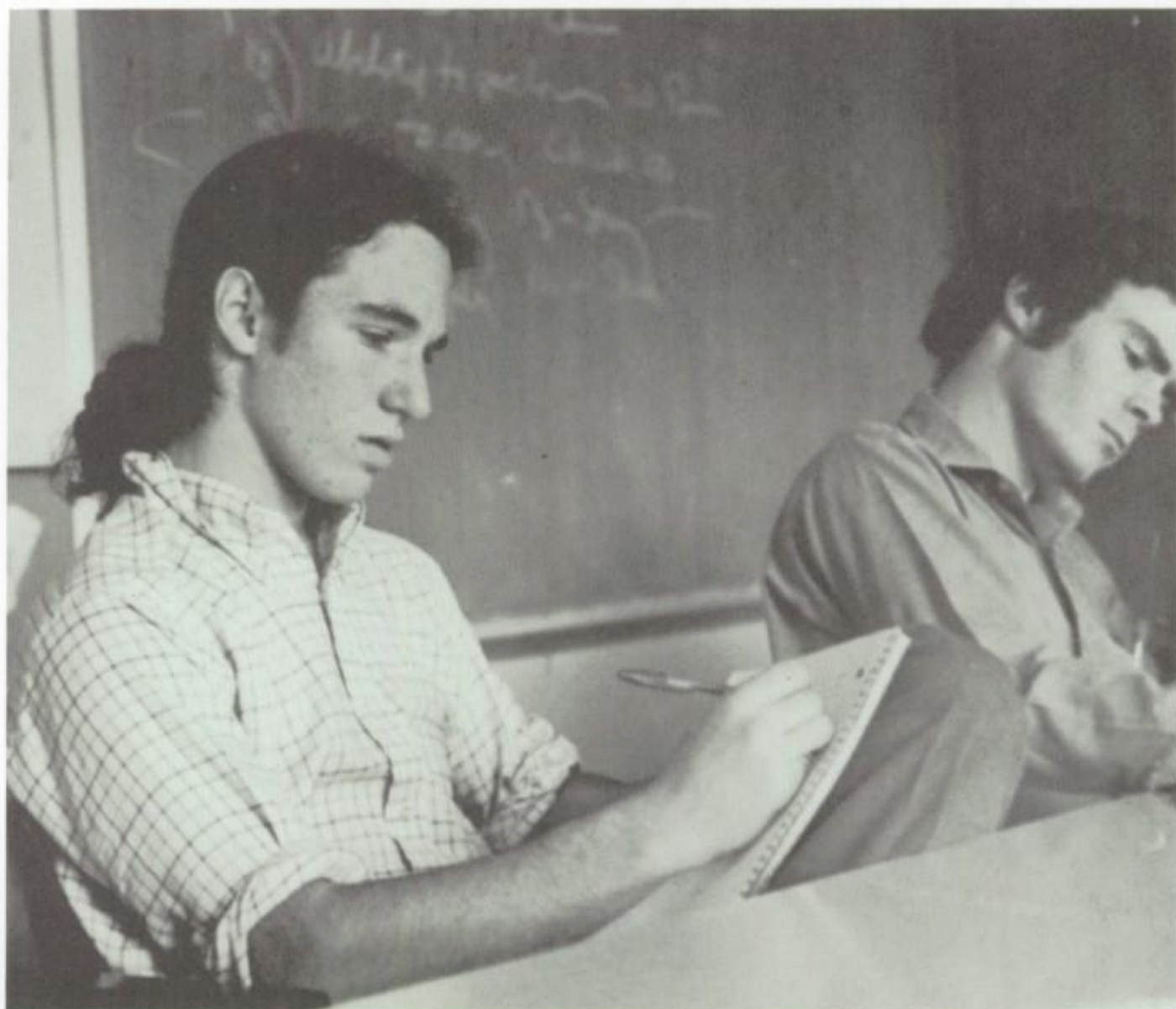
From the student exchanges at South Kent, from internal crises here on campus, and from the reading of influential authors such as Slater and Fromm, an atmosphere of self-examination has arisen this year. The major issue this year concerned the quality of life on our campus. The Senate discussed this issue and died consequently. This topic is one that confronts almost every community—just how much individualism and diversity can exist before the sense of belonging and the fabric of a community is destroyed. To what extent can an individual do his or her own thing before everyone's life becomes so fragmented that it begins to lose all meaning? Slater describes the three elements that give life quality: the desire for community—to live in trust and fraternal cooperation in a visible collective entity, the desire for engagement—to come directly to grips with social and interpersonal problems, the desire for dependence—to share responsibility for the control of one's impulses and the direction of one's life.

What we hope to illustrate in this section of the book are the ways in which members of Loomis-Chaffee "do their own thing" and express their individuality, within the community, and to suggest that the fullest experiences are those that are shared with others and function as a part of a community. We believe that life is like being part of a team. Each player has not only his own responsibility to himself, but also the responsibility to his teammates. We realize that a member of the team playing for his own glory, is a failure to the rest of the team. And likewise a player who is suppressed, and not allowed to express or demonstrate his individual talents is also a failure. Thus it is the special chemistry in the participation of the individual within his community that propogates success.

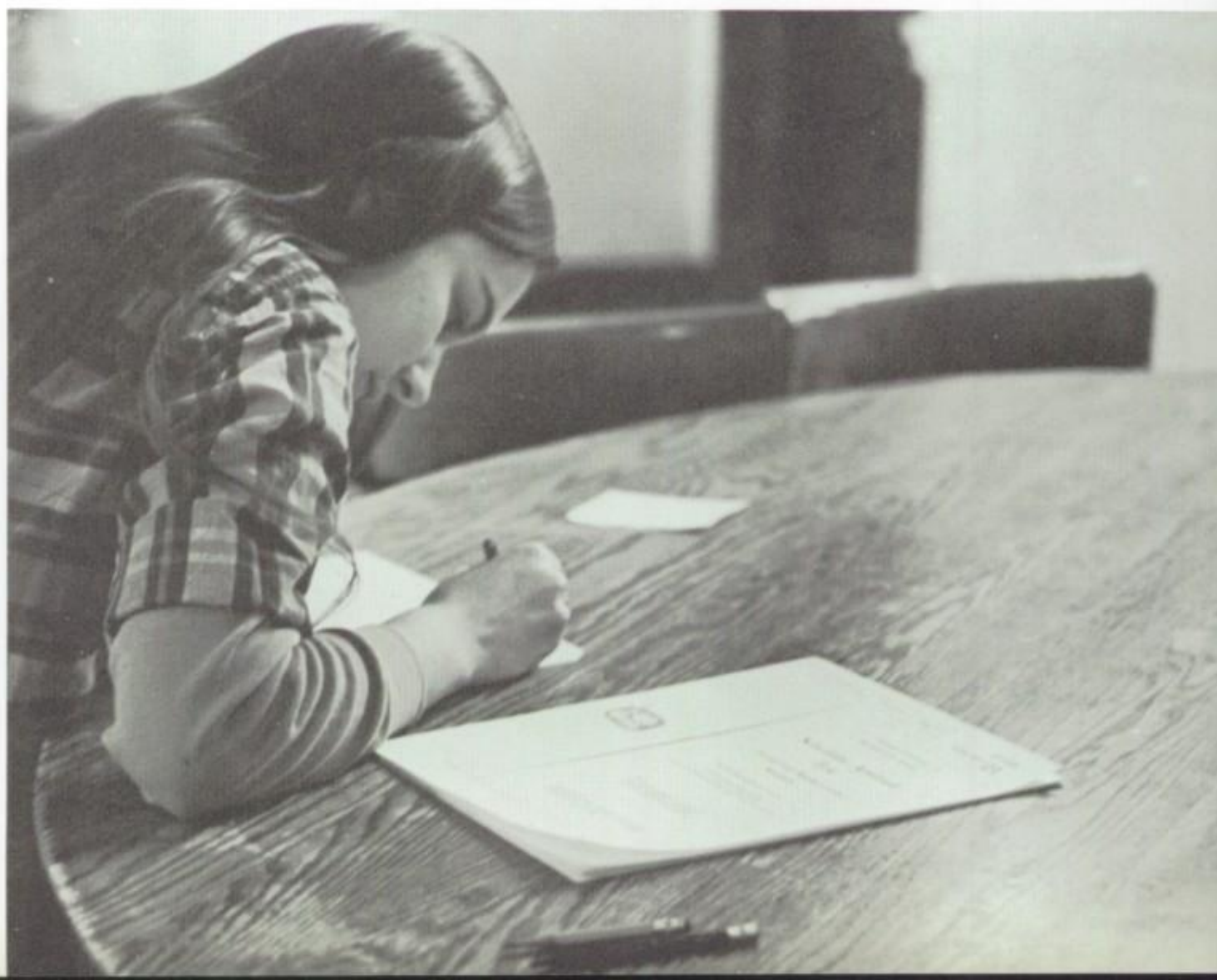


. . . doing our own thing and expressing our individuality within the community . . . our fullest experiences are those that are shared with others.





In the competitive atmosphere one part of the total self is revealed.



We see that this year has been one in which this balance between the individual and community has begun to swing a little away from the "do your own thing" atmosphere: and we believe that the events and activities shown on the following pages reveal ways in which the individuals can and do express themselves and their human identity while gaining the satisfaction and fullness derived from this "sense of belonging" as a functioning part of a community.

The student involved in his work job in the dishroom, the player on his team, the musician in his rock group, the actor in a play, the artist in the studio, the photographer in Apercu and even the student living as a member on a corridor, all know that their happiness and sense of fulfillment are derived from their interaction within the community. It is only this kind of interaction, Professor Bergman reminded us in a Humanities Lecture, that the full self can begin to be revealed.

We have realized that in order to gain this sense of self-fulfillment one must look beyond the academics of the school; for in the classroom each student must compete against one another. This competition hinders the growth and the revealing of the whole person. Only in the extra-academic pursuits, can the feeling, emotional self be revealed. Hence, it is only when the complete self is revealed that the full person can function.







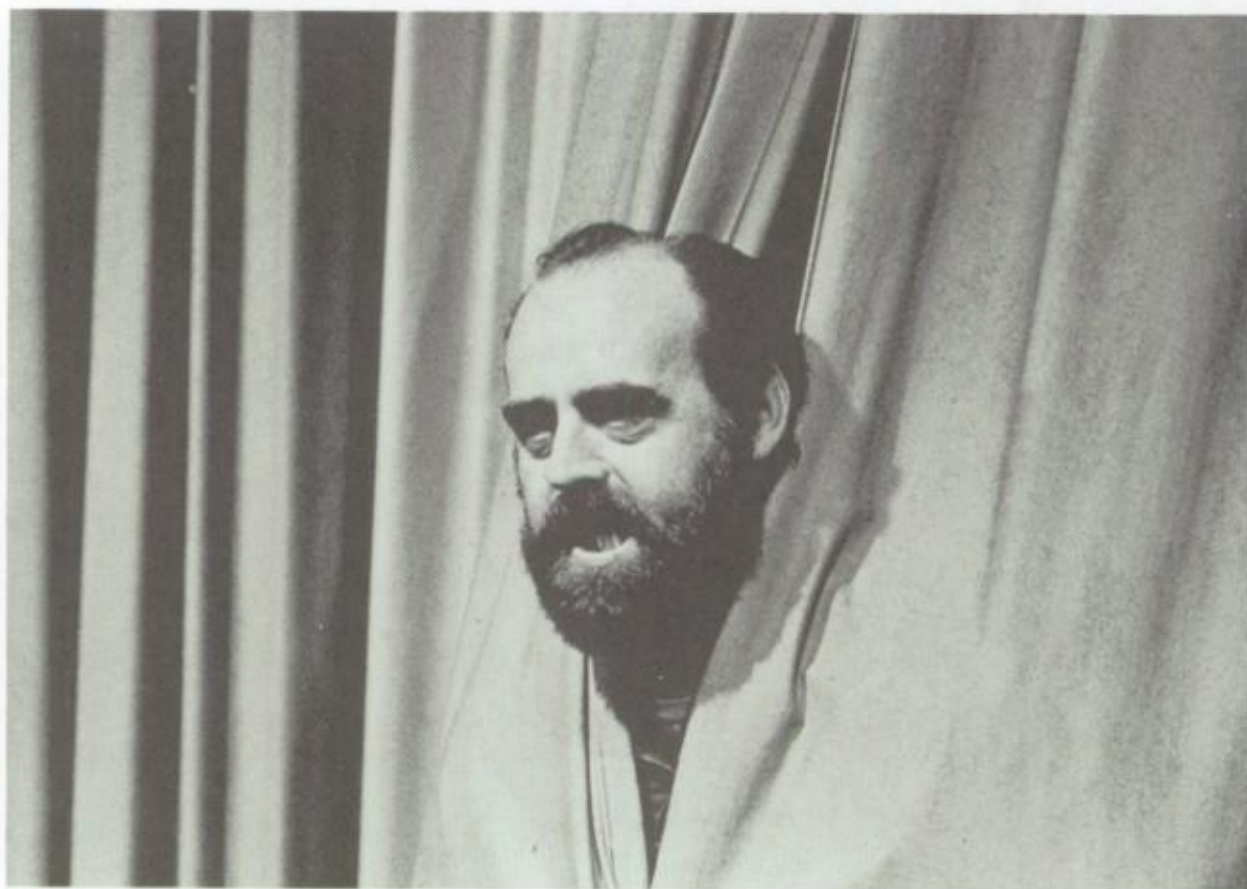






The Follies of 1973

The urge to merge!
When we're apart, life's
without heart,
But then comes the start
of the surge . . . 'cause
It's never too late
To co-educate—
The urge, the urge, to
merge!







Chaffee	3	Day Prospect	1
Rosemary Hall	1	Chaffee	0
Chaffee	2	MacDuffie	0
Westover	2	Chaffee	1
Chaffee	2	Day Prospect	0
Chaffee	2	E.W.S.	1
Kent	2	Chaffee	0
Chaffee	2	MacDuffie	0
Chaffee	2	Oxford	0
Trinity	4	Chaffee	1





The first bus of the season waited outside Chaffee. Taking the leaping step from the outside world into the bus, an anxious atmosphere overwhelms us. Wax lips and bubble gum are passed around. Headbands around some of the heads and plastic mouthguards jammed between teeth, are intended to psyche-out the opponents.

The Season was unforgettable. Every practice and game was fought with ex-

tremes of emotions. Anxiety—what will the starting line-up be, will I get to play both halves? calmness—felt only in the middle of a game or after a game well played; despair—seeing the starting line-up, not playing both halves, a supposed victory gradually turning into a decided loss; hope—good morale, the opposition not looking too tough; fury and tears—the ref or coach not being fair, a game called off for rain, a really mean, low opponent; acceptance and laughter—a victory, the pre-game bus ride, good playing all around, all of these emotions were evident numerous times.

In retrospect, it was a rewarding but difficult season. One of the most upsetting things was watching an astounding record of 6-1-0, be transformed in an end of the season nightmare, to a mediocre 6-4-0. What happened? I suppose we just finished by playing some of the best teams on some of the worst days. However, we played those last games well and with spirit, just as we had played the first.



It was a long trip, we anticipated it and prepared for it. Before we left we knew nobody expected much of us, and only a handful came to watch but those things don't count. It seems incredible that we made it. So many different personalities found themselves together for a few hours a day within the boundaries of the field. They weren't trapped there though, that's what made it so cool, they were just there because they wanted to play soccer. The guys did what they wanted to off the field, but on the field they did what they had to do. Everybody knew their capabilities and limitations and recognizing your limitations is the first step towards any achievement.

On the field we were a machine doing its job; systematic practicing had molded our style. In every situation we were prepared and knew what we had to do. Everyone knew their job; we can

thank the coaches for this; not everyone did it all the time, but we have only ourselves to blame for our lack of totality.

We were far from perfect, everyone made mistakes. Some only they knew, others the whole world seemed to see. Our strongest asset was our attitude which overshadowed even the most blatant flaws. Attitude has everything to do with athletics. It is as, or more important than skills and stamina. Our attitude was good because we were realistic. Sure we were out to win, everybody loves to win, but when winning becomes an end, in itself it's time to stop playing. Winning is just a means to a greater end. playing soccer was a means to a very positive end: having a good time. Regardless of the record we had a good time. That's what counts.







Kingswood	2	Loomis	1
Loomis	1	Mt. Hermon	1
Loomis	3	Watkinson	2
Loomis	4	Wilbraham	1
Pomfret	3	Loomis	2
Williston	2	Loomis	0
Loomis	0	Deerfield	0
Suffield	5	Loomis	1
Loomis	2	Avon	0
Hotchkiss	2	Loomis	0
Loomis	3	Taft	0
Loomis	2	Choate	2
Kent	3	Loomis	0

4-6-3



It all starts in the middle of the summer. In the rolling hills of southern Pennsylvania, a tall shirtless figure, shining with sweat, strides along a country road, the first challenge, about two months away. Along the banks of the Connecticut river four people match strides headed for the tobacco field, they too think of the challenge. One runner alone tackles the terrain of New Mexico; it will soon be time.

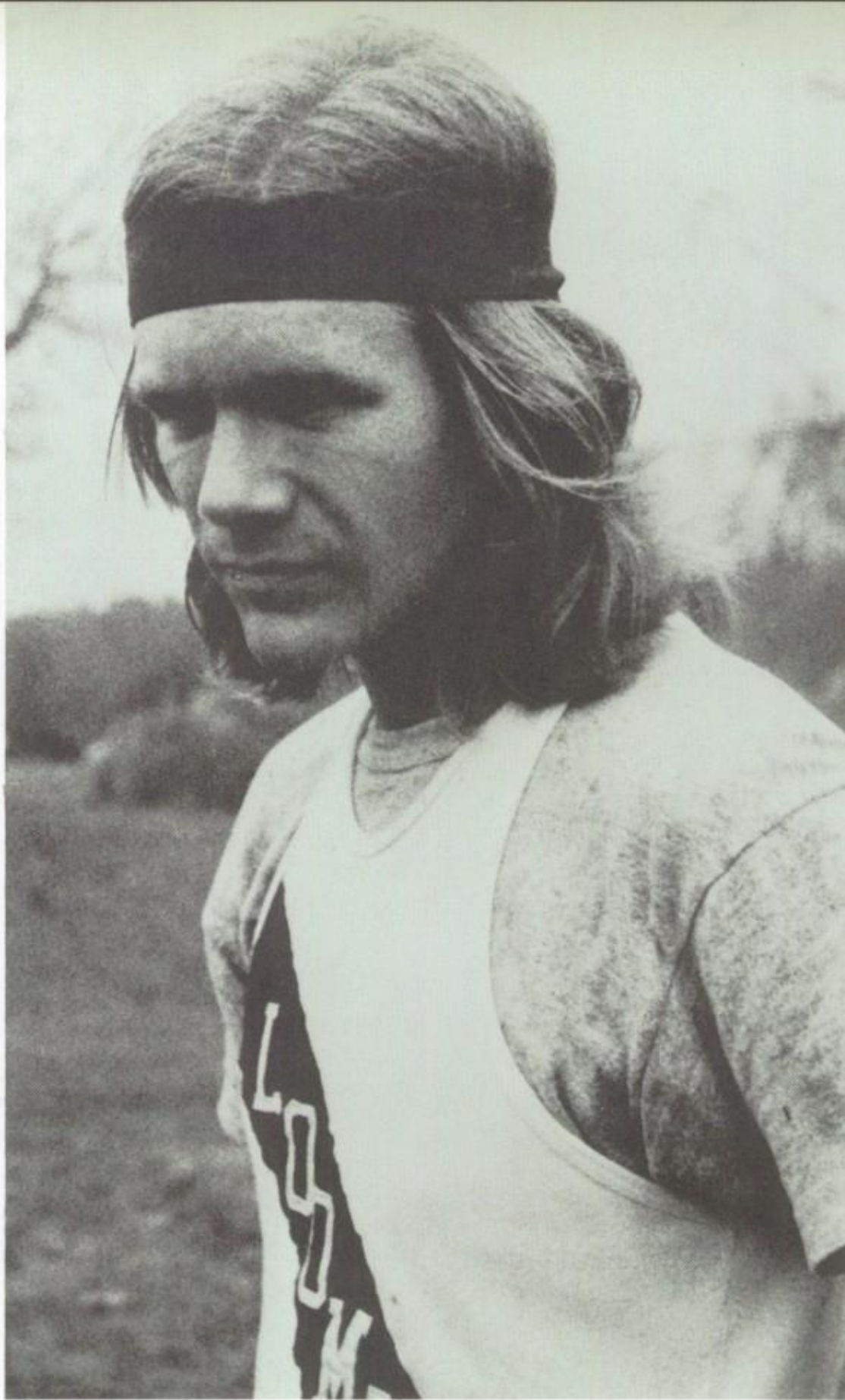
The first week in September, back at school the team gathers. Through the hot, muggy, Connecticut valley, each person carefully observes his running mate; and thinks "Is he better than I?". Trips to the beach help cut the ever building tension as the first confrontation grows near. Fitness and endurance are still the major emphasis. Each man learns to expect a hard ten mile run every day. The only "meal" of the day becomes dinner. Lunches are reduced to salad plates, cottage cheese and half a pear.

The time is drawing nearer. People start to get trigger happy. Rumors start to fly; predictions on the outcome of the season appear in the Log. The tension builds and the pace speeds up. Uniforms are put on the rack, the manager takes out extra watches from the storage room. The course is given a final grooming. Two weeks to go. There is only one common bond of the runner; they know they have one of the best teams in New England. There are going to be many fierce battles in the future.

The day comes for the first encounter. In seventeen minutes it is all over. Loomis has won. Most of the tension is gone. The structure of the team takes shape. Inter-team rivalry begins. People fight for the same position. Three weeks later Loomis has won six meets and lost none. The structure of the team is set. Practices are for tone not fitness. Times and records play a greater role. The weather gets colder and the rain falls. The nerves of the top runners begin to fray, and the New England come and go. And with it come joy and heartbreak; Loomis does well. Two more dual meets are left. The first is won easily. The one expected to be the hardest is easily won. The season is closed with a decisive win.

Five months, eleven wins, two loses, many disappointments, a dog-bite, pneumonia, days of mental anguish, days of joy after that movement on the hot rolling hill of southern Pennsylvania.







Loomis	16	Windsor High	47
Loomis	15	Milford Acad.	50
Loomis	15	Kingswood	44
Loomis	21	Choate	37
Loomis	15	Deerfield	50
Loomis	21	Williston	41
Taft	24	Loomis	31
Loomis	20	Pomfret	70
Loomis	20	Wilbraham	53
Hotchkiss	25	Loomis	32
Loomis	15	Avon	50
Loomis	20	Cheshire	41
Loomis	18	Kent	43

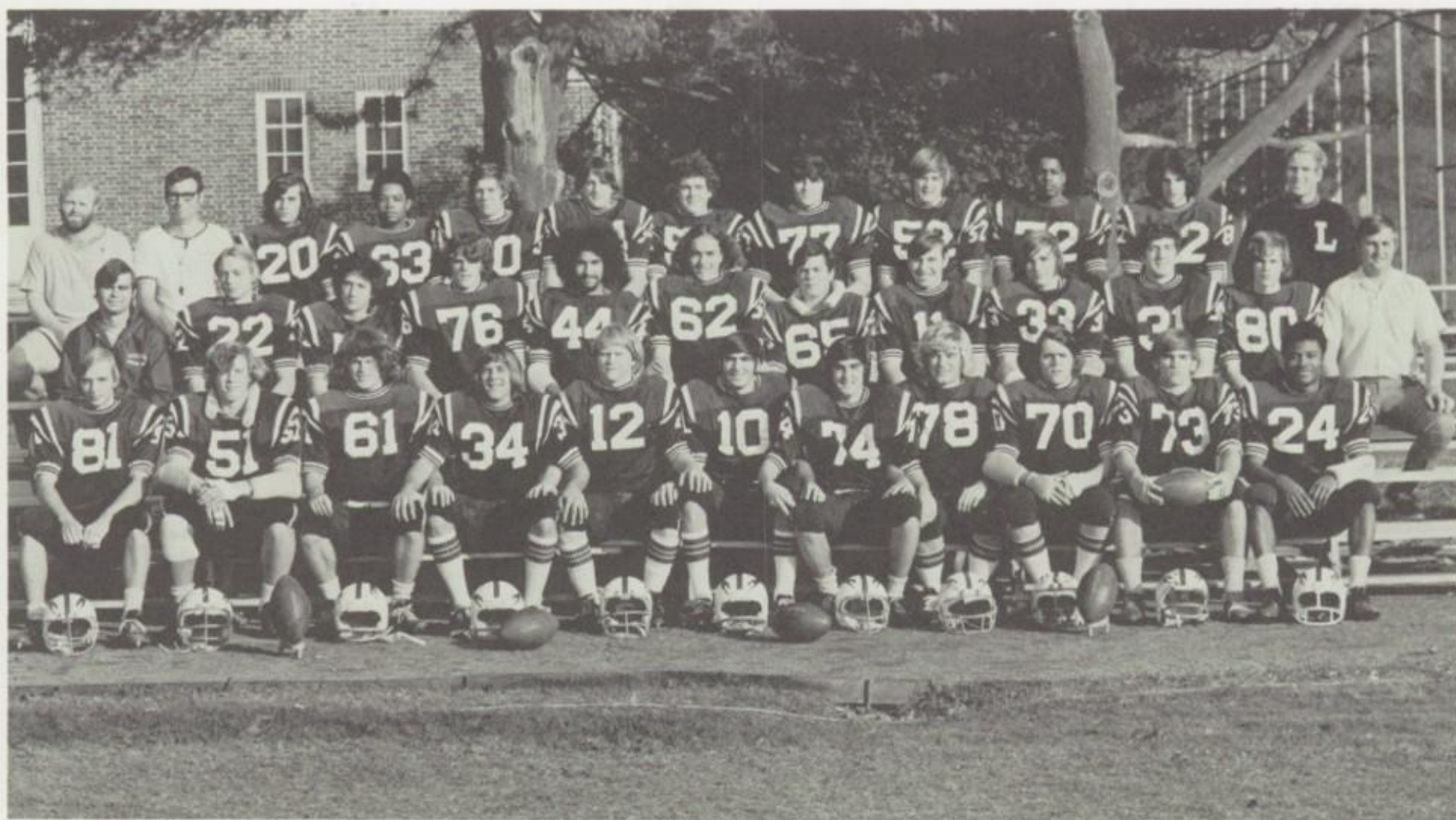
11-2-0

The 1972 team was different. It was a "business team". There were no Superstars; nevertheless people had the desire to win in competition. These guys were winners and they knew it. They were never over-confident, just self-confident. They subjectively acted on their physical emotions, never stopping to think about the obstacles that stood in their way. These players never had to get up for a game. They had a perpetual highness. Their pursuits were incredible; like locusts swarming on food, they frustrated and intimidated the opposing quarterbacks, giving them and their backs nowhere to hide. Pure desire was paramount in giving them the ability to hold a block a second longer or to get up and pursue after being knocked down. These were the things that made up our team. We were individuals, but our respect for each other and the confidence we had in all our players, brought us so close together that it made every game a genuine team effort.

Probably the climax of the season was beating Kent and getting the silver spoon back which they had kept for three years. Another highlight was breaking Kingwood's thirteen game winning streak. On Founder's Day in front of a capacity crowd Williston was beaten for the first time in three years.

Loomis football seemed to be going downhill on a path to obscurity. This group of players reversed the trend and revived the program at Loomis. The players put the class back into football by dressing in colorful uniforms, by establishing a deadly home and by running from a wishbone-T that the opponent and fans found equally explosive. Playing on the team was truly unique in the best of ways.





What can you say about a team that goes 6-2 for the season, barely losing to once-beaten Wilbraham and unbeaten Hotchkiss? This was the best record attained since Coach Eaton has been at school. The team scored more points and held the opponents to fewer points than in any of the previous five seasons.

Loomis	22	Hopkins	12
Loomis	7	Kingswood	6
Wilbraham	36	Loomis	28
Loomis	27	Suffield	0
Loomis	33	Williston	22
Hotchkiss	41	Loomis	20
Loomis	41	Taft	16
Loomis	15	Kent	0

6-2-0











... life is like being part of a team,
each person contributing ...



... this is where the individual
is revealed ...



Where I come from one can see miles on end of gray dusty earth, if the sun ever shatters through the low slung clouds. I was raised on a flat and monotonous plain that revealed to my eyes corn field after soybean field after potatoe field after corn field. In the winter we sled down my uncle's barn ramp, attaining speeds just great enough to allow us to fake a spill at the bottom. I have observed these sights with interest, but always from afar, without any contact between us. Eventually I left home to go away to school; last year I climbed my first cliff.

Mountains have a particular appeal. From one perspective they are an ultimate threat to man; from another they cultivate him to his greatest potentialities, bringing out all that lurks untouched in his nature. Mountains are an alien environment to which man is ill-adapted to survive. Climbing them can be dangerous and brings scant fame. However, being a hostile environment that poses severe threats, men must tax themselves mentally, spiritually, and physically to survive the cliff's challenge. Doing so brings out undiscovered facets and unrealized limits and capacities in one's self. Climbing becomes an intimate relationship between man and the mountain, a loving one.

As I look up above me now I see a rough hewn beam, black and splintery, set off against the fresh plaster of the ceiling. I grasp it. It looks to be so simple to pull myself up to it, but I can't, not from want of strength but because it is simply beyond the realm of my power to do so. This I am brought to an understanding of myself, who I am, and of what I am capable. Is this harsh? I think not. Compare this to an organ fugue, violent and passionate, struggling ever higher with determined fury until it finally blossoms forth into ethereal light and serene beauty that pervades the listener to the extent that he himself is united with it. It is thus, after struggling with pain, muscle, anger, and frustration, I pull myself onto the top of the cliff. Suddenly I can rest, my breathing slows, my body is pleasantly relaxed. The world passes in slow motion and I am in it.

This year was destined to be either the beginning or the end of rock climbing at Loomis. Within the first few weeks of school over thirty people had signed up to go climbing, two or three times the number of the previous year. To some this was evidence of a heightened sensitivity among students toward life and nature, an in-

creased desire to find themselves. I, on the contrary, viewed this as a disastrous turn of events. Would the beauty of climbing and that intimate relationship fostered between the cliff and the climber not vanish under the Loomis-Chaffee hordes? This I was afraid would sound the death knell of climbing at Loomis. As it turned out, I was wrong. This has become a beginning, not an end. There were not screaming hordes; instead, a great deal of intensive climbing was accomplished.

When I first started climbing I imagined it to be an incalculably dangerous effort, violently death defying. However, climbing as we do it at Ragged or Monument Mountain is not dangerous as long as no one gets careless. As an association of people, this is the great paradox we face; climbing is an internal psychic experience, but is depends on an external force (the belayer) in order to take place. In no way is it comparable to winning something, beating someone, or competing for a championship. On the ideal climb, one that takes one to one's limit but not beyond, the climber loses all track of time, feeling perfectly adequate, lost in the present. The air, the rock, the self are all that one needs. Afterwards one joins in communion with others who have shared these experiences. By stretching alone to the limit of one's self, fulfilling one's destiny, the individual climber is brought to a closer, more intimate knowledge, love and acceptance of his or her companions.

With the next snowfall my uncle's barn will collapse—a great tragedy since it was so old and so beautiful. We can do nothing for her; she is too expensive a mistress. And when I walk up the ramp it will lead to nothing, not even a good tumble down, for I have grown and no longer is the height challenging. And as the earth wrenches itself from the sun, and evening's last shafts throb red and gold and silver upon the Atlantic's vast expanse I see only gauzy detergent of the high tide and the pop corn and bubble gum splotched boardwalk. Ultimately, even the best and most remote cliffs will be destroyed, leveled under the bolts and pitons of climbers and the litter of tourists, but the children they nurtured will endure. Their wisdom will enrich us. This is their eternity.

—Edmond Horsey

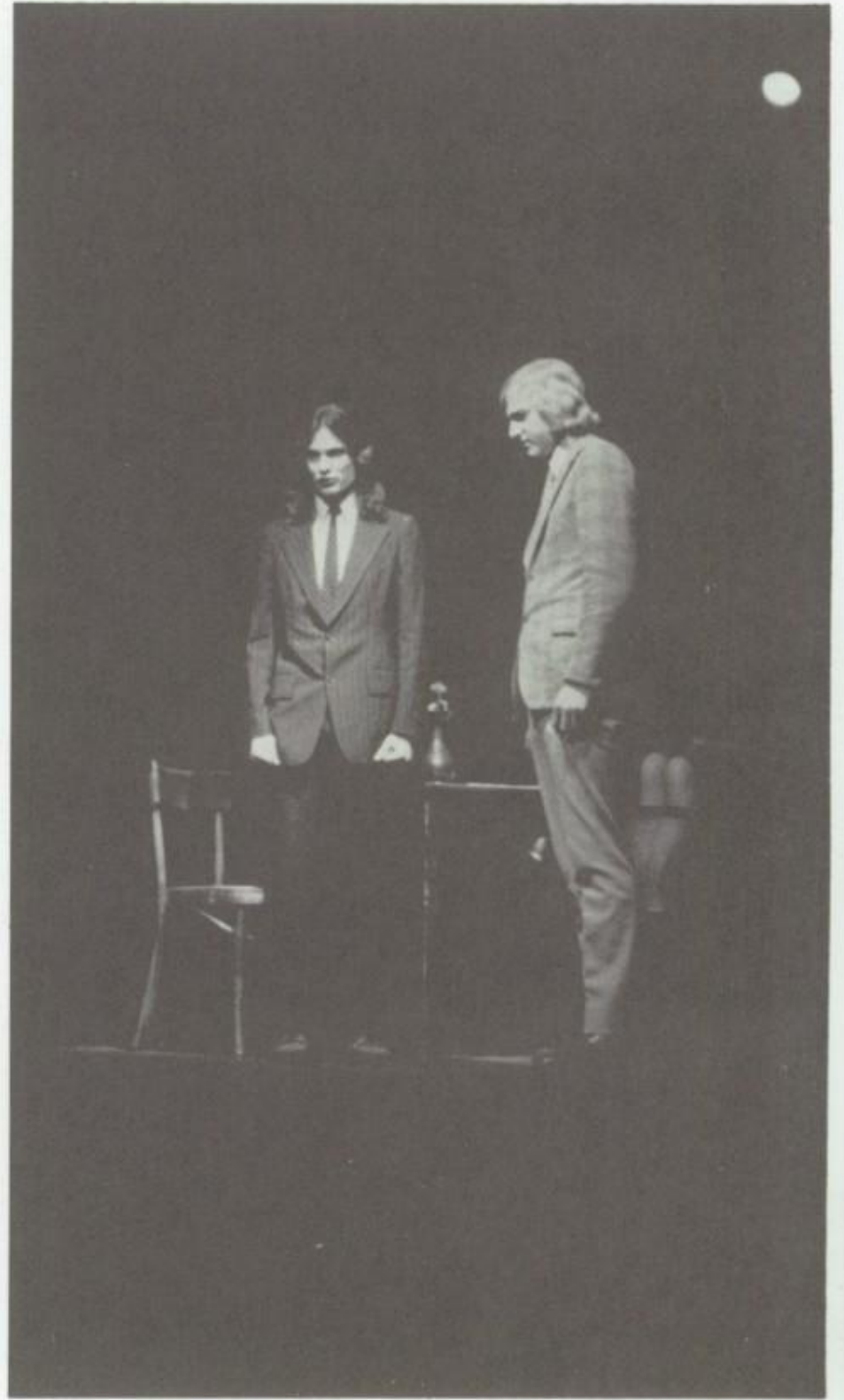


"Climbing is an internal psychic experience."



"In one sense it (climbing) is the most vitally dependent act one can do; in another it estranges one the most from others. On the ideal climb, one that taxes one to one's limit but not beyond, the climber loses all track of time, feeling perfectly adequate, lost in the present."

David and Lisa











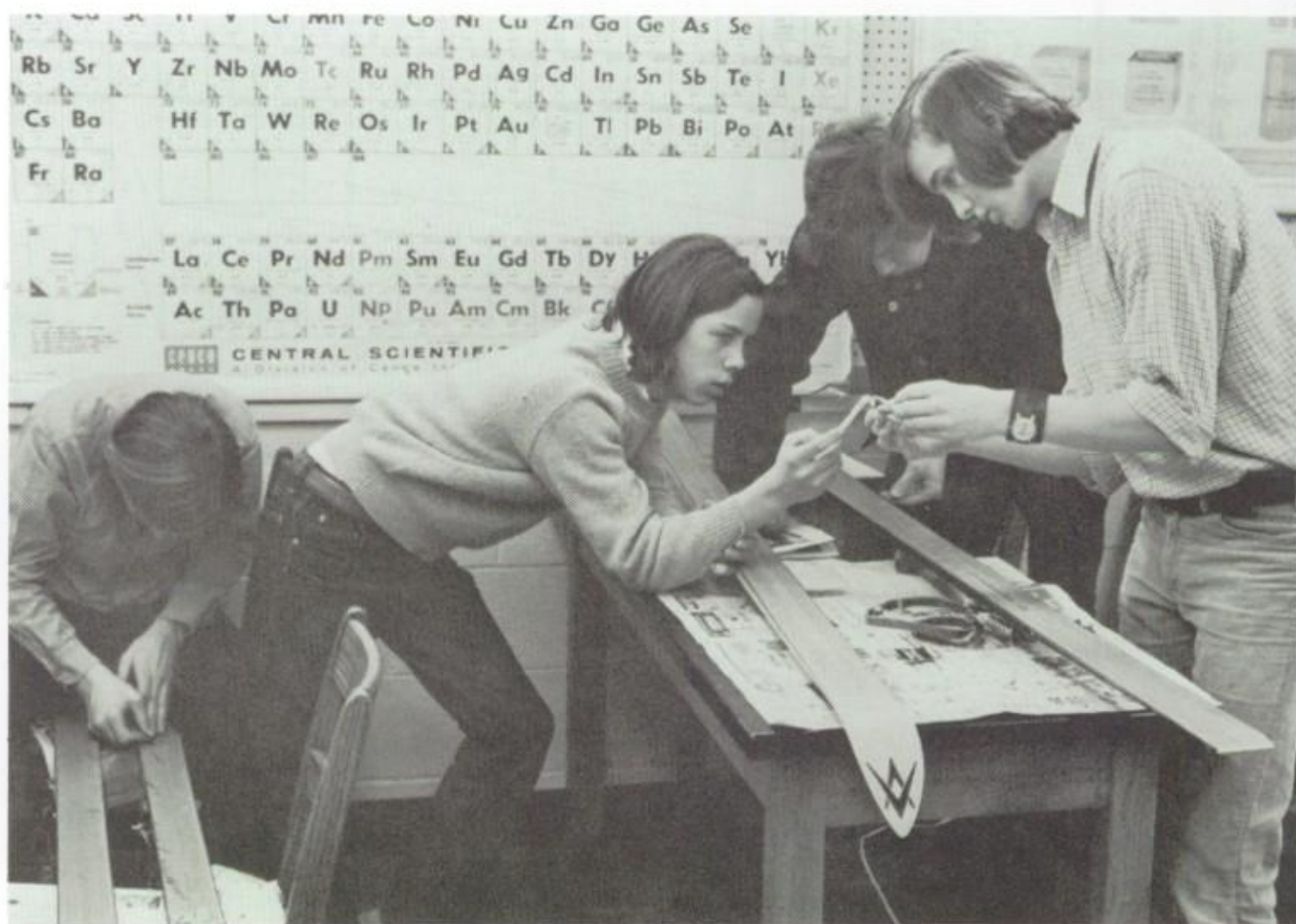
"Most of education consists of some people trying to convince other people that nothing is really going on"

Unfortunately at Loomis, this seemed to work too well. It took no work at all to make this belief a fact. Students had been shutting everyone out (or perhaps, shutting themselves in) for so long. They seemed like participants in a dead game of hide and seek. The seekers stopped looking. The hidiers had found such secure hiding places that they didn't want to come out to the light where they might be seen.

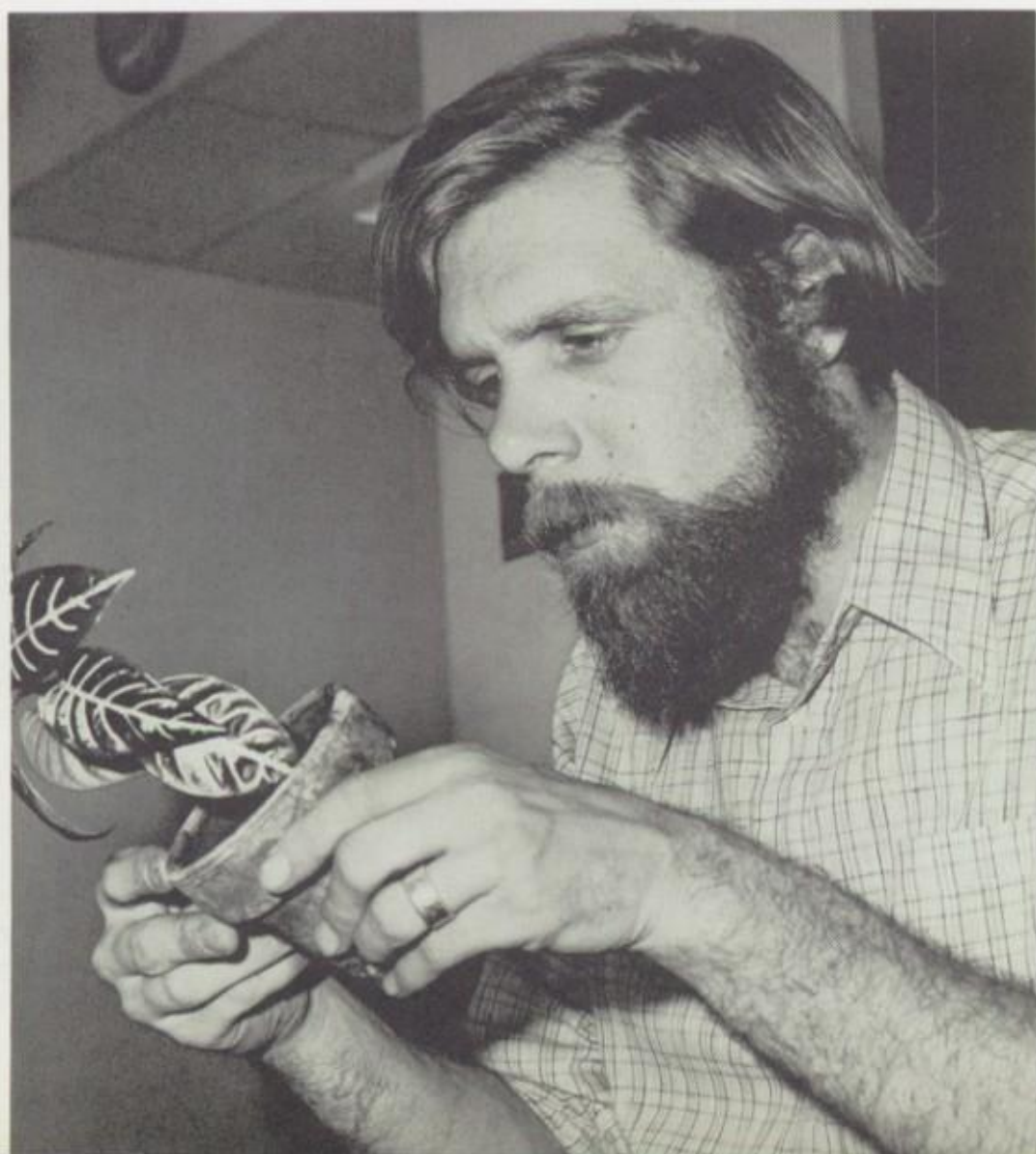
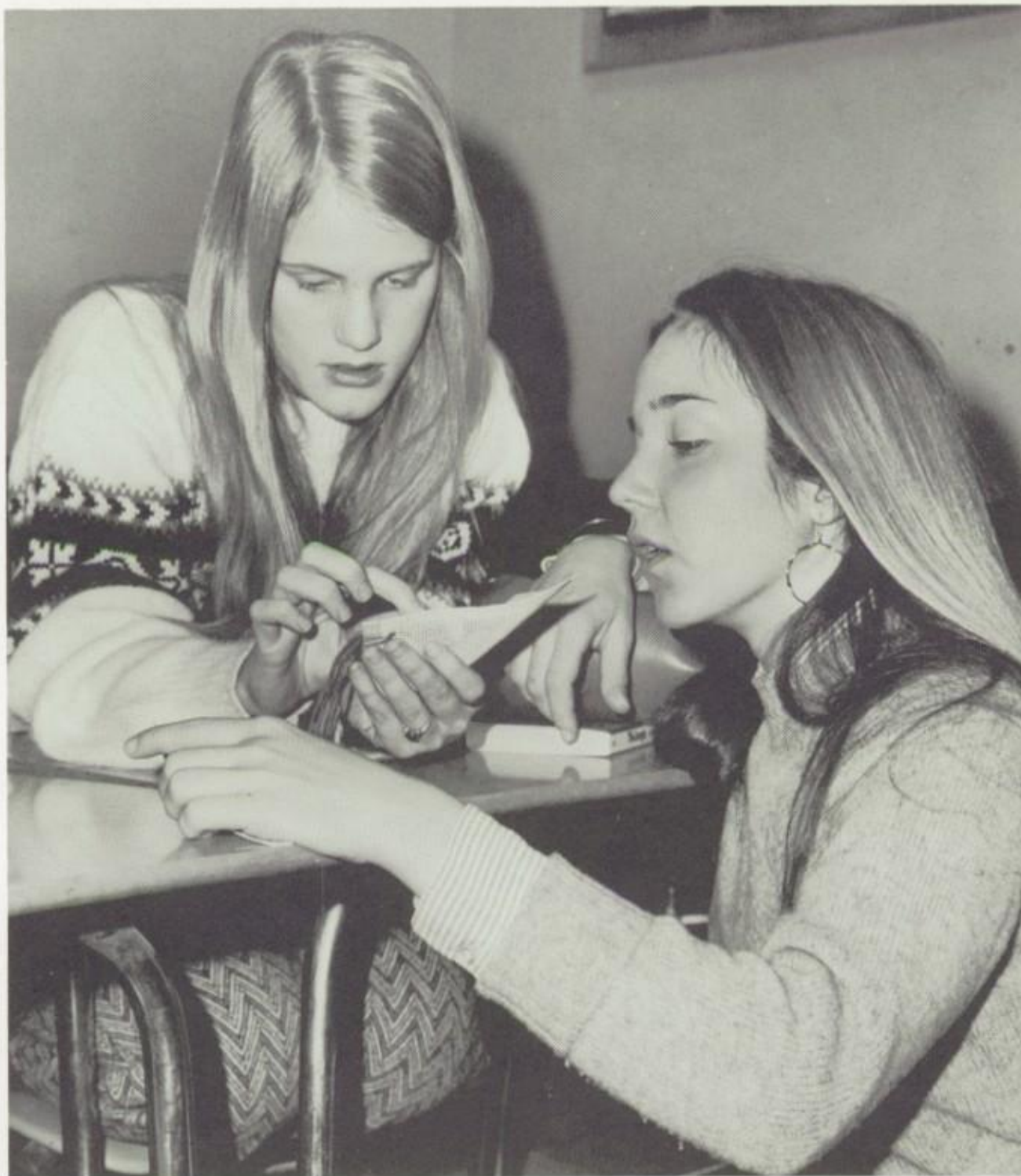
Very few people communicated at all, touched or saw anyone else. Very few people allowed themselves to be seen.

one student's
perspective





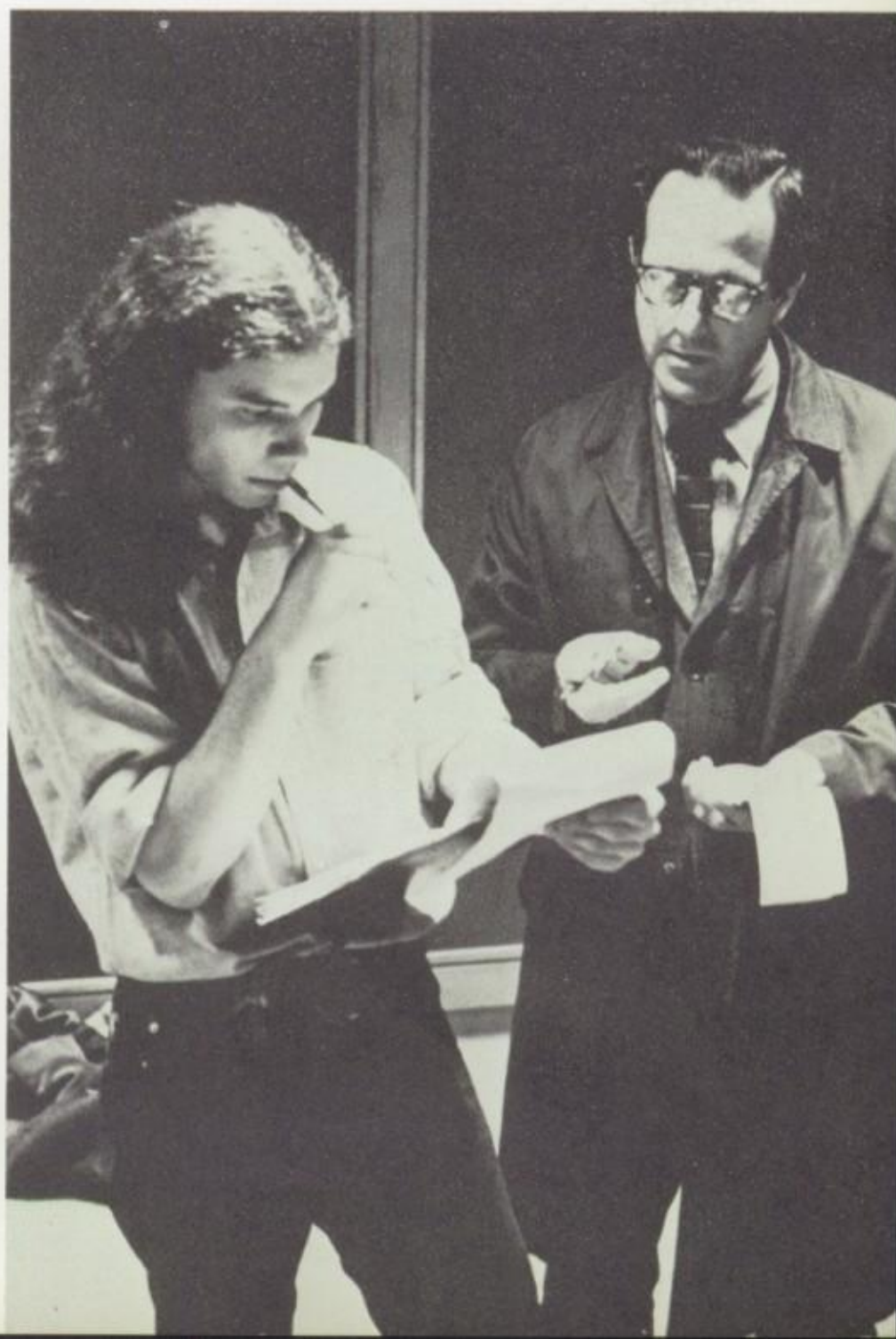
The Seminars

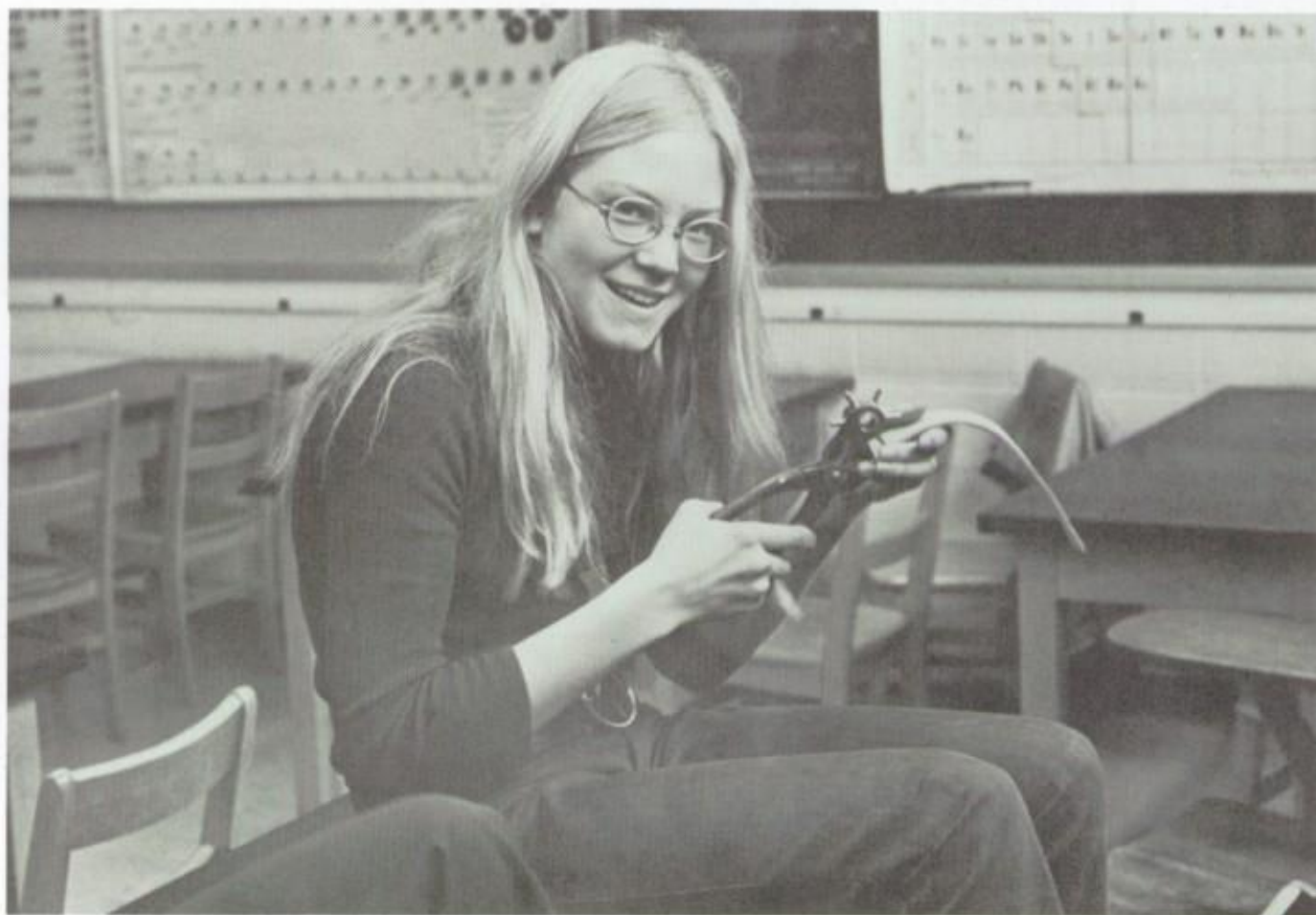




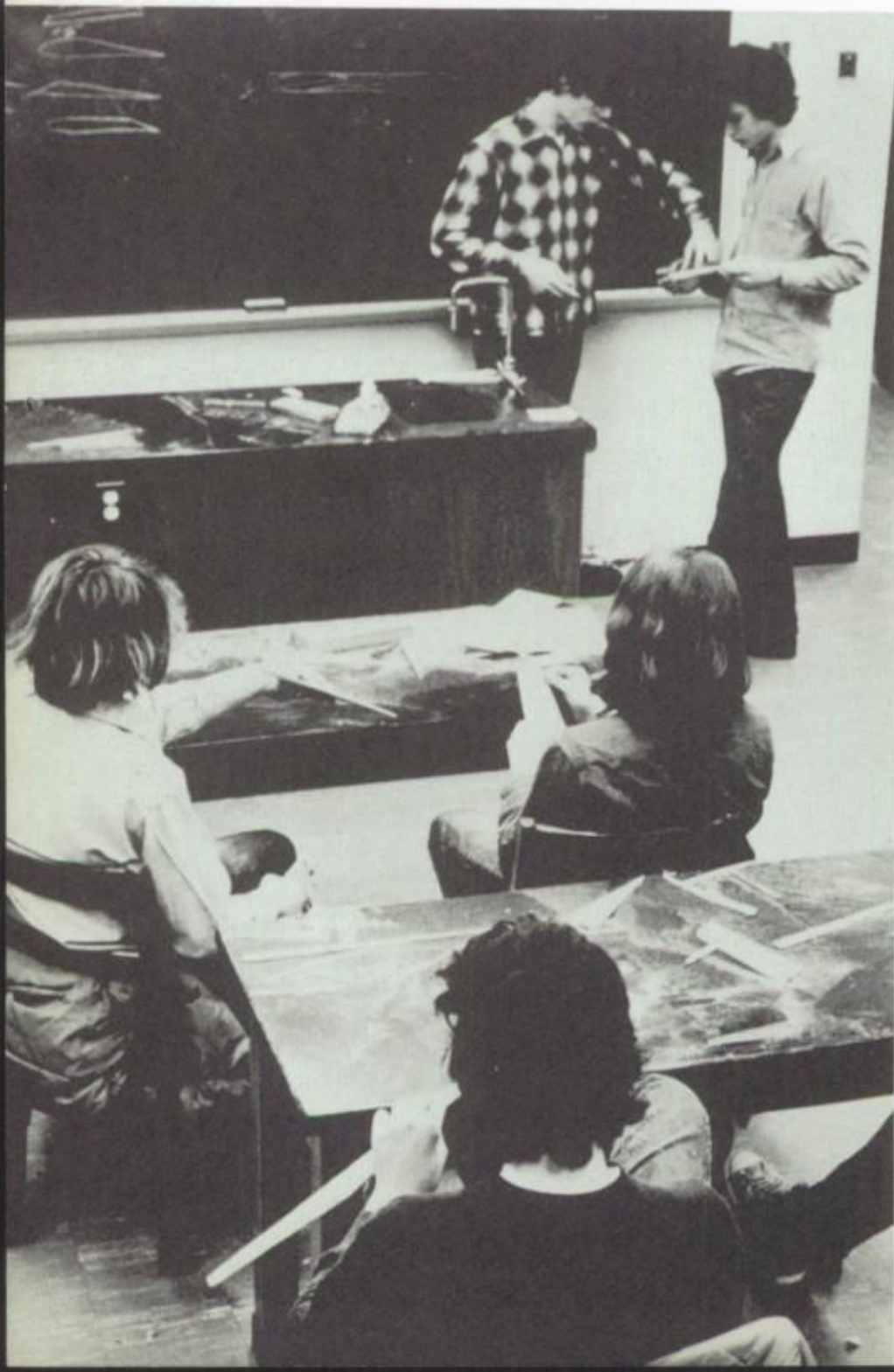
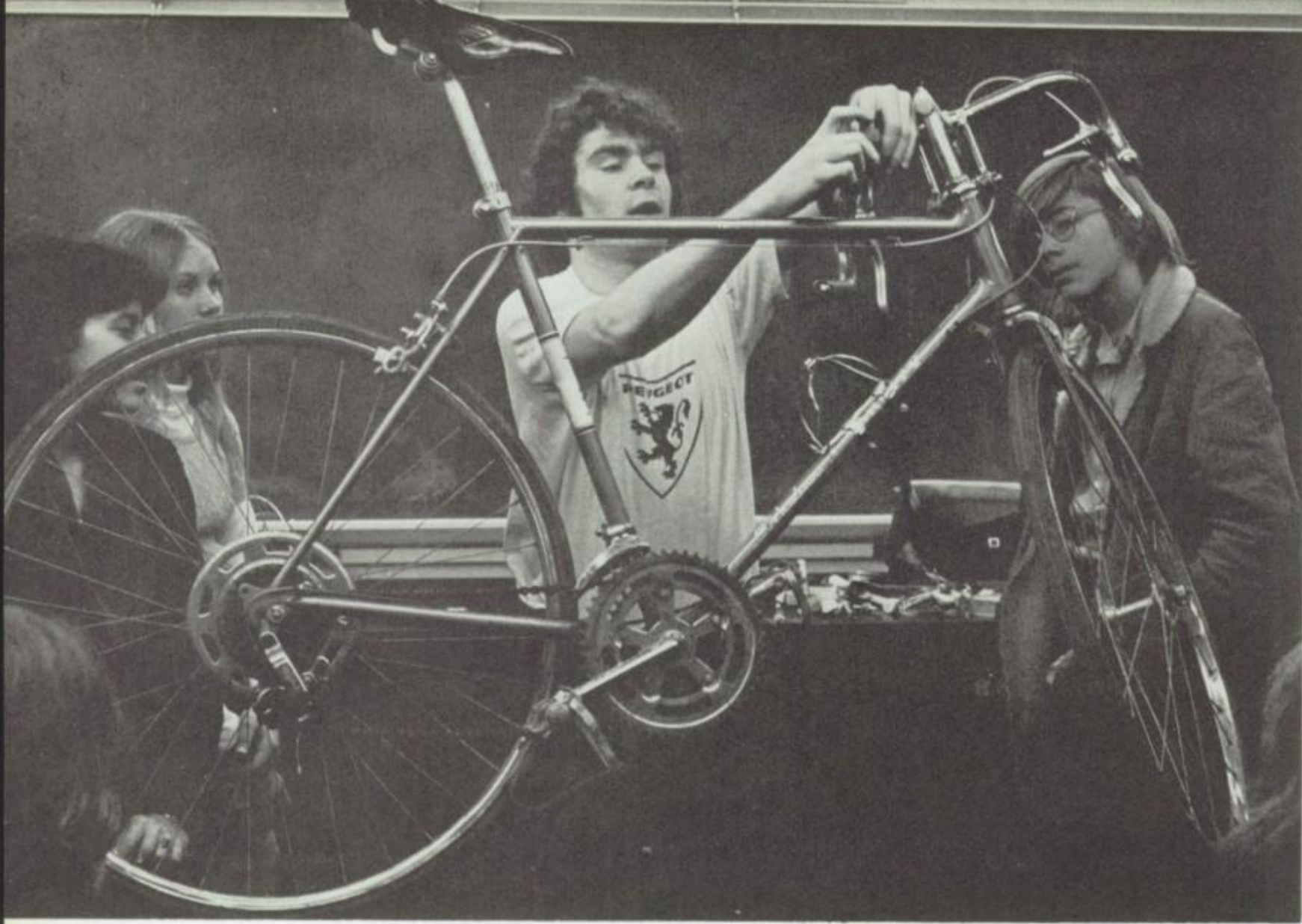
The Seminars gave the students and faculty a chance to express their individual feeling or emotional self to the community rather than the everyday academic self—thus representing the other side of his or her personality.

















This year's basketball team was like a frosty cold milkshake. Five players blended their talents together to make a superb drink. A daring heart and soul rebounder and shooter—two hustling guards playing mostly defense but adding assists and points too—a clutch shooter, rebounder, and defensive standout, and a consistent picture shooter.

Five gutsy men and a bench meshed together to make a team that battled incessantly, won continuously, lost occasionally, and developed a special team unity.

Don't believe it was easy. The four month season began early in November with skull sessions to familiarize ourselves with a new offense before we hit the court. It was brought to our attention that due to club and J. V. practice we could only get one hour of practice a day. Without debate, a 6:30 post Loomis supertime practice was scheduled. Dayboys and grades suffered, but conquering odds and difficulties adds to the contentment and satisfaction. "The Loomis squad is woefully lacking in height," said the Kingswood Invitational Tournament booklet, "it looks like a very iffy season." Someone needed glasses!

As the team became accustomed to doing, they surged from a 23-6 deficit to a 57-54 sweet victory in the K.I.T. final. Not bad for a team favored to come in seventh.

The ingredients fought to win five games by three points each, one game by one point, and were invited to the New England Prep School Championship Tournament. Some teams don't win but have a good season because of the experience of working together. This team not only worked together, played for each other, and established life-long memories and relationships, but won too! Mr. Meyers can make one hell of a milkshake!

Loomis	52	Robinson	49
Loomis	64	Hopkins	53
Trinity Fr.	72	Loomis	46
Loomis	57	Wilbraham	54
Loomis	51	Kingswood	48
Loomis	57	Adelphi	54

KIT CHAMPIONS

Loomis	61	Kent	53
Loomis	85	Cheshire	68
Wilbraham	60	Loomis	45
Loomis	82	Suffield	52
Loomis	63	Westminster	34
Choate	72	Loomis	59
Windsor Mt.	47	Loomis	44
Loomis	61	Suffield	45
Loomis	87	Hotchkiss	55
Loomis	64	Kingswood	46
Mt. Hermon	82	Loomis	78
Loomis	56	Williston	55
Loomis	65	Taft	51
Wilbraham	49	Loomis	47

14-6







Kingswood	41	Loomis	9
Wilbraham	37	Loomis	13
Loomis	31	Hotchkiss	27
Loomis	54	Cheshire	4
Loomis	27	Taft	27
ASD	34	Loomis	24
Canterbury	36	Loomis	13
Loomis	30	Hopkins	27
Loomis	33	Williston	28
Loomis	41	Kent	17
Choate	45	Loomis	15
Suffield	43	Loomis	9

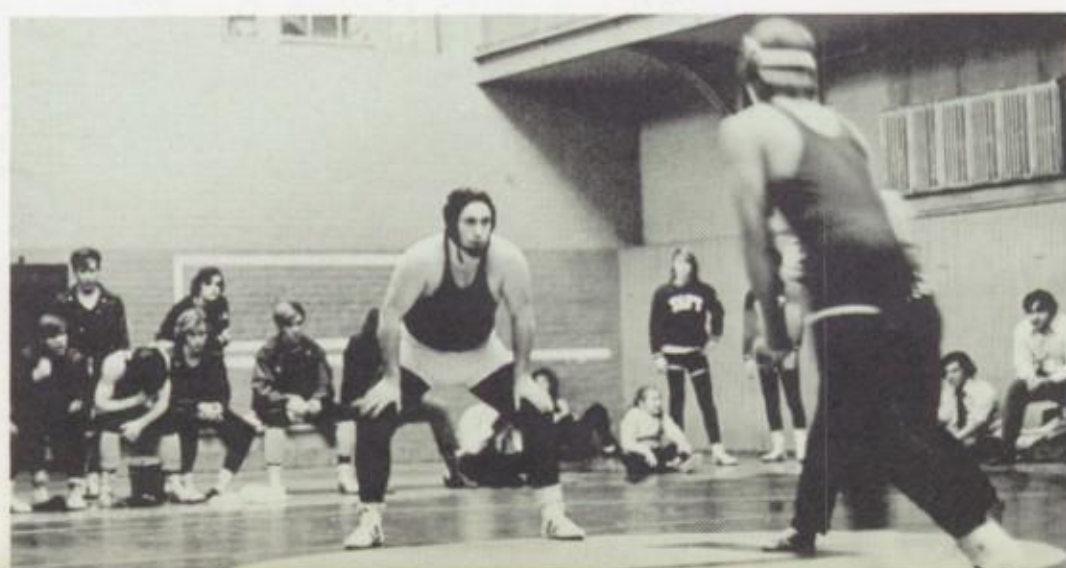
5-6-1

To many, wrestling may seem like a dull, grinding sport. But for those acquainted with it this year, spectators and grapplers alike, it provided some of the most dramatic, athletic moments of the year. Three home meets came down to the last match, providing the Loomis crowd with something to get hoarse over other than basketball.

But aside from the team's almost uncanny ability to come through in the close ones, what will be the most remembered was the team's youth. The lineup included four sophomores and a freshman. The "youngsters" certainly made their presence felt and were a chief source of the group's boundless enthusiasm. Watson, Nome, Pelgrift et. al. never ceased to enjoy their tag-team, pile-up style wrestling during an usually all too tedious practice.

The decisive factor in the team's unexpected success was its coaching staff. Coaches Pierson and Carlsten initiated a two-pronged strategy aimed at both mental and physical preparation. "Psyche" was developed in a number of unique ways including a wrestling trivia examination and written goals for the season. Not so unorthodox was the emphasis on conditioning by rigorous workouts and daily routine running.

There were no superstars on the team, but this is not to say that individuals didn't stand out. When an individual had an outstanding match, the whole team could join in the euphoria, especially because it was usually the second effort of one or two that made the difference in all the meets that we won. For example . . . Ben Gross's clutch meet-winning pins—a feat he performed in four meets . . . Ed Deming's humiliating dump. Ed got up so quickly that his opponent was facing him one second only to be put on his back in the form of a little ball, all in one graceful move . . . Joe Zautra's key pins against Taft and Hopkins given Loomis a come from behind tie and victory . . . Al Templeton's riding time victory over Taft's captain . . . Ed Quinn's come from behind pin at Hopkins allowing Loomis an incredible win from a 27-6 deficit . . . Garth Gibson's 6 minute plus against a tough Taft opponent . . . John Beardsley's hard fought wins against Wilbraham and Kent . . . Bart Litvin's dedicated efforts coming in for injured Beardsley. Dennis Watson's overtime victory against last year's state finalist and then succumbing to the eventual state champ by a one point decision . . . Nick Allen's first period pins against Kent and Williston . . . Ken Werner's upset at Kingswood and five point move on the state champion at his weight class . . . Mark Nome's exciting wins at Hopkins and his strategy ploy against Taft . . . The refreshing wins by freshman Pelgrift (coming in for weight weary Steve Deming) at Cheshire and Kent . . . Perhaps it was grinding, but it was never dull.



Loomis	885	Longmeadow	840
Avon	888	Loomis	876
Loomis	900	Kingswood	877
Loomis	895	Suffield	871
Wilbraham	901	Loomis	875
Loomis	896	Avon	891
Suffield	883	Loomis	870
Wilbraham	916	Loomis	894
Loomis	888	Choate	855
Loomis	877	Longmeadow	847
Loomis	895	Loomis	894

7-4-0

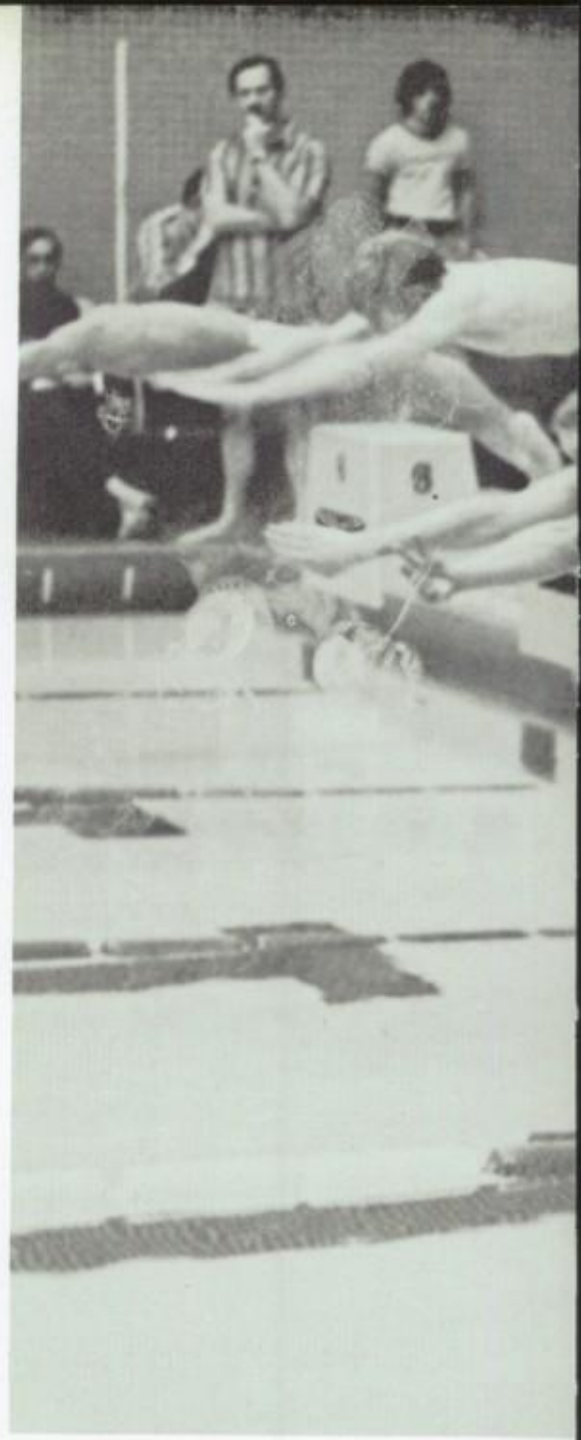




The Loomis Alpine Ski Team started its second season with an enthusiastic crowd. We all participated in the essential pre-season training period of running, lifting weights and soccer. We were far better conditioned for skiing than last year's team. The difficult decision of cutting down to the more feasible sized team was done by Coach Ron Marchetti after Christmas vacation. We were a young team, having no experienced seniors on the team. Unfortunately the other teams did. Sam Eddy, Jon Leffel and Mike O'Malley were the only returnees from last year's team. The rookie boardmen were sophomore Kin Schildbach, Bill Leete, Bruce Schine, and Bill Cohen.

The season wasn't overly successful in terms of a win/loss record. Although the members of our team were outclassed in an individual basis, the team shared a "esprit de corps" throughout the entire season. With 100% returning veterans and this team spirit, Coach Marchetti awaits a much improved season next year.





Loomis	63	Cheshire	31
Hotchkiss JV	58	Loomis	37
Mt. Hermon	50	Loomis	45
Avon	68	Loomis	27
Deerfield JV	74	Loomis	21
Westminster	63	Loomis	32
Hopkins			
Grammar	66	Loomis	28
Loomis	73	Canterbury	22
Loomis	70	Cheshire	28
Suffield	67	Loomis	28
Loomis	59	Wilbraham	36

4-7-0

5th in league

11th in New England

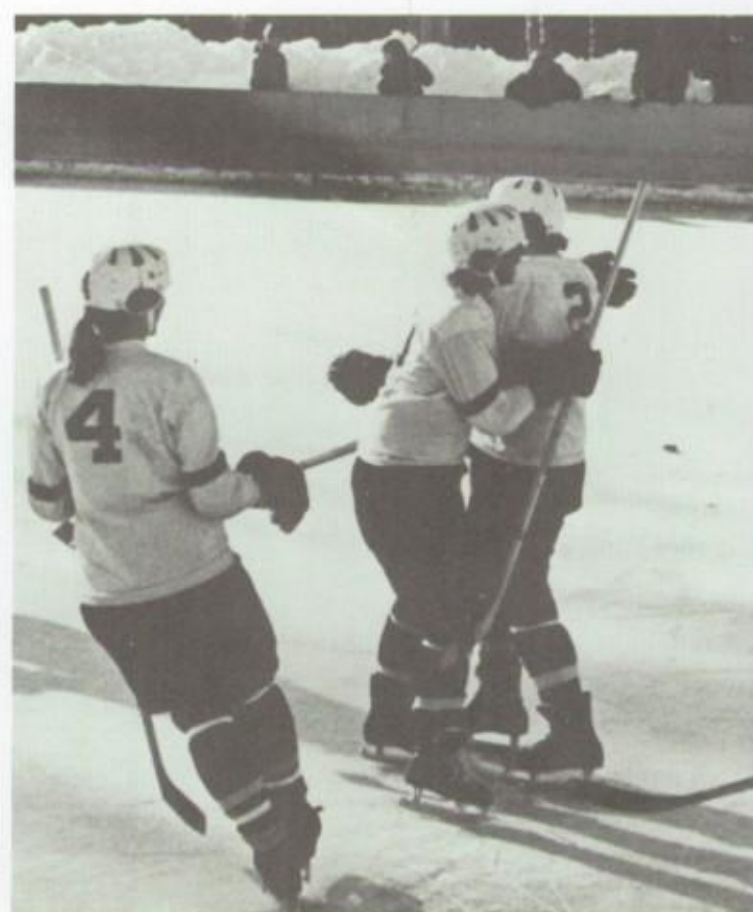


The swimming season has come and gone, and with it a successful year of record breaking and overall team achievement. Cruising past teams like Cheshire, Canterbury, and Wilbraham-Monson, the team swam to a four and seven standing and a fifth place in the league championships. Swimming dynasties such as Deerfield, Hopkins, Suffield and Avon were all too powerful to overcome, but even facing these odds, exceptional swims were recorded. Loomis-Chaffee showed its strength when they swam a strong Mount Hermon squad. Like the Westminster meet last year, the winning team was determined in the last event. The result was not the same however, as Loomis-Chaffee lost its hardest meet ever, by one-tenth of a second. Although a heartbreaking loss, the team's performance gave a promising look at the future.

Success or failure is decided by practices. This year, practices were run in a more technical level with swimmers being grouped according to ability and stroke. Coaches Bob Hartman and Barry Moran, and Manager Toni Shippenberg played a more active role in practices this year. They took times and helped individuals with their strokes. The loss of Brent Taylor, Kurt Handschumacher and Jon Levine will be felt by next year's team, but with a new pool, varsity swimming is here to stay and prosper.



Wilbraham	5	Loomis	2
Westminster	5	Loomis	0
Avon	8	Loomis	4
Salisbury	3	Loomis	1
Westminster	6	Loomis	2
Loomis	3	Longmeadow	2
Loomis	7	Millbrook	5
South Kent	10	Loomis	3
Hill	4	Loomis	0
South Kent	5	Loomis	2
Loomis	2	Canterbury	2
Loomis	5	Windsor High	2
Wilbraham	4	Loomis	2
Salisbury	5	Loomis	4
Gunnery	6	Loomis	4
Canterbury	7	Loomis	1
Williston	9	Loomis	5
Westminster	12	Loomis	3
Gunnery	5	Loomis	2
Millbrook	5	Loomis	3







A friend questioned me as to the outcome of the recently completed Loomis hockey campaign. For what seemed like the two-hundredth time, I revealed our record of 3 wins, 16 losses, and one tie. Not one to conceal his feelings, he laughed and said, "You guys must have really stunk. Three and sixteen, nice record." Being a part of the team, and therefore an object of that remark, I felt an obligation to answer with a statement of redeeming value. "We had a lot of fun, and there were many satisfactions, despite what the record might indicate." It seems he had heard that somewhere before, and he replied, "How much fun can you have during a season with a record like that?"

I told him of the thrill of playing on a team with a bunch of guys—each one pulling for the next guy, shouting encouragement from the bench to the players on the ice, and sharing in the joy of success and the disappointment of defeat. The satisfaction of knowing that you've given your best effort, whether or not the game was won. I told him of that delightful, musty odor of the locker room after a rough practice; beads of sweat building up on my already blurred glasses as I peel off my pads and try to catch my breath after that last sprint down the ice.

Chris Norton's brilliant rink-long rushes were a sight to see, I told him, as was Cueball's picturesque skating while he led an attack on the enemy goal. If only he could have seen the expressions on the faces of the players after we scored four goals in one minute against Windsor High School! It was as if we had finally uncovered a hidden ability within ourselves and had unleashed it all in the one fell swoop. During that solitary interlude we realized that the hours of practice really weren't in vain and that we could actually accomplish great things on the ice.

Hockey is the thud of a good check, the beauty of a crisp, cross-ice pass, the kick-save, and the Longmeadow goalie's expression as he is sprawled out on the ice, the winning goal, signaled by five Loomis sticks raised high in the air.

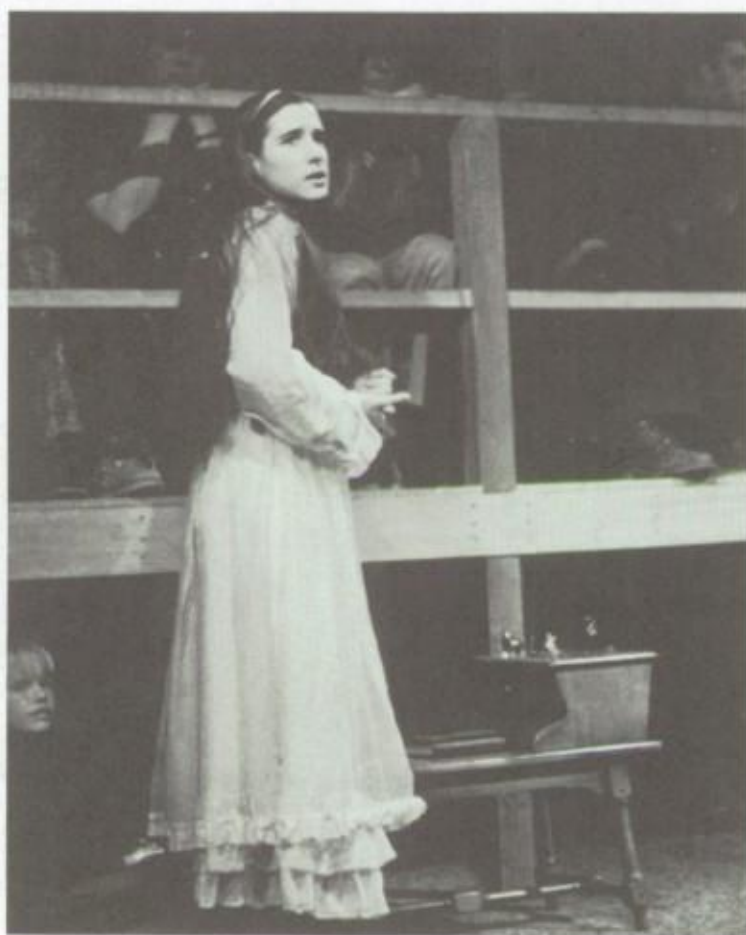
Mark Davis







*The Glass
Menagerie*









PATIENCE

Satire is a mischievous animal. It stalks its victims in the guise of humor, overcomes its prey with ridicule, and gains strength and protection throughout the contest from the basic truth of its vision. A Gilbert and Sullivan satire increases the force by adding the power of a large cast of unique characters performing cleverly manipulated words and music.

The Loomis-Chaffee Theatre Association's production of *Patience* clearly resembles its Victorian parent and has been conceived and presented in that spirit. It has become ill-proportioned and unruly here, however, and the sharp bite of its characterizations has decreased with the audience's familiarity with the subject.

Gilbert and Sullivan satire can be a powerful and entertaining form, but the balance between absurdity and truth, caricature and character, frenzy and control must be carefully maintained. In this production Mr. Sullivan often loses this balance, pulling too hard or not enough on his directorial leash. But when he succeeds in making his play move at an even gait, it is indeed a strong and enjoyable spectacle.

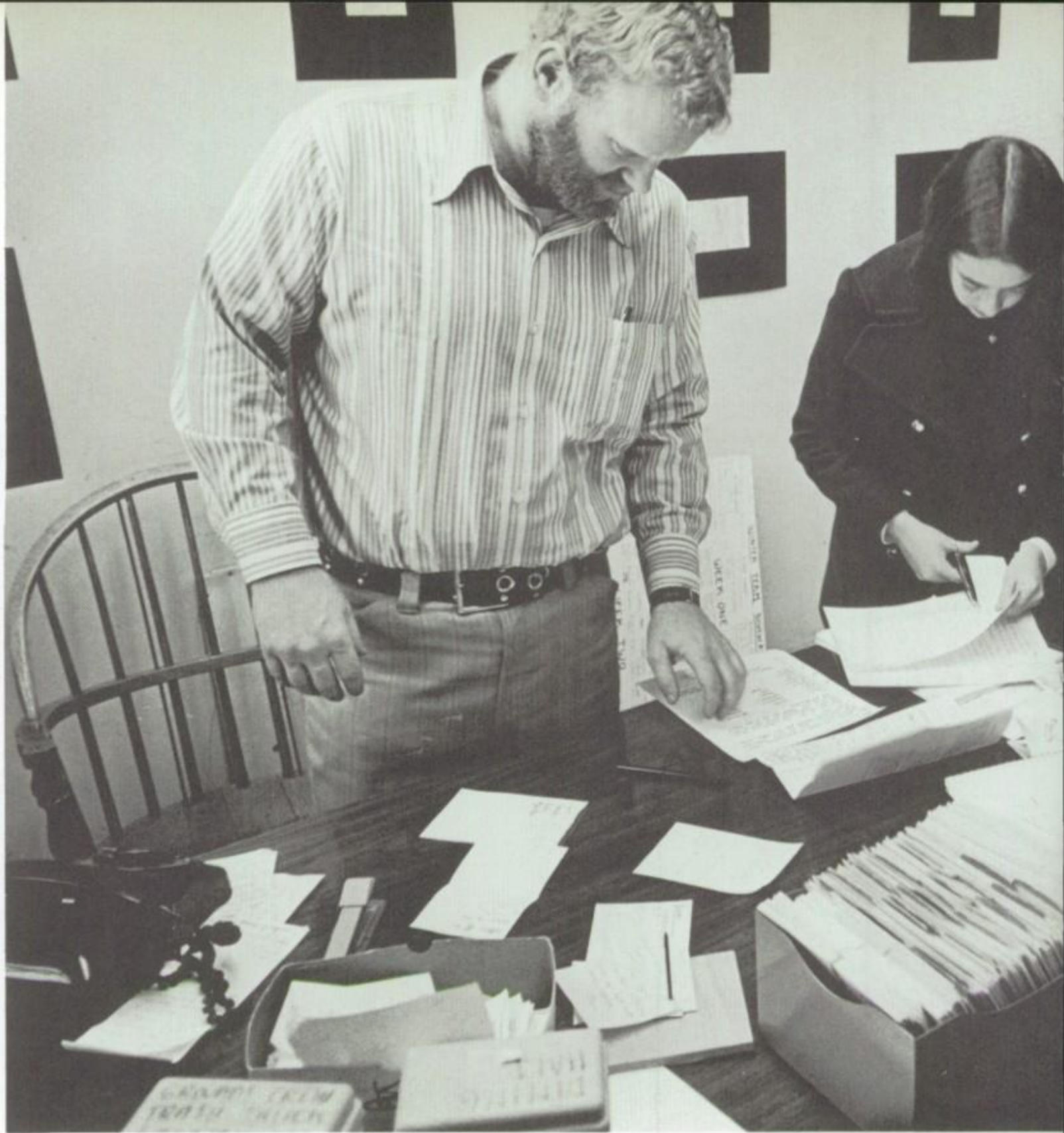




It seemed this year we changed our rationalizations for performing our work jobs; we realized from our day to day existence that each one of us depended on the next guy If no dishwashers showed up, no food was served.



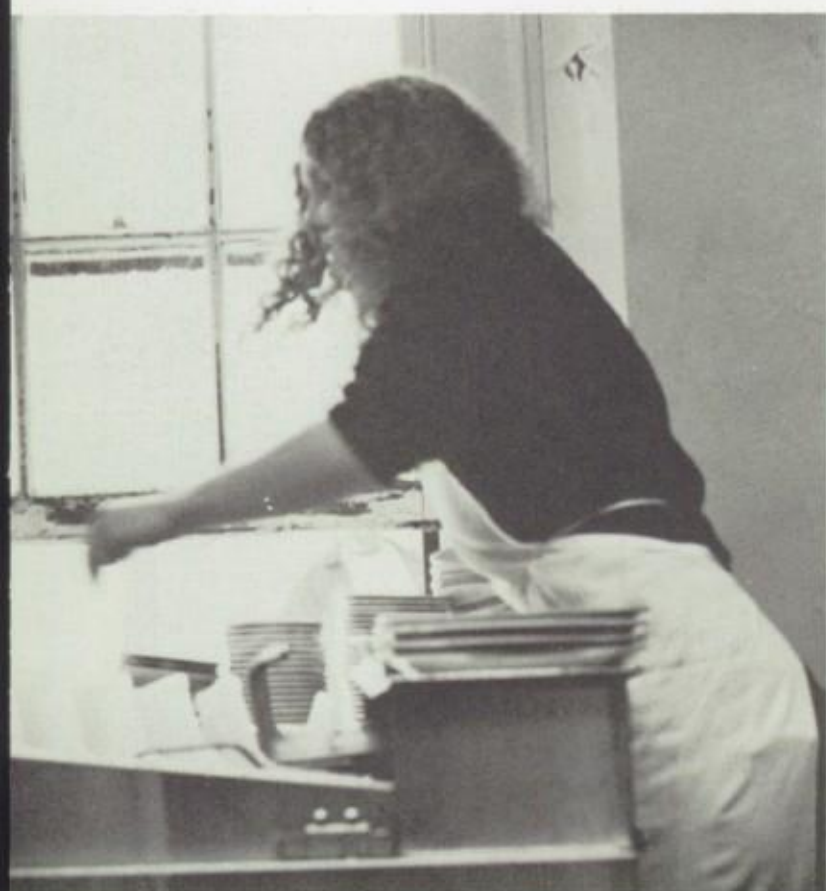






"There is only one possible, productive solution for the relationship of individualized man with the world: his active solidarity with all men and his spontaneous activity, love and work, which unite him again with the world, not by primary ties but as a free and independent individual."

Eric Fromm





"The job of a revolutionary is to show people that things can get better and to move them directly and unceasingly toward that goal. The better things get the more aware people become that they needed not tolerate the injustices and miseries that remain."

—Philip Slater, from
the required Humanities reading



The Humanities Boycott

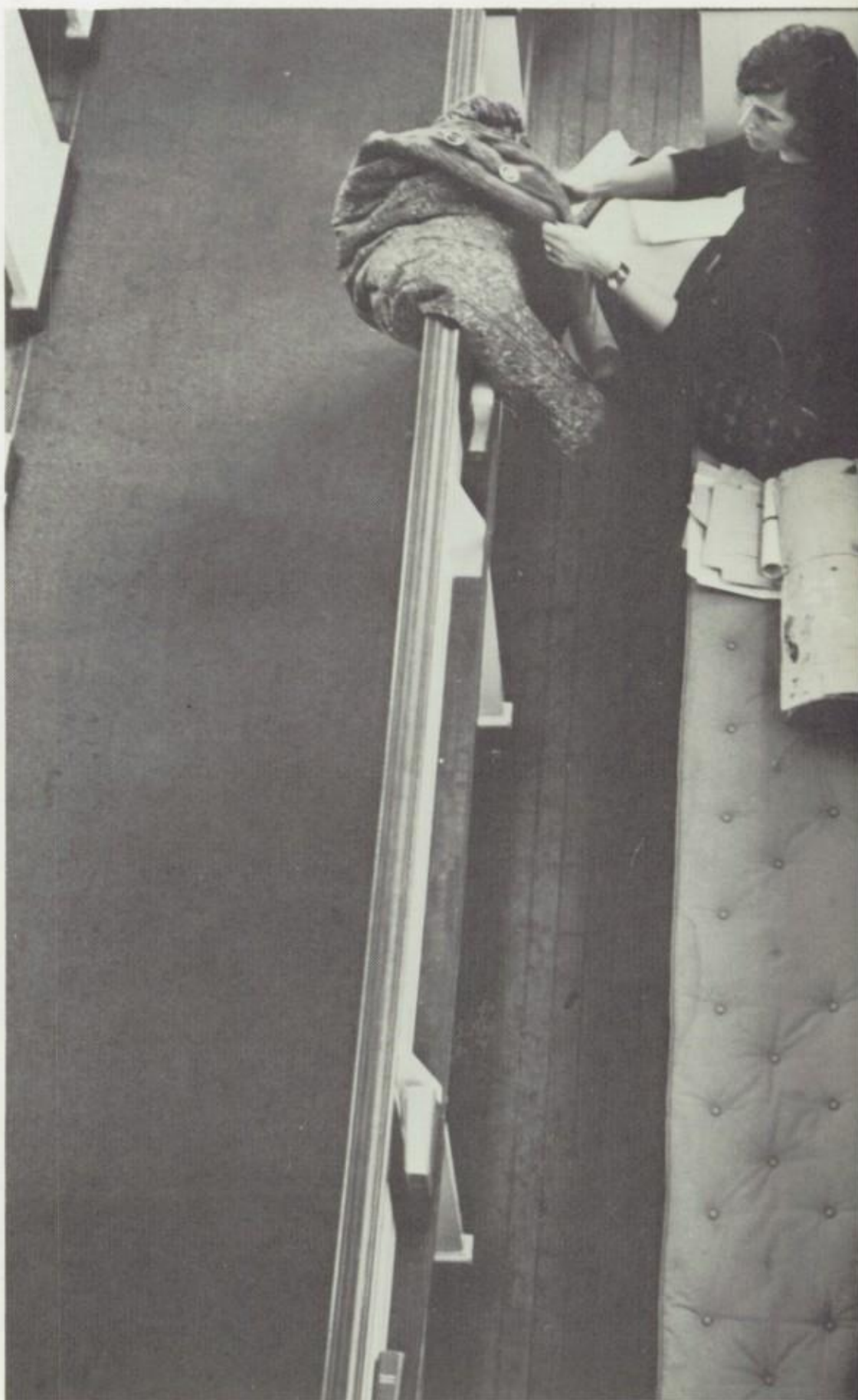
On Feb. 26 several members of the senior class, declared a boycott of a Humanities lecture in order to demonstrate the seniors deep sense of frustration and confusion toward the course, to emphasize the lack of continuity of the lectures, discussion groups, and the lack of careful planning by a divided and dispirited Humanities faculty. We felt that abolishing the Humanities requirement for the senior class would force the Humanities faculty to respond immediately to the problems of the course, which would therefore sink or swim on it's own merits.

Bronco Brown and I first discussed the possibilities of a boycott midway in the winter term. We had both been members of a student formed and operated Humanities Committee which had presented suggestions for the improvement of the course to the Humanities faculty. After months of meetings, we were left with the impression that the Humanities faculty was toying with us. Many of our ideas, though acclaimed by members of the Humanities faculty as being sound, constructive improvements, were through lack of initiative, sincerity, or factional arguments buried in the chaos which surrounded the course. A second problem which had also arisen was that many members of the Humanities faculty questioned whether we really represented the senior class, or that our complaints were theirs.

It was at this point that we informed Bruce Gellin, another member of the Student Hum committee, of our idea. He expressed some interest in a boycott and several weeks of careful and soul-searching planning began. None of us were radicals or for that matter "potential revolutionaries." To boycott a class is a virtually unmentionable act in an independent school such as Loomis-Chaffee, let alone in our minds. Yet we felt the situation was serious enough to warrant a boycott, and the possible hazards which we or the school might face. We hoped that with the leadership of Bruce and Bronco, the senior class president and the president of the Student Council respectively, the rest of the school might recognize the seriousness of the situation and the constructive intent behind our actions.

The boycott was a success and a failure in several ways. A majority of the senior class did boycott the lecture. Of those who did, many were truly concerned, and some were just along for the ride. Many, however, did attend the lecture. Some because they felt we were wrong, some because they agreed with our goal but objected to our means, some out of politeness to the speaker, and sadly some because it was the easiest thing to do.

We failed to reach our primary goal. However, we did give the Senior Class a desperately needed sense of existence, and unity. We forced the Humanities faculty to reevaluate their present and future position towards the students, and the course. Most importantly, we did prove that the students at Loomis-Chaffee can act, and for the most part care enough about their school to risk suspension.



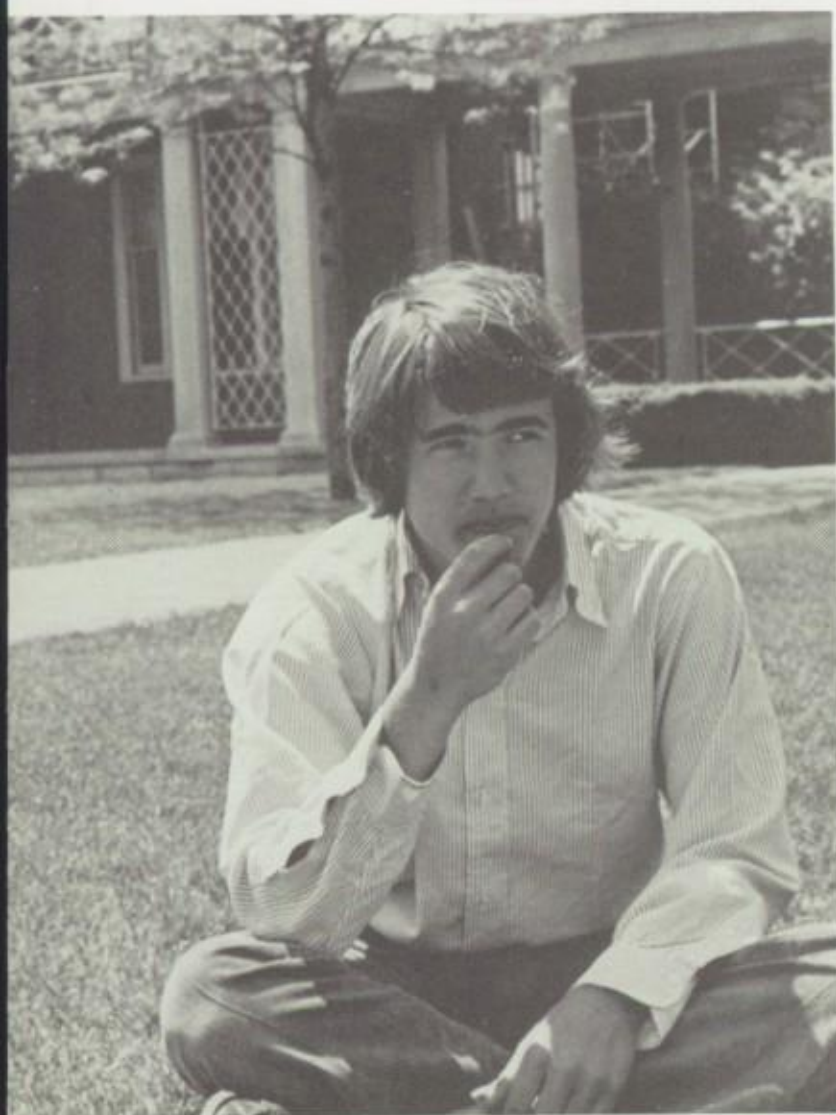
EPILOGUE: on Monday, May 28, the joint faculty of the Loomis-Chaffee School abolished the Humanities requirement, and replaced it with a weekly lectures deries for the Senior Class, and their teachers.

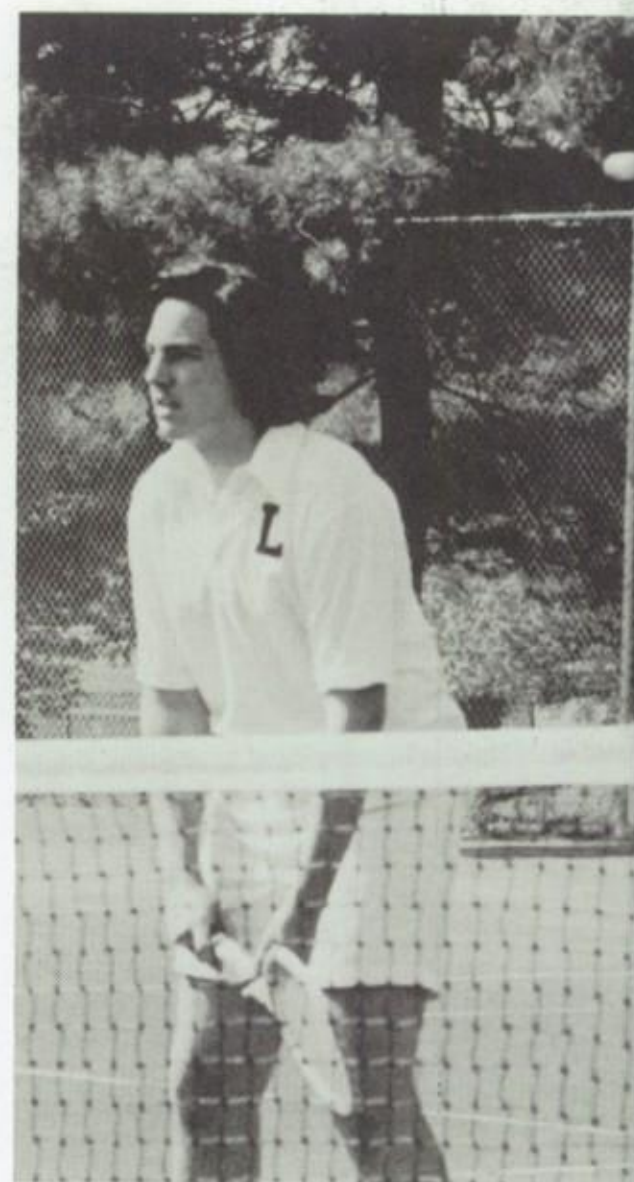
—Henry Horsey











The Loomis Varsity Tennis Team encountered their fourth consecutive losing season. The team, following up the previous year's disappointing season, played a weak Avon squad and claimed their one and only win of the year. Hopes for a good season, possibly a winning season, were in sight. These hopes quickly diminished as the season wore on. The team was kept alive in the early part of the season with a few near wins. As the season continued, teams such as Taft, Kingswood, and Hotchkiss smothered hopes of a fair season. Along with these hopes, most of the enthusiasm and the desire to win were lost.

The obvious problem was one of inexperience. The problem grew increasingly apparent as the season continued, and we were outclassed by the majority of our opponents. Coach High realized the problem and accepted it early in the season. He dealt with us in a way not so much stressed on winning as a team, but on developing individual skills. The emphasis on winning is more of a personal accomplishment than a point for the team effort.



Loomis	6	Avon	3
Deerfield	9	Loomis	0
Berkshire	8	Loomis	1
Williston	5	Loomis	4
Taft	9	Loomis	0
Pomfret	5	Loomis	4
Suffield	8	Loomis	4
Salisbury	5	Loomis	4
Trinity	9	Loomis	0
Westminster	6	Loomis	3
Kent	9	Loomis	0
Kingswood	9	Loomis	0
Hotchkiss	9	Loomis	0

1-12-0





I would have to say that the bicycling season was successful. I say this not because our team ever won a race; it didn't. I say it because we succeeded in making bike racing a talked about sport after the race was over.

Bike racing is really not a spectator sport though it is colorful. It's a sport for participants, people who race with their mind and their bodies. It's fast, dangerous, exciting, supremely exhausting, and very competitive. Many people were upset by the number of accidents. Bike racing is especially dangerous when you have poor courses, inexperienced riders, and very fast racing bicycles. Normally it's dangerous. When you think of diving into a sweeping corner at twenty-five

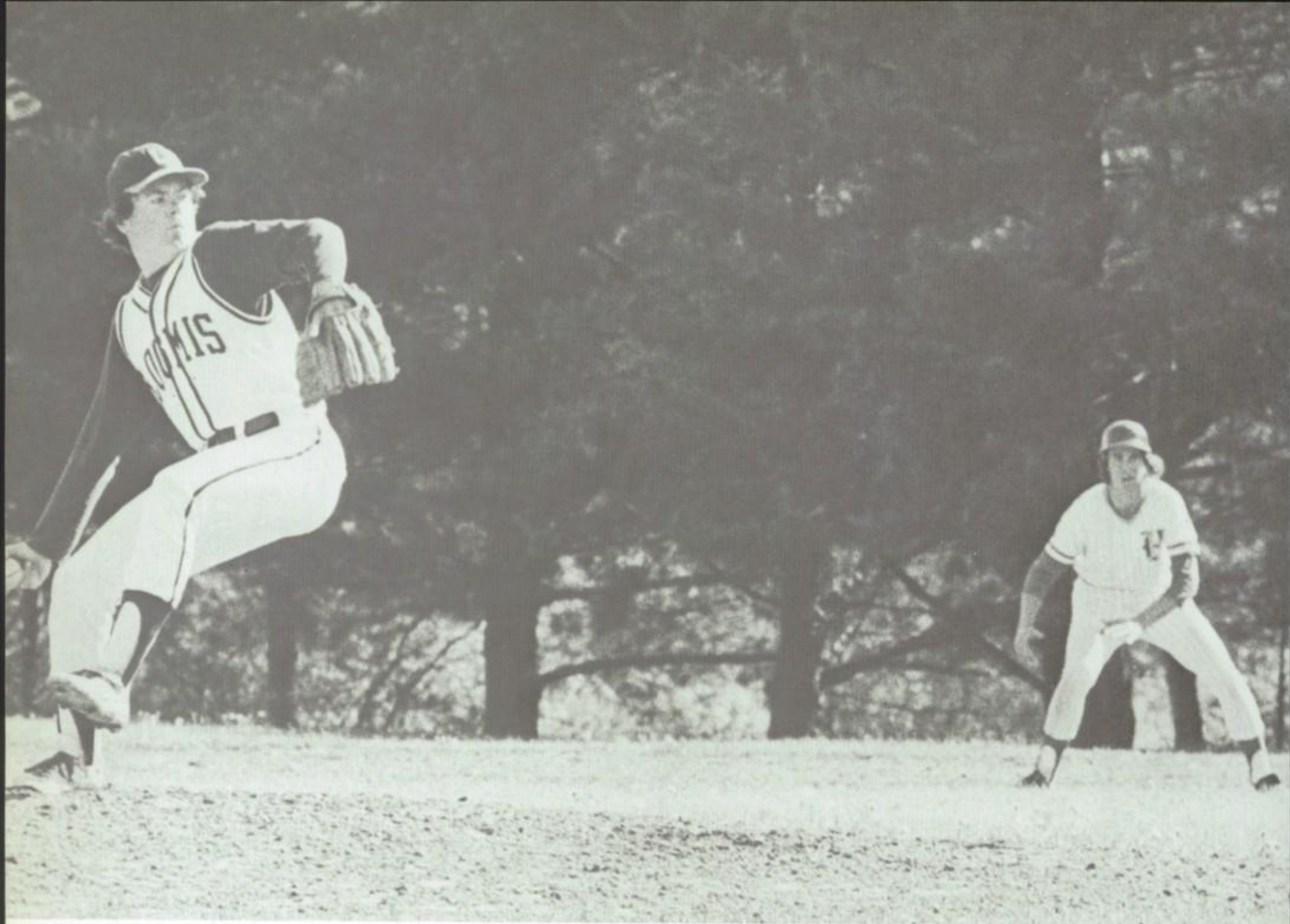
miles an hour with only a half a square inch of rubber on the road at any one time, you know it's dangerous. That's what it was like going through the turn in front of the Torrey's. The racer on the Hetchins slid out and was out of the race. I went into the corner too fast and went up on to the dirt bank but I stayed up. I didn't like the thought of flipping over the guard rail into the Farmington.

Our team had tremendous potential and a lot talent. Andy Grunenbaum was determined. Gary Curtis seemed to keep trucking on. Peter Holzer kept hanging in their like a horse. Ed Deming was so strong and there was no question about his talent. John Lamb never got discouraged. It was an exciting spring for all the racers.

Ben Collins







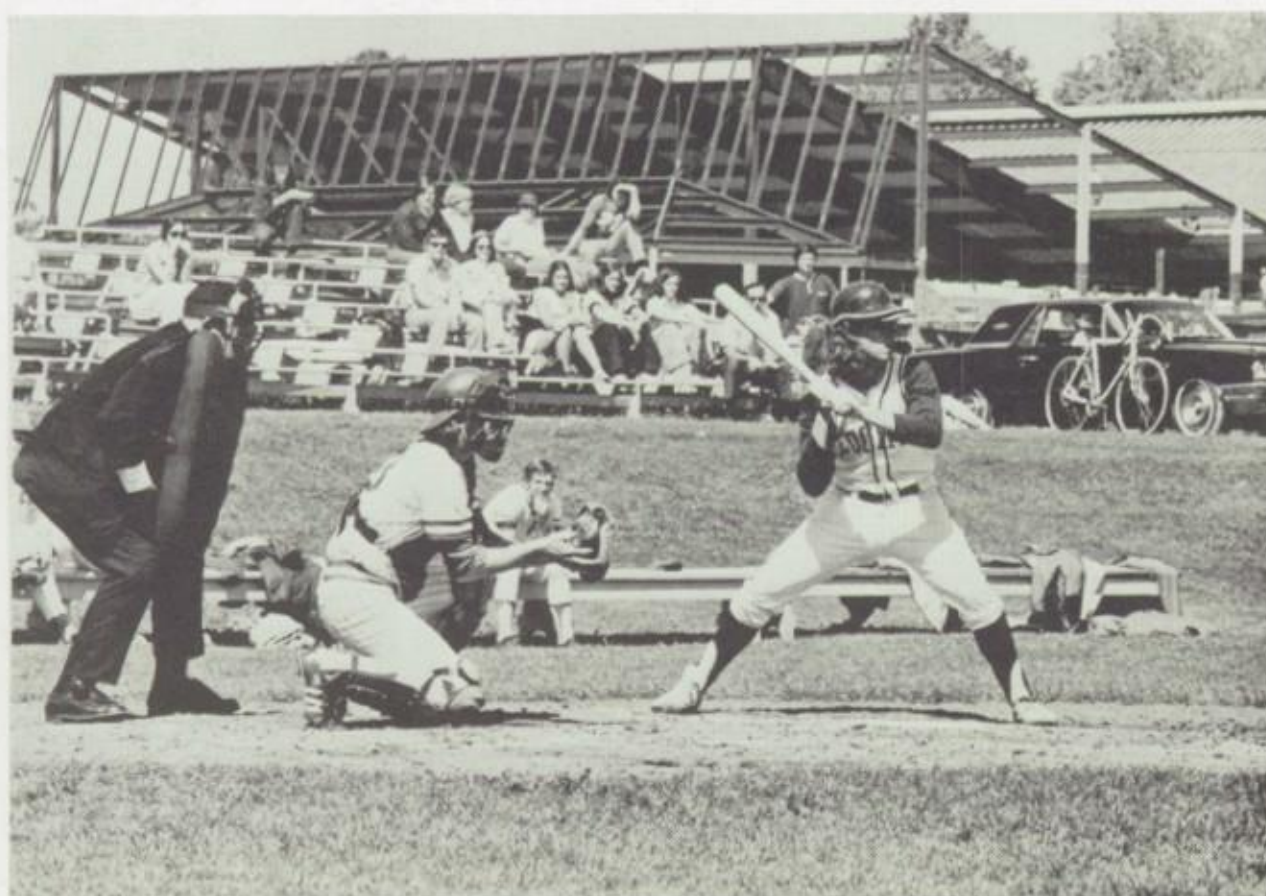
Loomis Homecoming Day— 1973

Parents and alumni gather around the playing field to watch the day's events; lacrosse, tennis, track and . . . baseball? A careful eye scans the diamond but sees nobody, not even a rake or a fungo bat. "Where is the baseball game?" queried the old-timer "What is a homecoming day without a baseball game to be played?" queries the old timer. The group of grim looking Loomies break into convulsive laughter at the man's remark. They continue to play catch with an orange ball and lacrosse sticks. "Hey" yells one of the boys "didn't you know that baseball is dead around here? Why don't you watch an exciting game like lacrosse, tennis or track?"



Those are the sports around here. Yup, baseball is dead. Nobody wants to watch those guys play"

An average baseball game at the Loomis school attracts about fifteen to twenty people. When the lacrosse game ends, there are an additional thirty people who have nothing better to do. These people make their way to the diamond. Obviously, then, the Pelican baseball team does not enjoy the benefits of vocal fan support which other teams do. In spite of its lack of exposure, the 1973 team posted a remarkable 9-4 record in the Erickson league. The fans that did see the team were treated to an excellent brand of high school baseball. Bloomfield High School, champion of the Connecticut Valley Conference, was soundly thrashed by the Pelicans in a pre-season game, proving a fact which has been apparent to most keen observers in recent years.; the fact that prep school baseball teams in this area are equal if not better to other public high school teams. Taking into account the team's 7-1 record in the St. Petersburg league, the final record for Loomis baseball 1973 is 17-6 . . . Not bad for a dying sport.



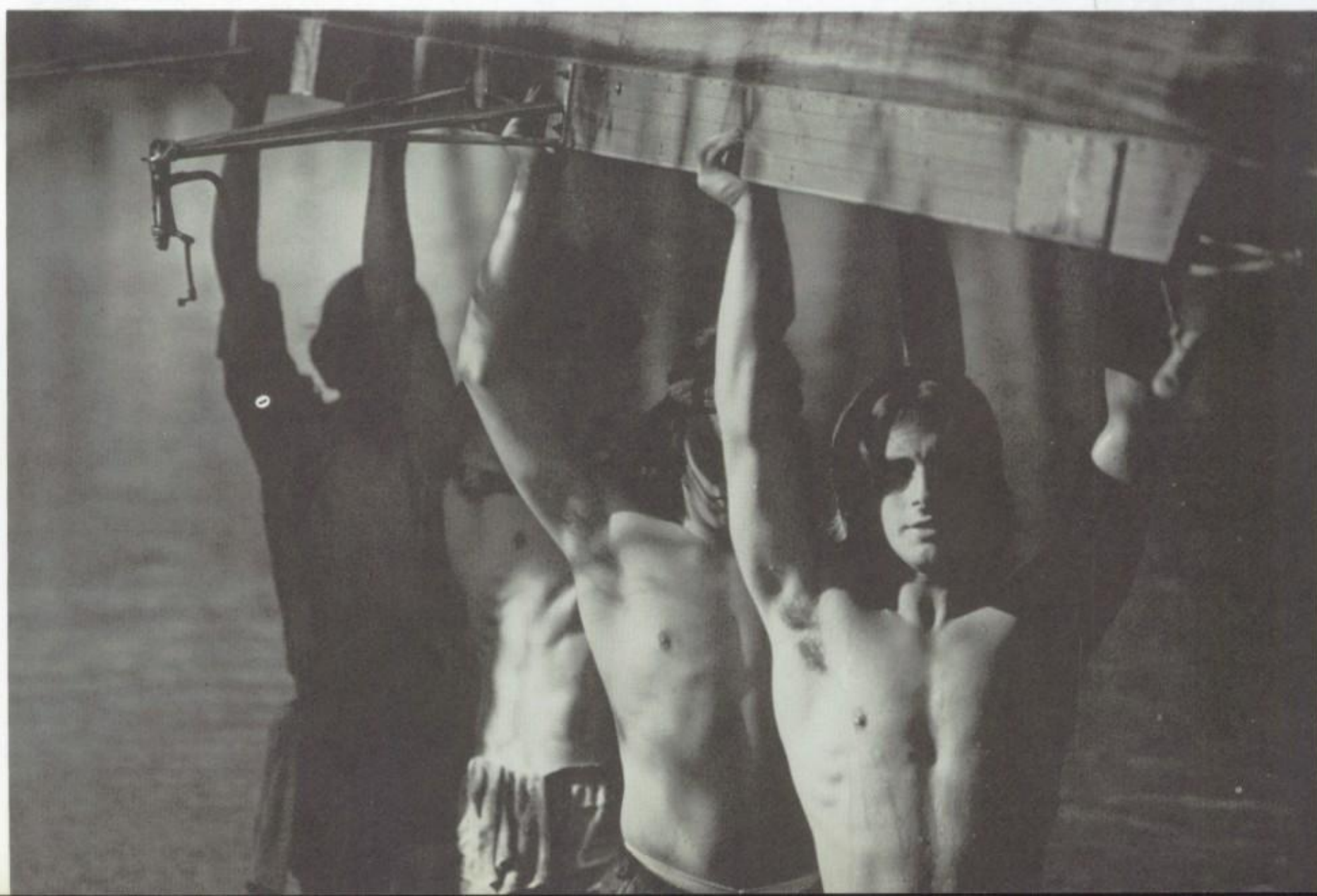
Loomis	12	Pulaski	5
Loomis	10	Cheshire	3
Loomis	5	Williston	0
Loomis	6	Deerfield	3
Loomis	6	Suffield	1
Taft	9	Loomis	4
Choate	9	Loomis	2
Loomis	4	Trinity	2
Milford	3	Loomis	2
Loomis	4	Hopkins	3
Loomis	5	Kent	4
Loomis	4	Wilbraham	2
Kingswood	3	Loomis	1

9-4-0



Loomis Crew

Bill Cosseboom, Hugh Maxwell, Steve Cushman, and Sam Eddy appeared at the Loomis Hockey at 4:30 A.M. to go rowing before breakfast three times a week and in the afternoon four times a week. They arrived to row in all states of mind and in all conditions. But they did arrive, in the rain, and in the snow, and what little sunshine there was. Chris Norton and Allen Shope rowed the pair at the same time and put up with the problems that seemed to keep arriving. We were on our own this year, making our own decisions, deciding on our own hours, financing our own team. But most of all, in our informality we took responsibility for our own satisfaction.



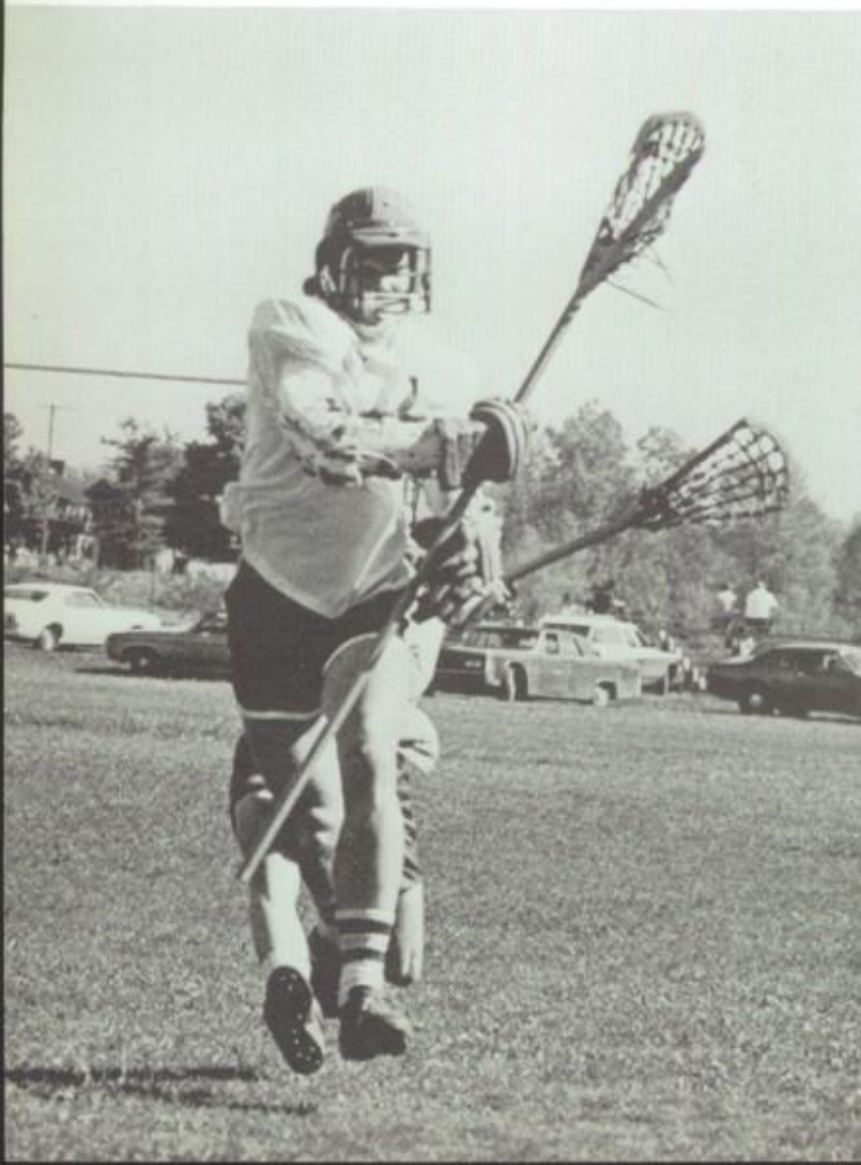


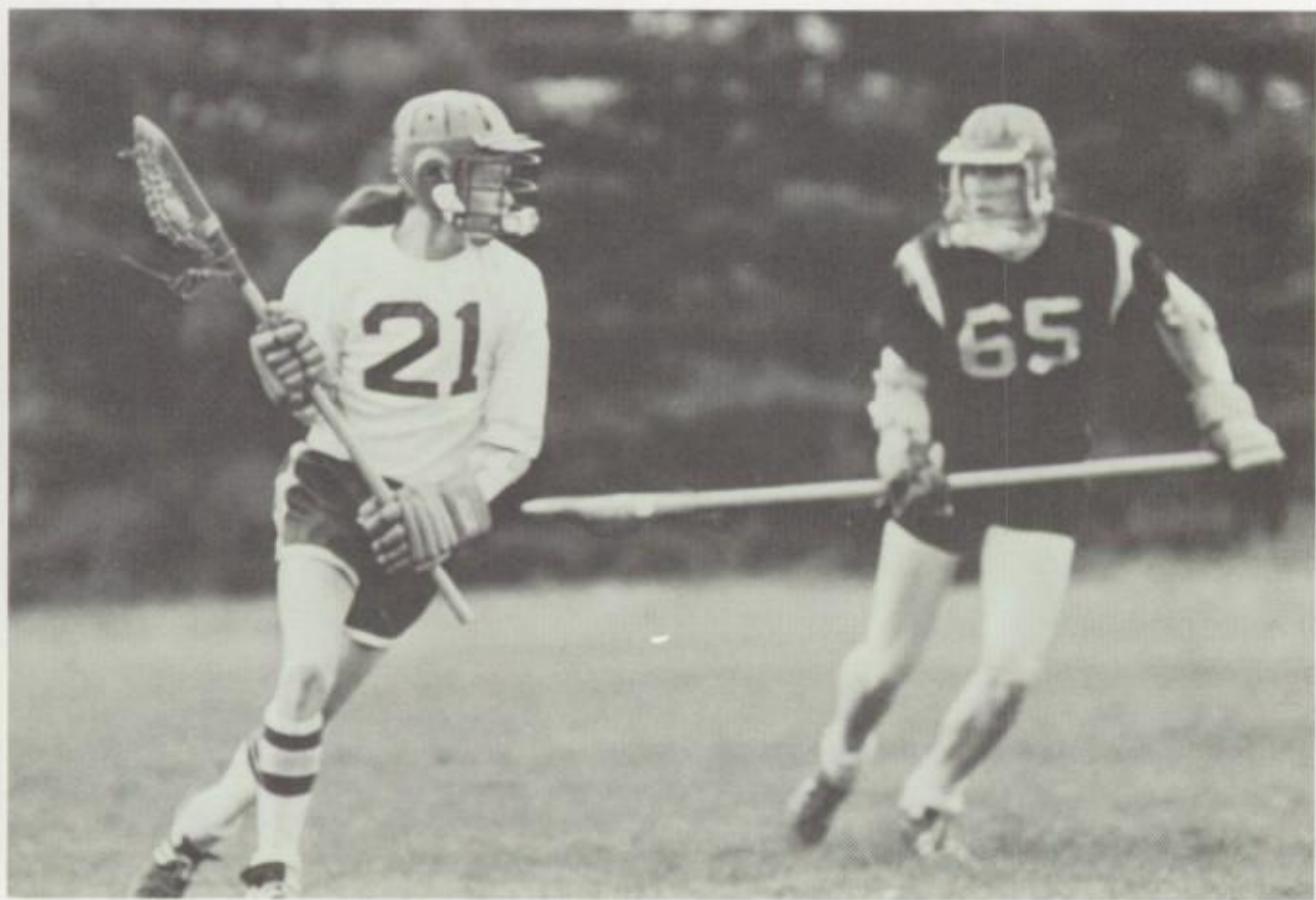
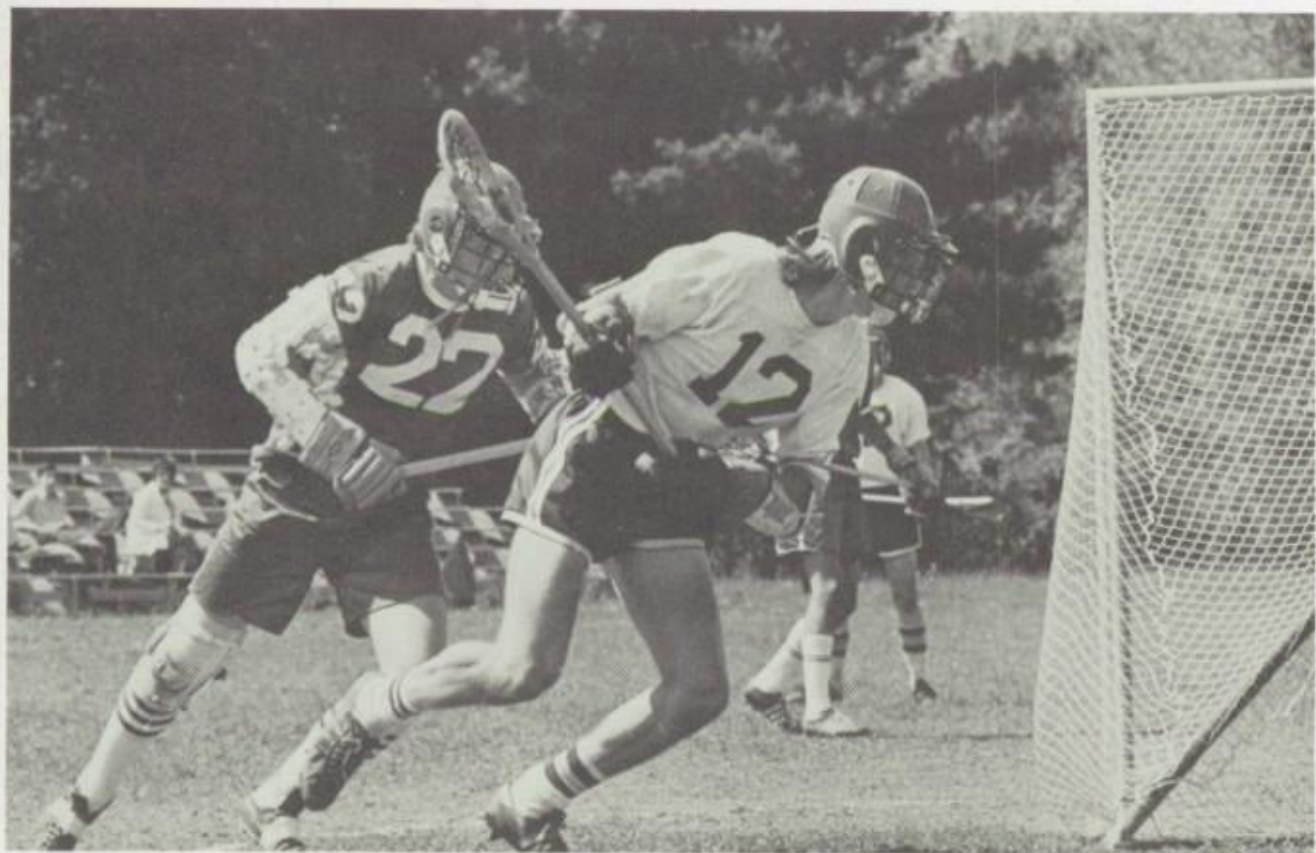
Chaffee Varsity Lacrosse Team

Chaffee
Chaffee
Chaffee

Rosemary Hall
Chaffee

8 Kent 7
6 MacDuffie 5
6 Ethel
Walker 5
9 Chaffee 2
7 Berkshire 2







What will I remember of lacrosse at Loomis? It might be the first time I ever heard of the game, saw it played and became intrigued by it. It might be running and drilling during a windy, wet afternoon in the meadows. It may be practice jerseys, game socks and splintered sticks or it might be the frustrating hot afternoon practices when nothing seemed to go right until ice cold Pepsi relieved us from exhaustion. I may remember the long bus rides or playing in my first game or the shot that went wide or the man that got by. Maybe it will be the record of a particular game we should have won. It may be the final minutes of the last game of the season, voices seemed to come from everywhere screaming, "This is it!" But whether I remember any or all of these events, I will never forget the feeling of satis-

faction I got when pushed to an outer limit, experiencing a unique sensation as if I'd gone beyond myself, doing more than hopes and aspirations ever let me envision.

As a team we were best at this. We knew we had the talent if it could be developed. We were destined to be a "did have" and not a "could have" team. But most important we were a team in the purest sense of the word, each depending upon the others. When injuries weakened our numbers, they strengthened our unity of purpose and everyone became that much more important. We will never forget the feeling of being interdependent individuals doing our best as each of us knew how. Though often this seemed a team of specialists, it was a team and a very special one that I will always remember.

Bruce Gellin





Loomis	6	Kent	2
Loomis	15	Wilbraham	2
Loomis	8	Deerfield	4
Mt. Hermon	4	Loomis	3
Loomis	5	Trinity Fr.	4 (OT)
Loomis	17	Cheshire	1
Kingswood	10	Loomis	6
Westminster	7	Loomis	4
Loomis	8	Williston	5
Loomis	9	Taft	7 (OT)
Loomis	6	Conard	4
Hall	7	Loomis	5
Choate	8	Loomis	7
Hotchkiss	4	Loomis	2

8-6-0



Looking back to the spring of 1970, one would have found Hurwit, Johnson, Rothenberg, Rosenthal, and Kohl, learning what track was all about. They were the seeds (if you pardon the expression) that were to bear fruit in the future seasons. That freshman year none were truly outstanding. The team's record that year was five and four.

The next season two additional members of the class of 1973: J. Williams and Russo, joined the team and the first sparks of brilliance became evident as Jeff Hurwit leaped 21'10 $\frac{1}{4}$ " in the long jump to set a new school record. Jim Johnson switched from quarter mile to the hurdles and Jeff Rothenberg became the number two miler on the team. This team was undefeated, due greatly to the performances of the upperclassmen, but it would not have been possible without the sometimes winning and back-up points provided by the sophomores. It was this blend that made the team go all the way.

The 1972 season brought out many new faces: M. Carter, M. Halvorssen, K. Handschumacher, P. Ogilby, M. Williams, and S. Tufty. Jeff Hurwit was a consistent fifteen point winner, in the sprints and the long jump, and Jim Johnson was a perennial winner in the hurdles. Not surprisingly, both were elected co-captains. Kurt Handschumacher was the New England Hammer Champion. Morgan and Jamie Williams went one-two in dominating the pole vault for Loomis. Steve Tufty became a proven winner in the high jump. Pete Ogilby, Jeff Rothenberg, and Mike Halvorssen strengthened the distance team with

their performances. This team was undefeated also, continuing with the preceeding year's record for an unprecedented NINETEEN CONSECUTIVE VICTORIES.

Senior year, spring 1973: even before the season began, Jim Johnson and Morgan Williams were lost for the year through a freak accident and a dose of hepatitis. The team accepted this and showed their determination as Steve Tufty learned a new event, the hurdles, and became a champion at it.

We lost our first meet. It seemed a shame with all this talent, but it happened. As the season progressed other seniors showed their desire to win as Kurt Handschumacher learned the high jump and the discus, Jeff Rothenberg the long jump and the relay, Frank Russo the hammer, and Rob Kohl the long jump and the javelin. Folkert Elbrechtz improved to the state where he was the third best half-miler in New England. Ogs became Loomis's top miler. Jamie Williams quietly smashed the pole vault record with a vault of 12'4 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Mike Carter was the number two vaulter.

Saving the best to last, Jeff Hurwit was voted the most outstanding track athlete of the year, and for good reasons. He ended the year as the New England Champion in the one hundred yard dash, number two in the 220 yard dash, and number four in the long jump. The track team's final record was eight and two.

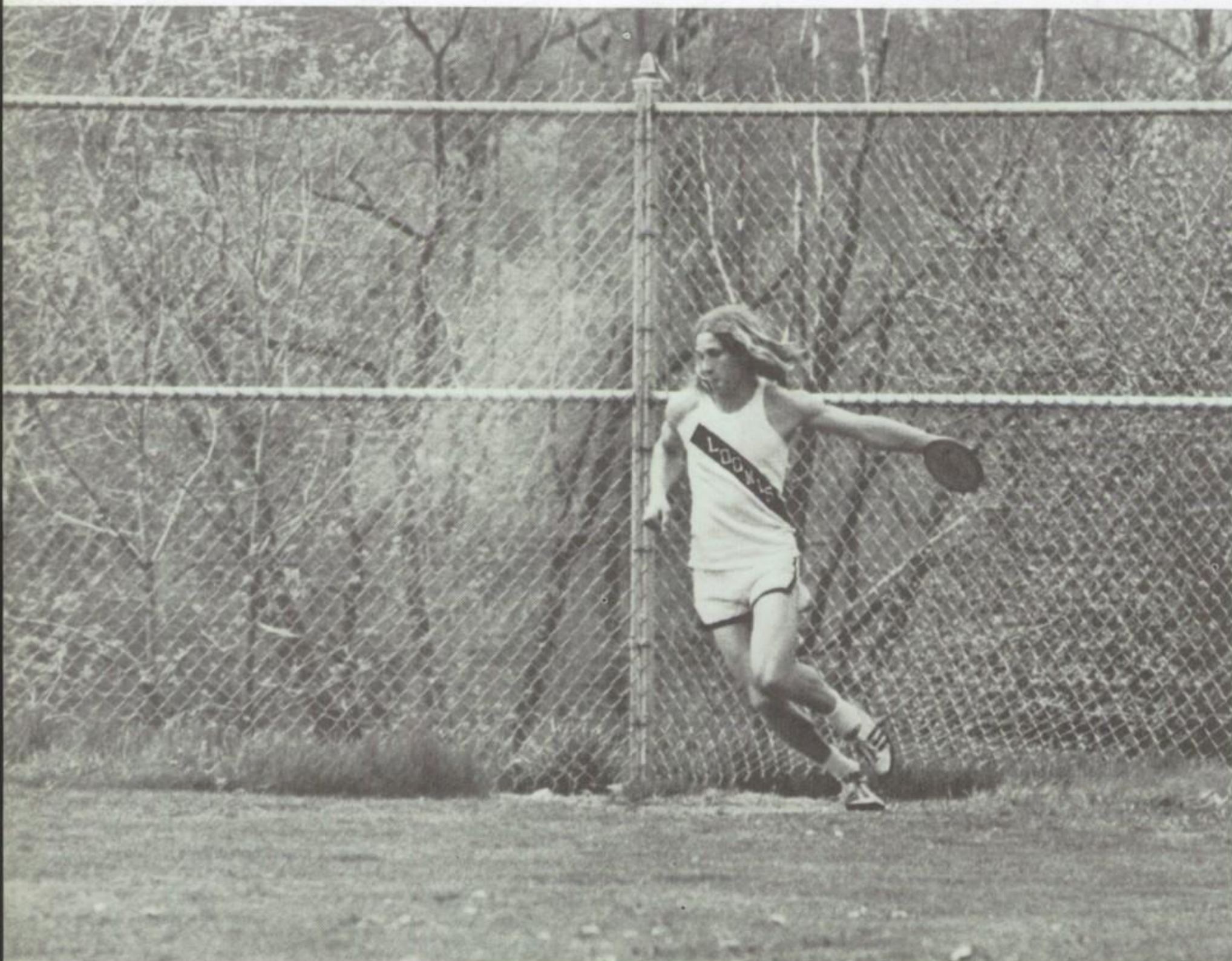
The four year track record compiled was 32 victories and 6 defeats.

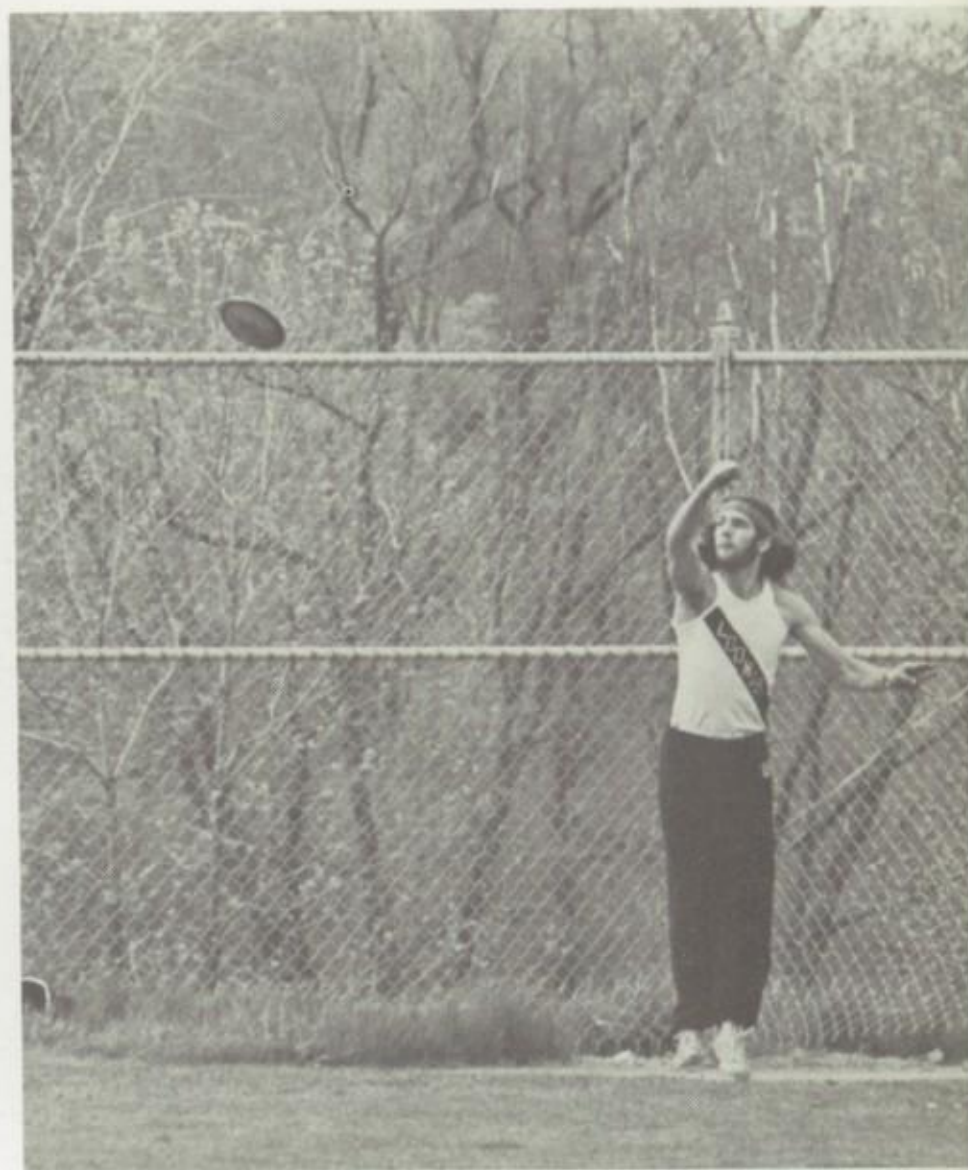
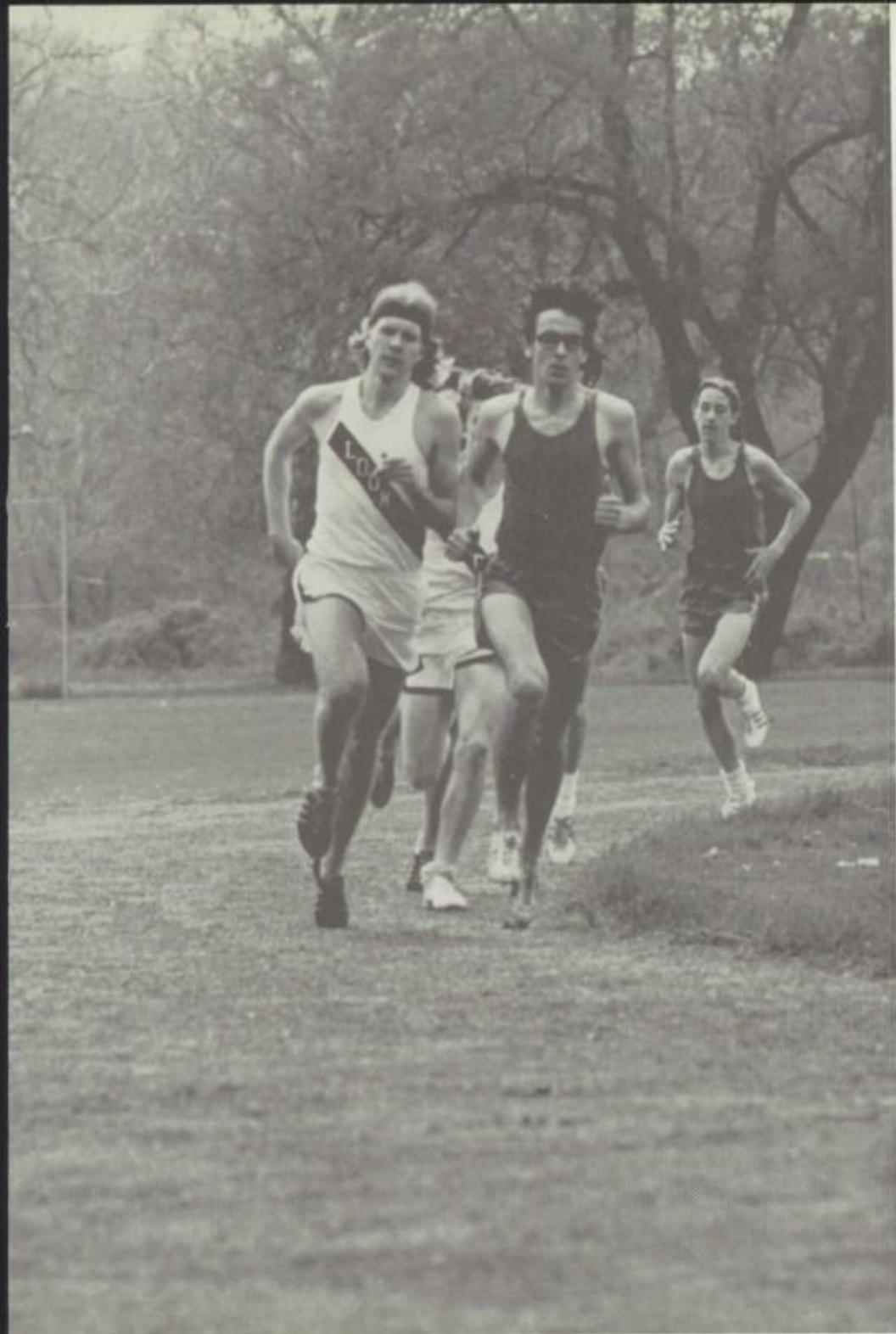




Cheshire	74	Loomis	57
Loomis	84	Hotchkiss	56
Loomis	68	Suffeidl	64
Loomis (fourth place)		Deerfield Relays	
Loomis	98	Wilbraham	33
Mt. Hermon	75	Loomis	56
Loomis	83	Berkshire	60
Loomis	83	Choate	57
Loomis	87	Williston	43
Loomis	71	Deerfield	60

8-2







Chaffee Spring Day

Spring Day found Chaffee disguised as an enchanted castle, teeming with white knights, dragons, and fair maidens, holding together a tradition that has been going on from "Old Chaffee." It has been a special day for the girls to meet the new freshmen and raise money for the school and charity.





Kayak surfing and canoeing at Weekapoug and in our "backyard", the Farmington. Cider sales, bird-house salvaging, a renovated fiberglass shop for general boat repair and construction and "the floods". These were major activities of this year's conservation and ecologically-minded Darwin Club.

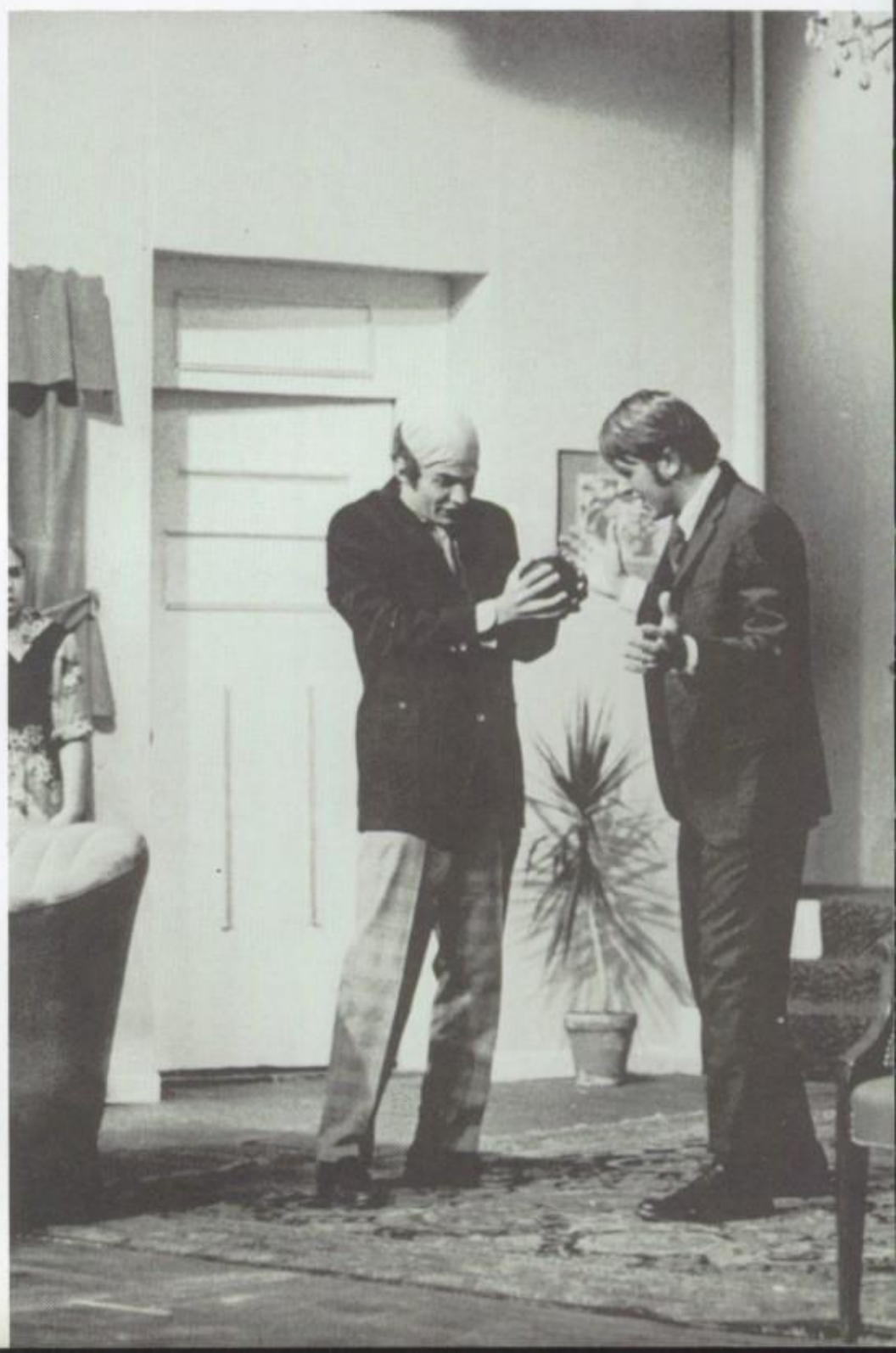
Every Thursday night at 7:00 P.M. the Darwinites flock over to the Homestead for an evening of future planning, easy-going discussion and pop corn eating. Talk centers around anything from recent wood duck sightings to that early morning excursion down the river from Windsor Locks.







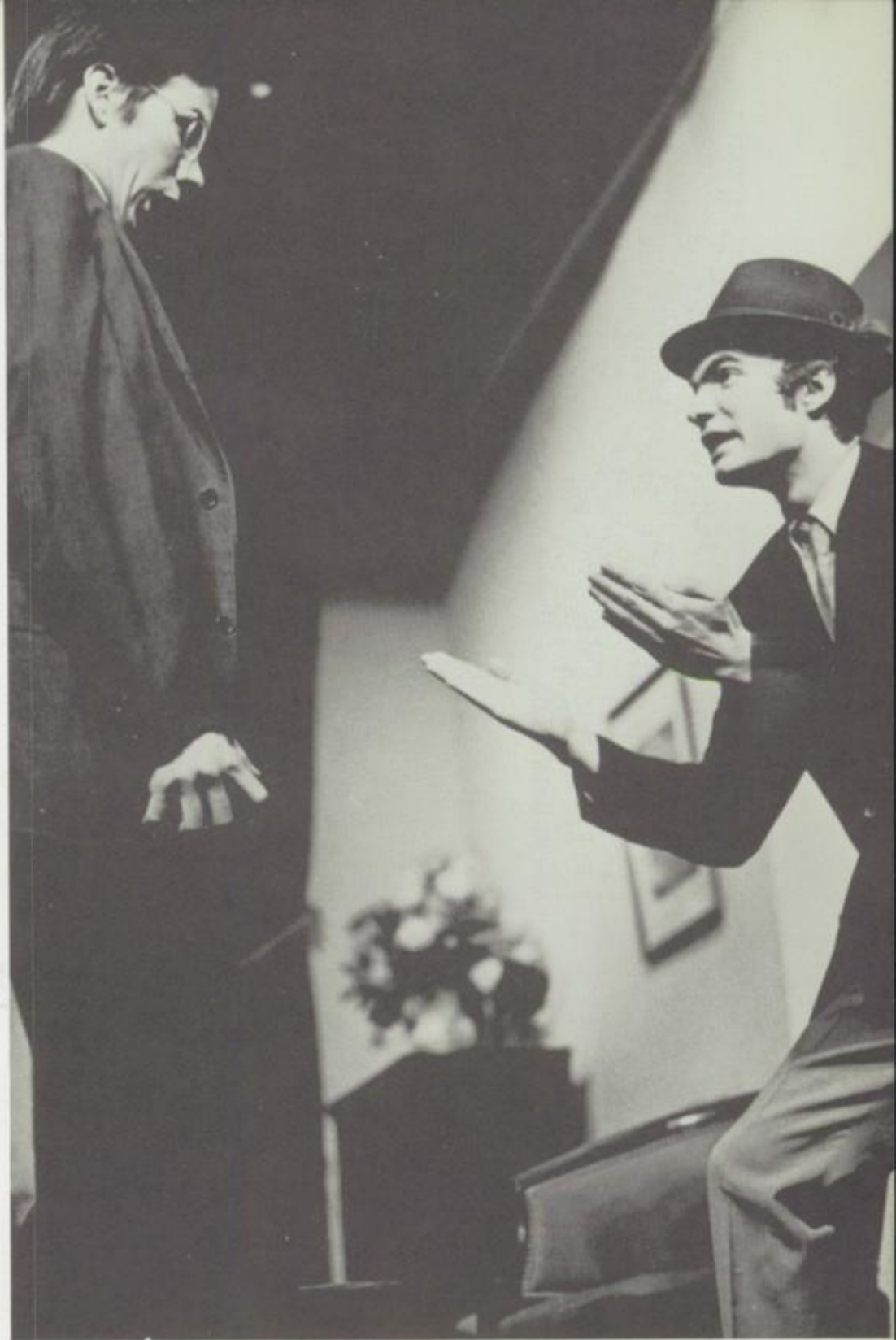
. . . the "special chemistry" in the participation of the individual and the community is what creates the success.

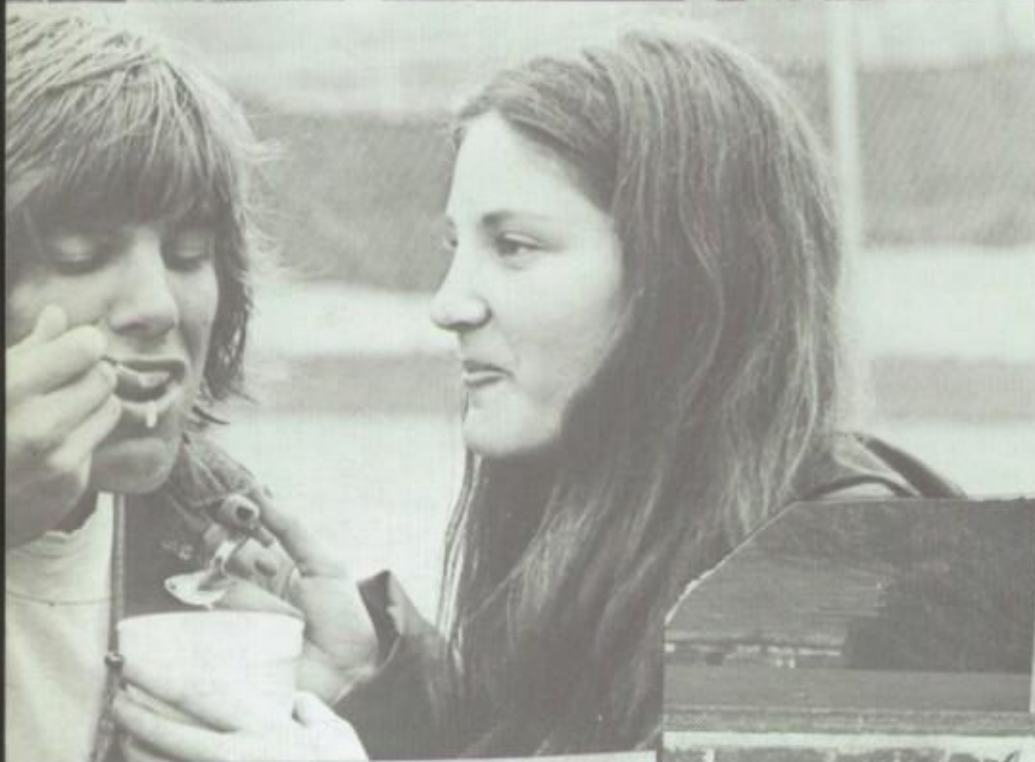


Don't Drink The Water

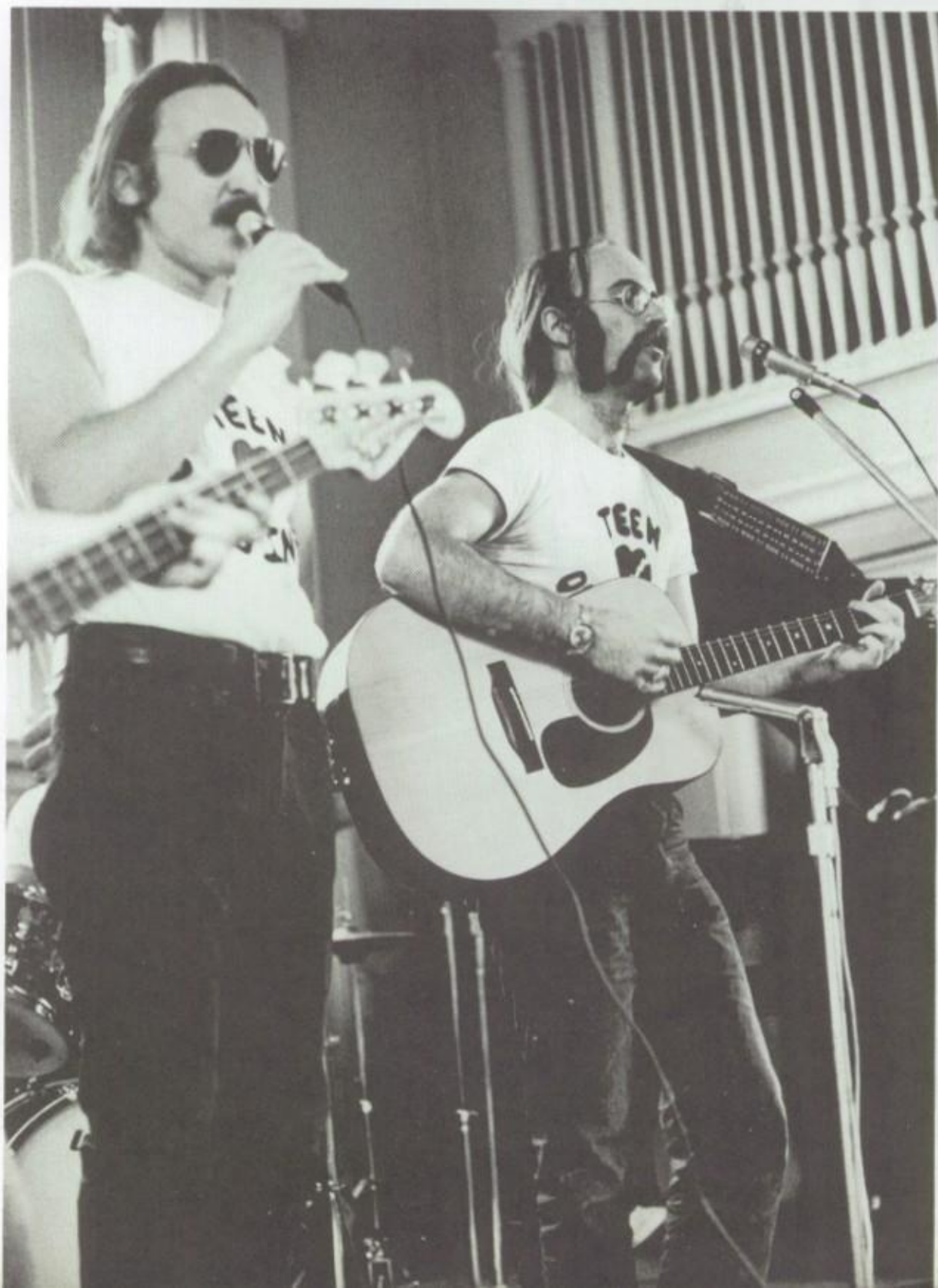
What impressed me most about the Loomis-Chaffee presentation of *Don't Drink the Water* was the obvious talent displayed by each performer involved. A comedy such as this is usually either successful or disastrous, depending upon the ability of each player; when the set is good (in this case it was the most elaborate if not the best set in Loomis-Chaffee production) and the script is faultless, the play is funny. In a stroke of casting genius, Mr. Lebowitz (or whoever is responsible) has collected a group of the funniest and most talented performers the Island has to offer. A special note of admiration is offered by myself to a number of the players whom I doubted would ever be able to be funny. Some people are born with a natural ability to make people laugh while others are more adept at serious acting. *Don't Drink the Water* offers both kinds of performers, and has proved to me that the "unnaturals" have the talent to become funny characters when they really try.

—Peter Sturman









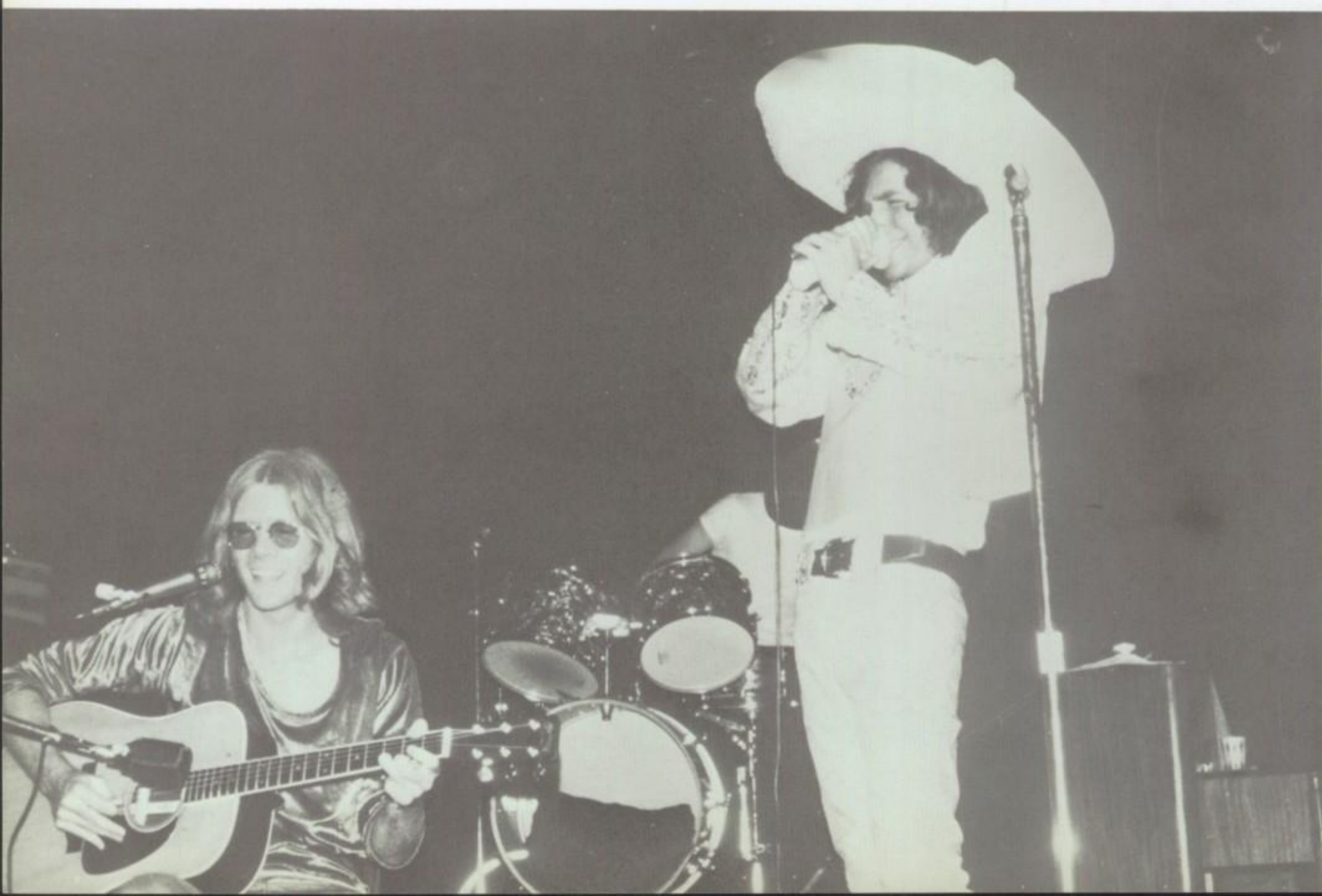


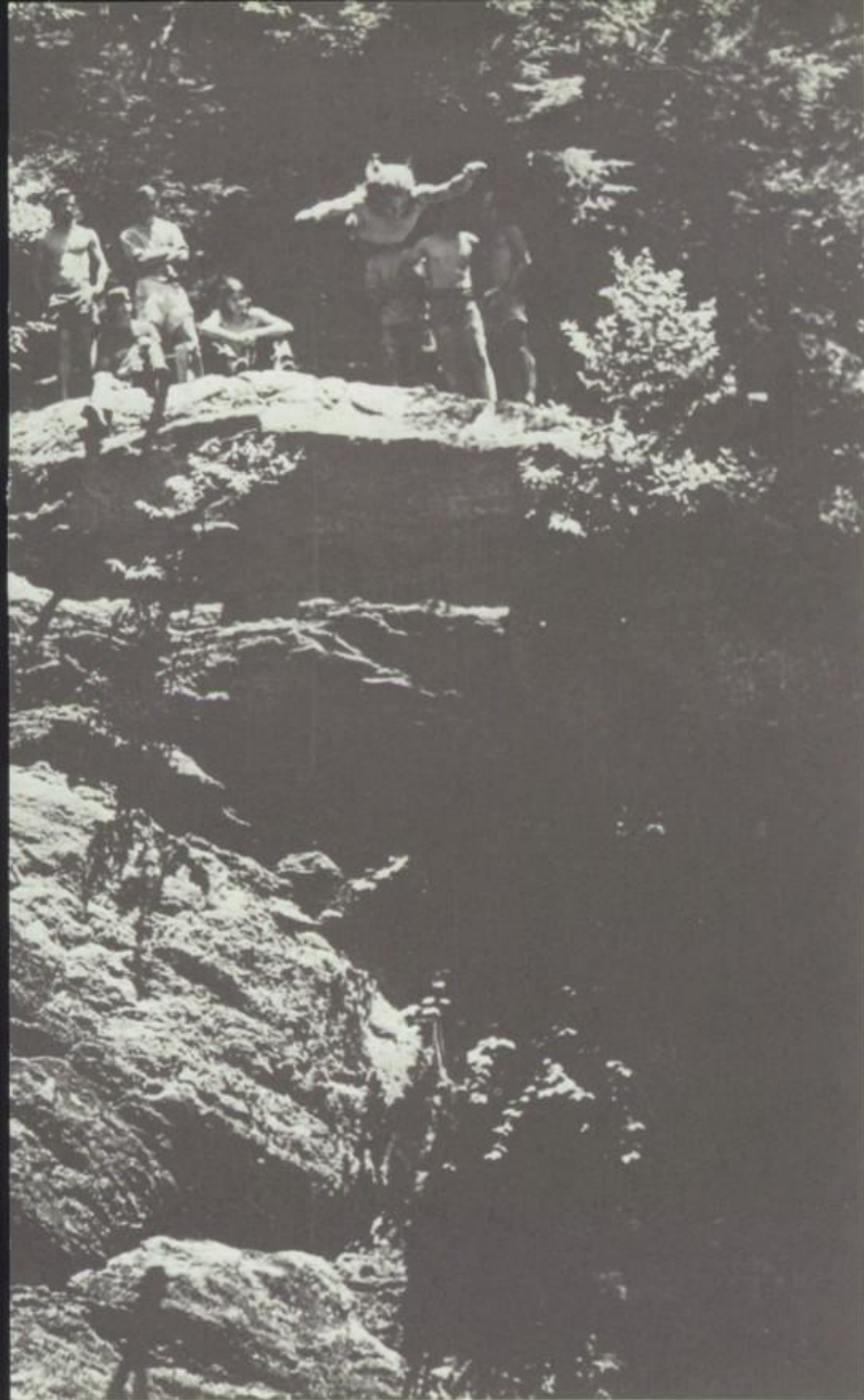
. . . the musician in his rock group knows his happiness and sense of fulfillment are derived from his interaction with the community.

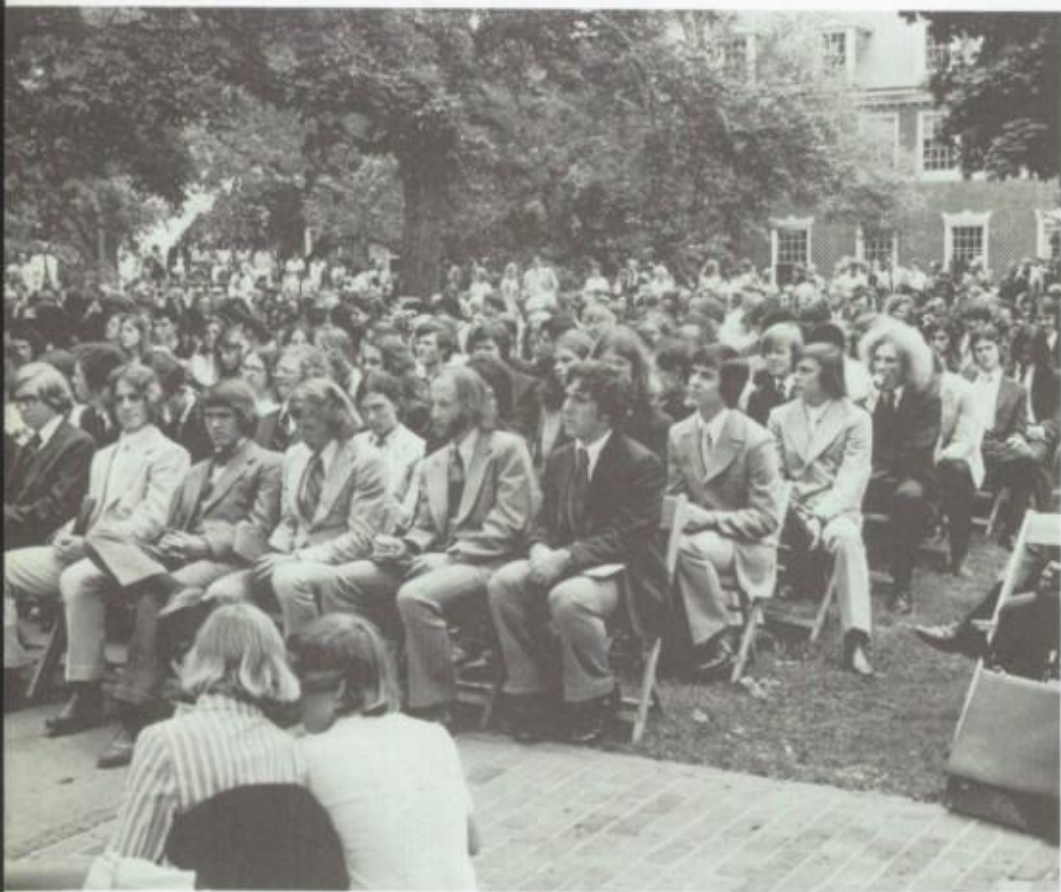


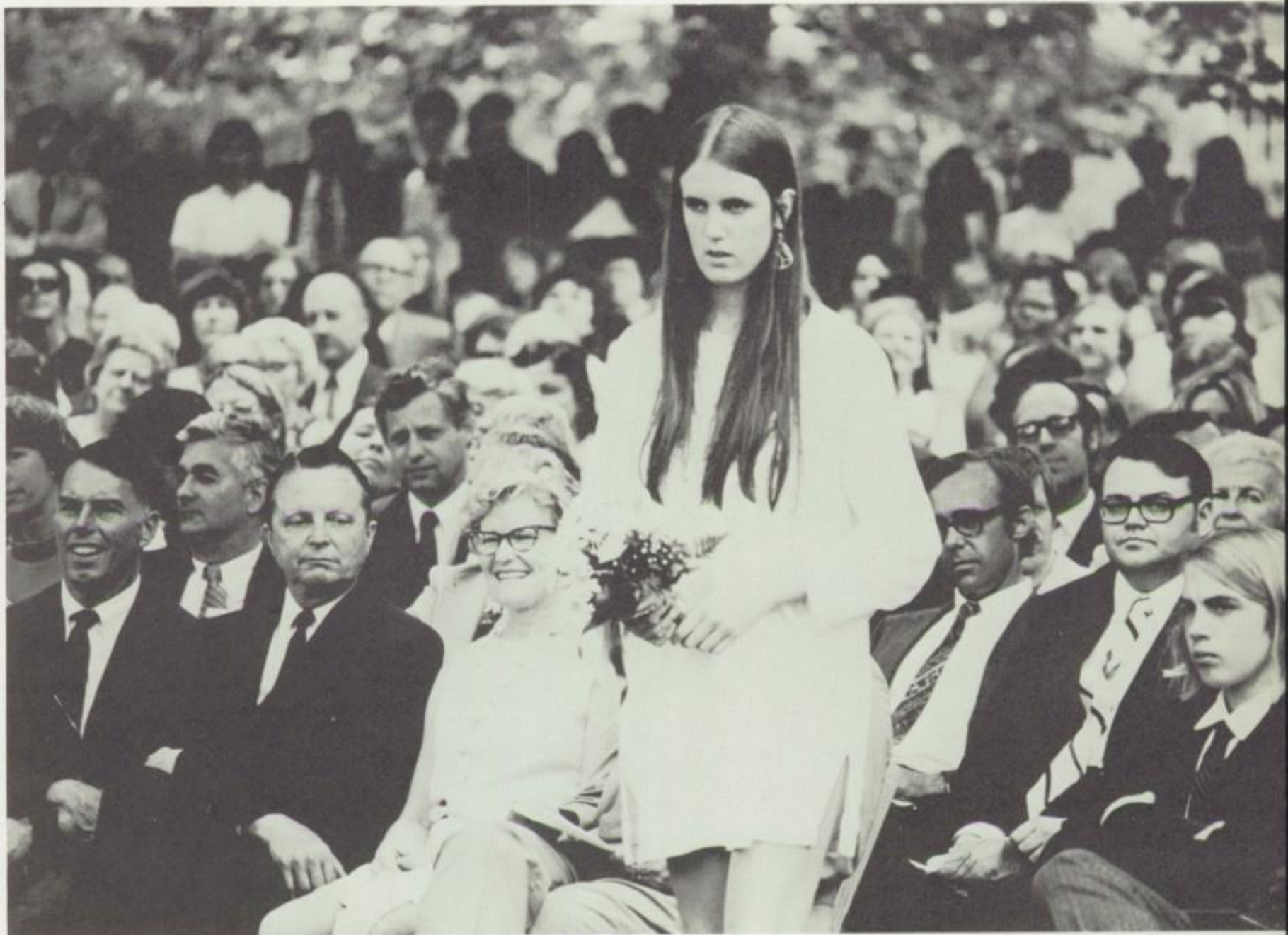


. . . the last few days before graduation.











"We believe in the uniqueness of the individual, and we abhor the idea of placing a stamp of mass-produced youth on any of our products." (1960)

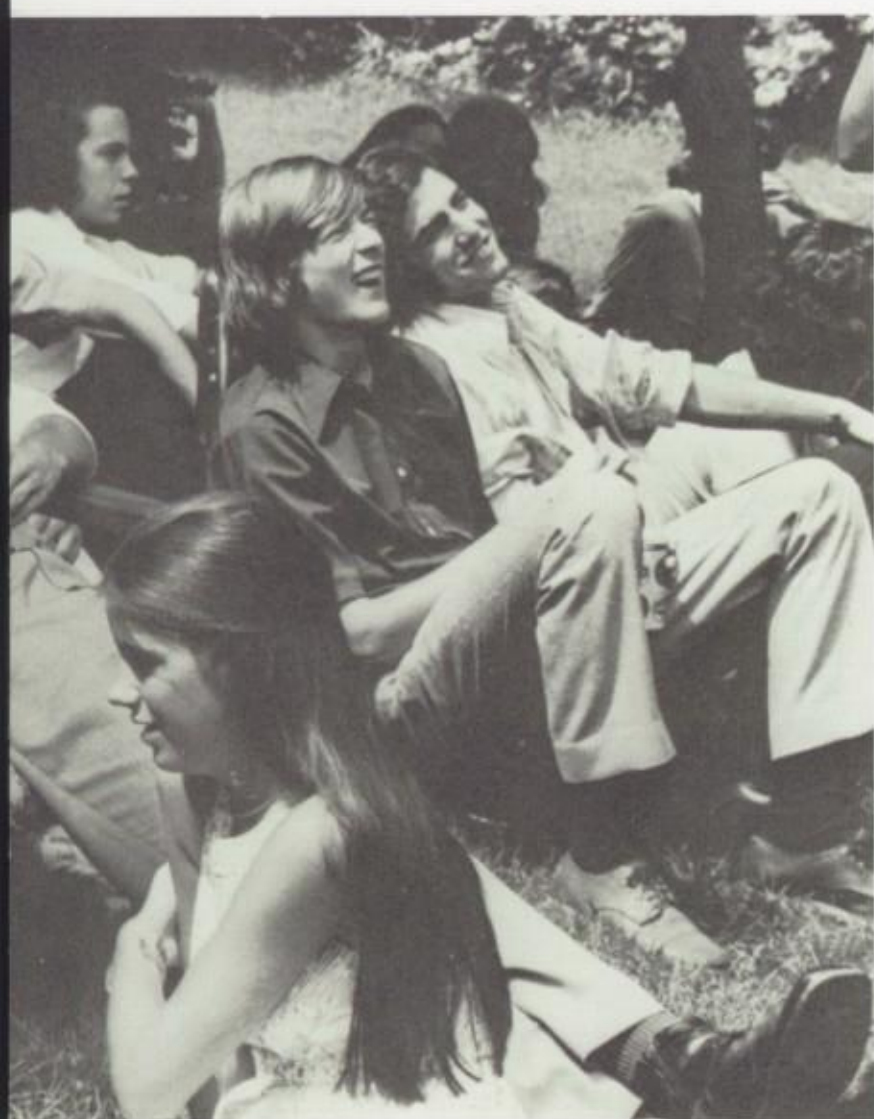
Frank Grubbs

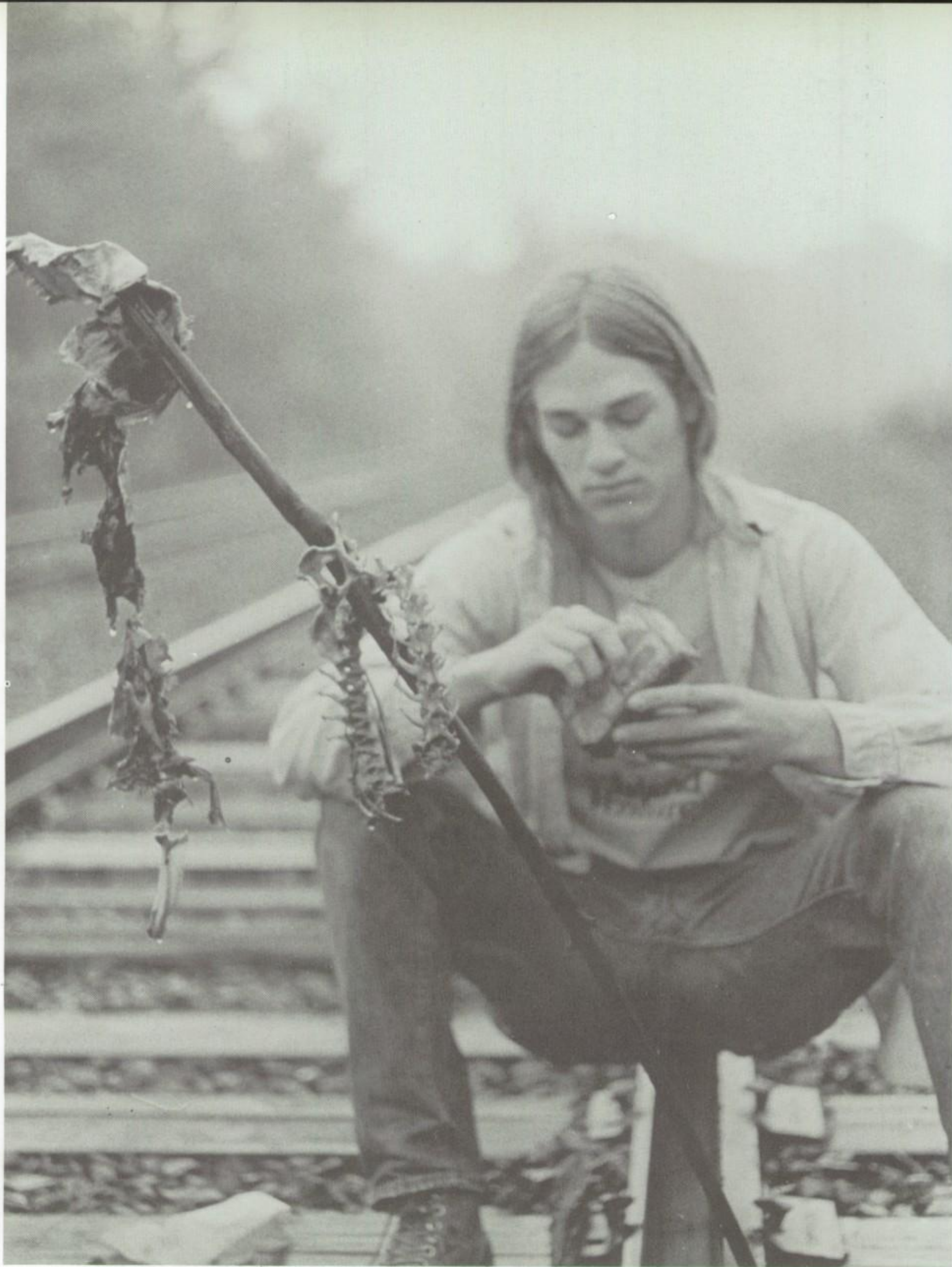
Loomis Teacher, Coach, Counselor, Headmaster and President

1930-1973









There is a hatred of lies and simulation, stemming from an easily provoked sense of honor. There is another such hatred, from cowardice, since lies are forbidden by a divine commandment. Too cowardly to lie. Nietzsche

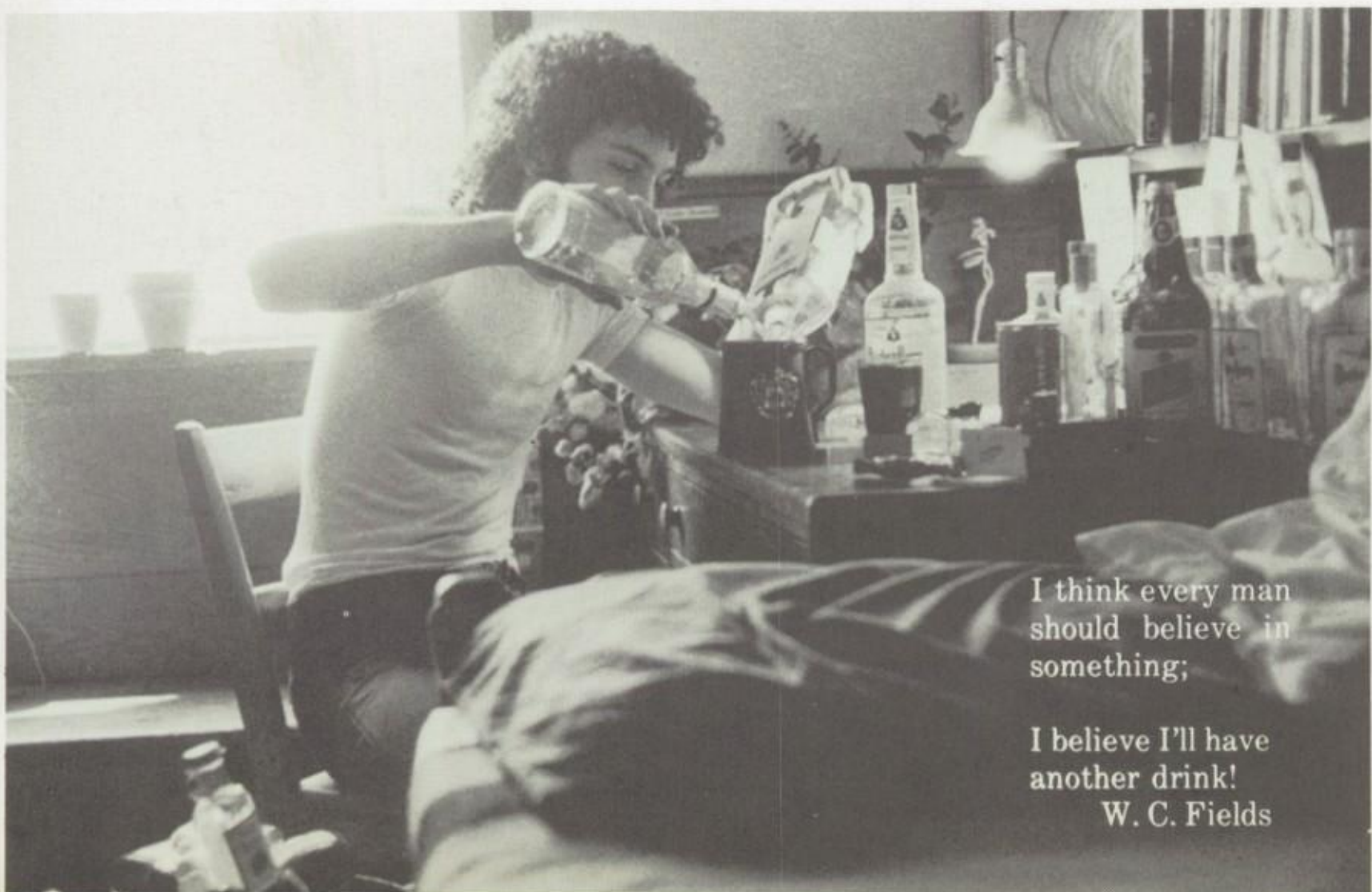
Chris Norton



Dian Pickoff
Charlie Ashinoff

The fancier your clothes
were, the less you had to
dance.

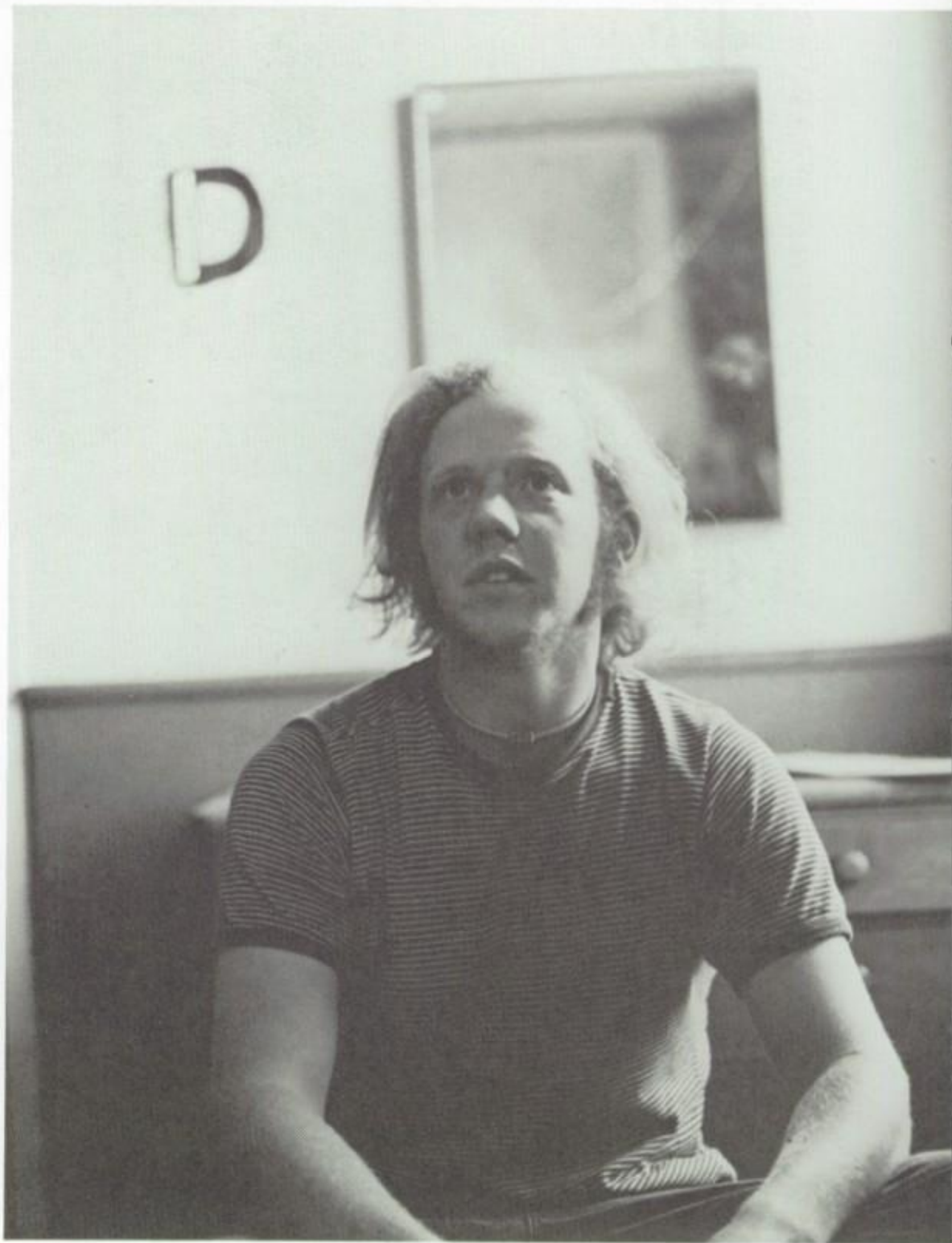
Martha Graham



I think every man
should believe in
something;

I believe I'll have
another drink!
W. C. Fields

I get by with a little help
from my friends,
I get high with a little help
from my friends.
Lenon and McCartney



You have the freedom to be yourself, your true self, here and now, and nothing can stand in your way. It is the law of the great Gull, the law that is.

Richard Bach

This above all else; to thine own self be true; and it follows as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man.

William Shakespeare

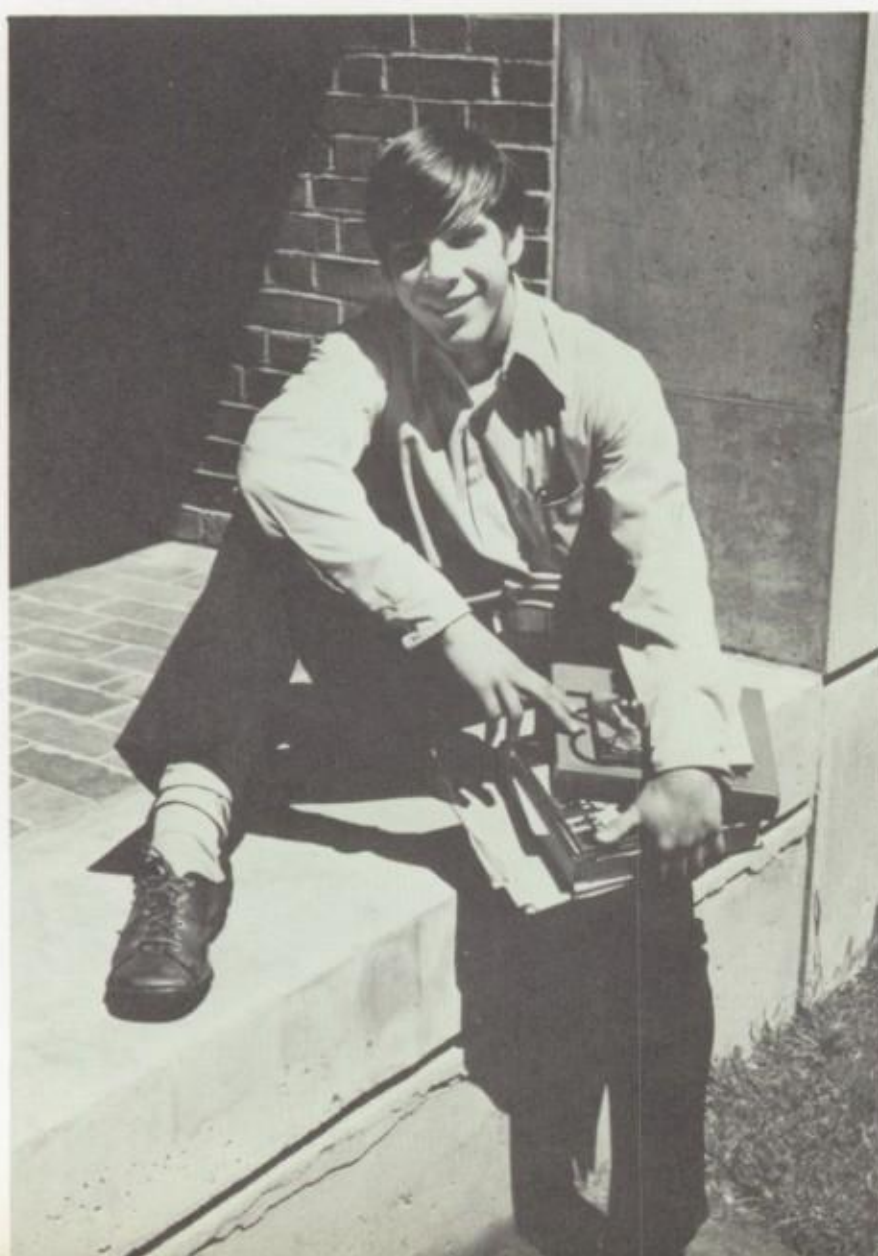


Ted Hiccox
Molly Murphy



And in between what might have been
and what has come to pass,
A mis be gotten guess alass,
and bits of broken glass.

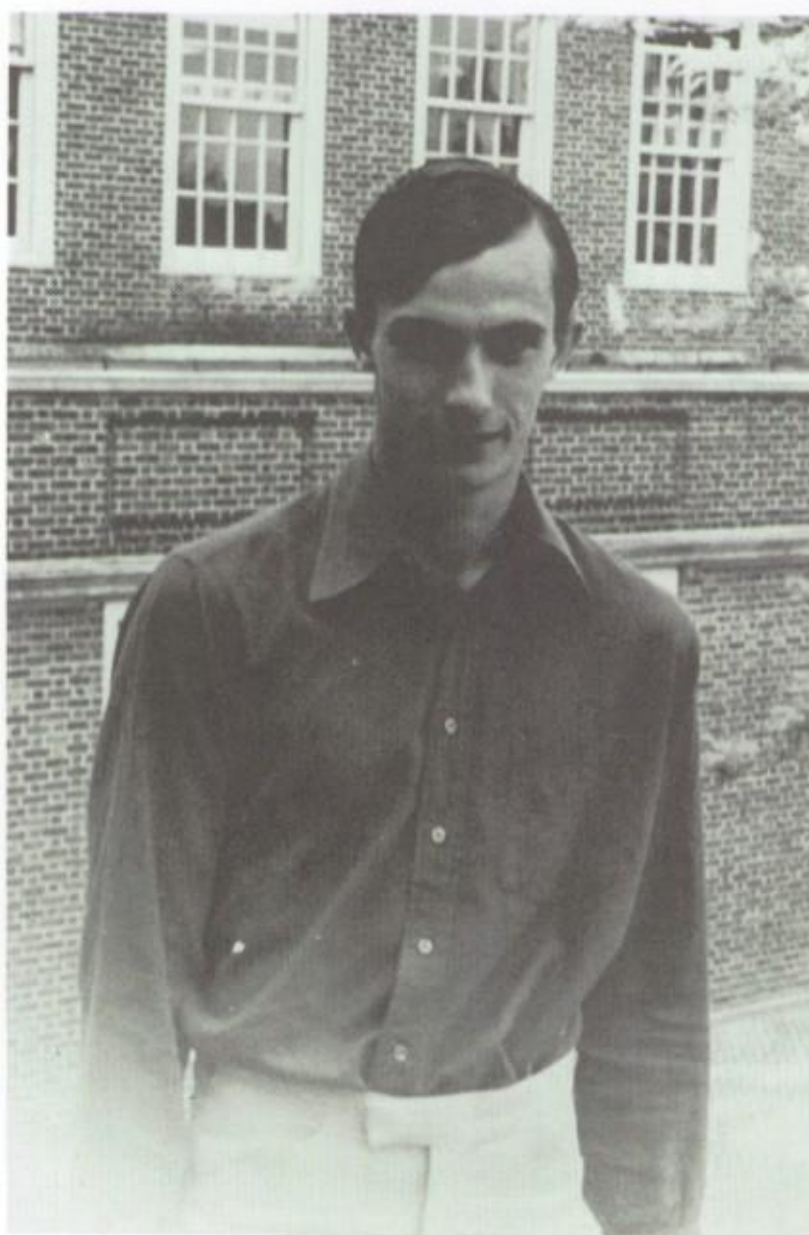
James Taylor



Robin Sandler
Joe Zautra

Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught.

Oscar Wilde



Steve Cohen
Jamie Williams



Happiness is where it is
found and seldom where
it is sought.



And if, to all men, life is
made of hail and farewell,
then the sailor more than
any other calls the most
goodbyes. He and I were
sailors both.

Nancy Fitzgerald
Jay Fisher



Oh a false clock tries to tick out my
time
To disgrace, distract, and bother me,
And the dirt of gossip blows in my
face
And the dust of rumors covers me
But if the arrow is straight, and the
point is slick
It can pierce through dust no matter
how
thick . . .
And though the line is cut it ain't
quite
the end
So I'll bid farewell till we meet
again.

Bob Dylan

Always be prepared
for both the ex-
pected, and the
unexpected.

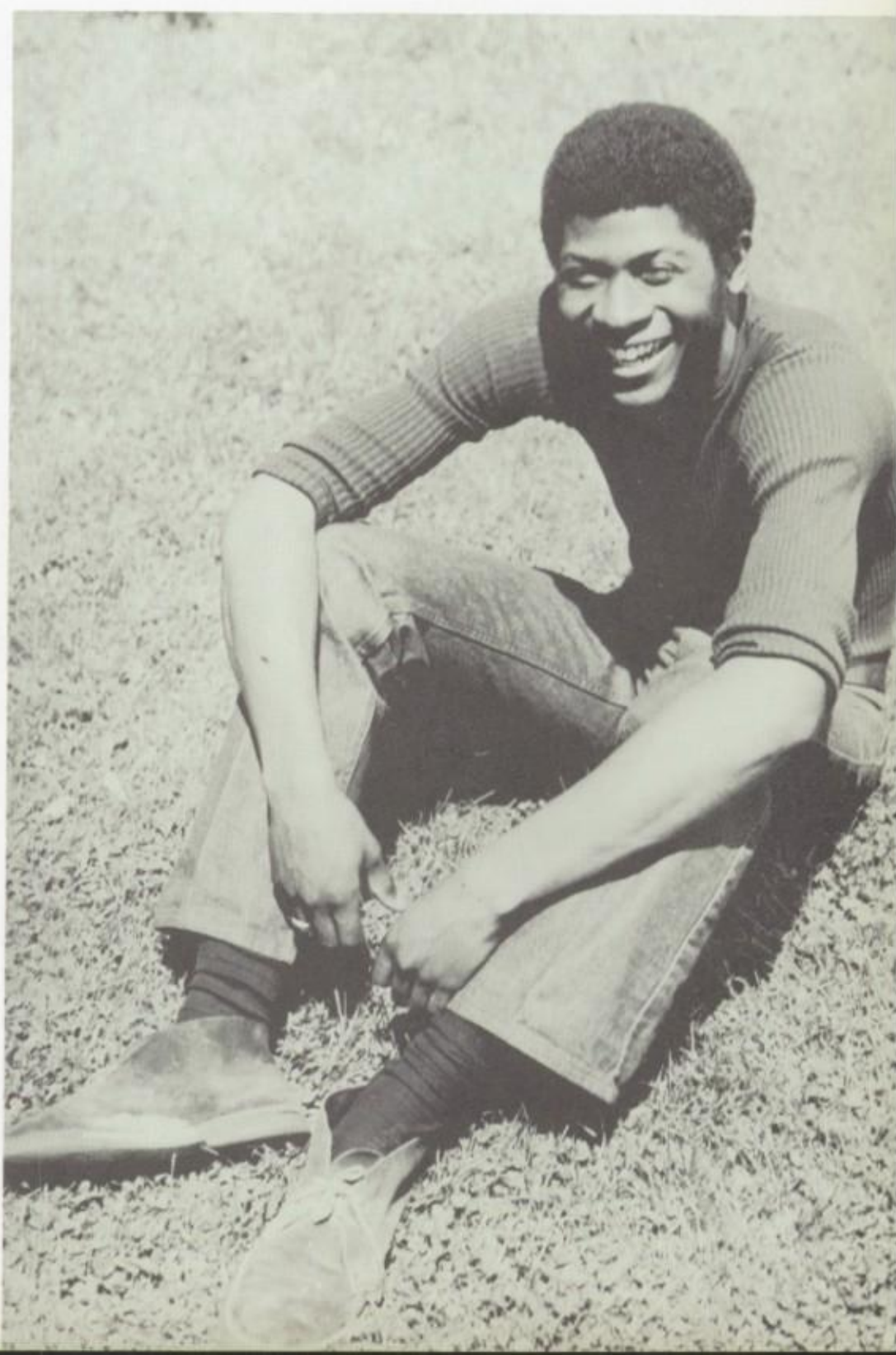
Peter Samis
Michael Halvorssen





Andrea Miano
Jim Johnson

What is a weed?
A plant whose virtues
have not yet been discov-
ered . . .
Ralph Waldo Emerson





Things don't turn up in this
world unless somebody turns
them up.

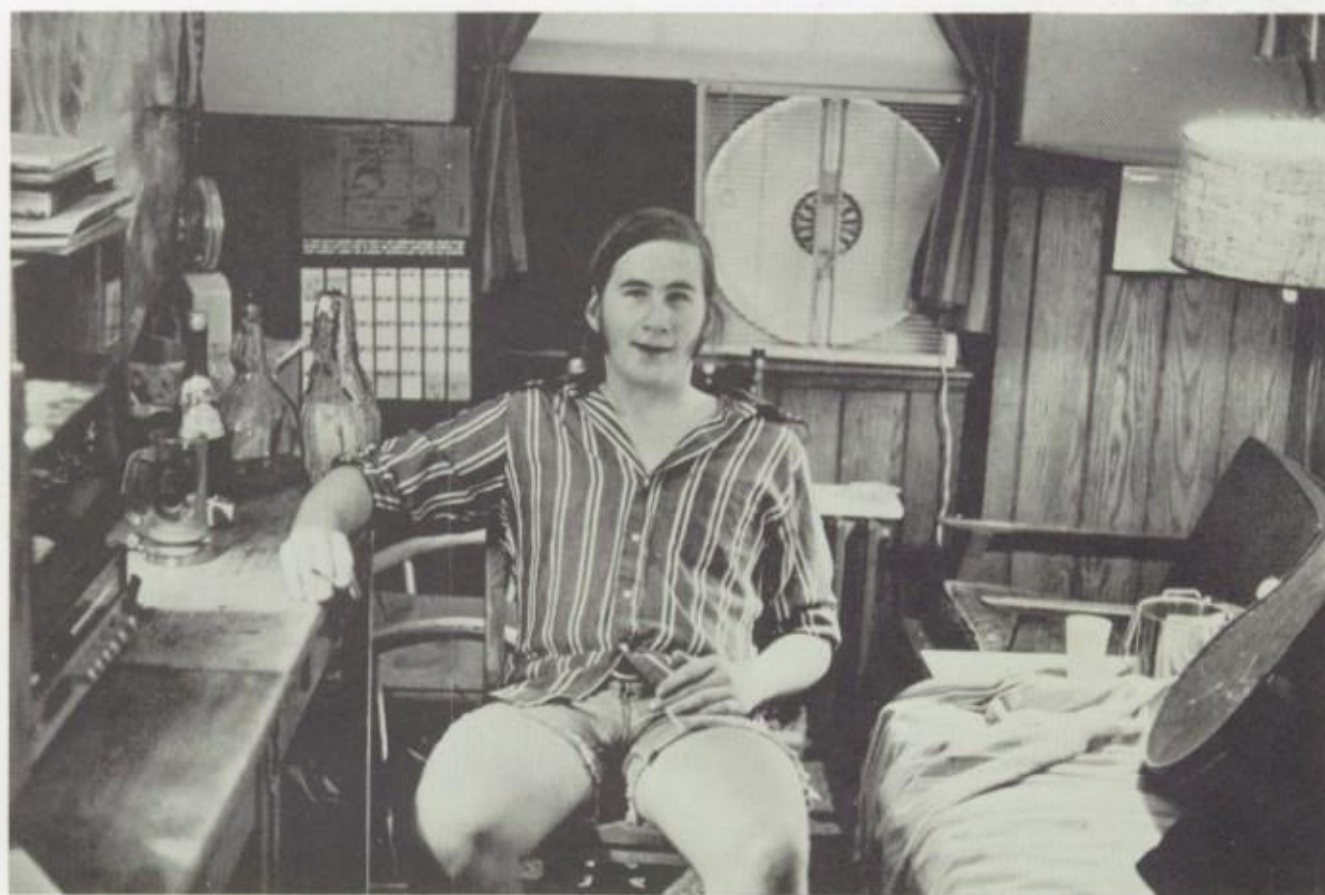
Shakespeare

Peter Kern
Kate Sikorsky





Going to Chaffee for four years to be able to burgers at McDonalds.



Sara Russell
Frank Hoskins



Smile some sunshine
down my way, lately
I've been lonesome.
James Taylor

Joys, too exquisite to last
And yet more exquisite
when past.

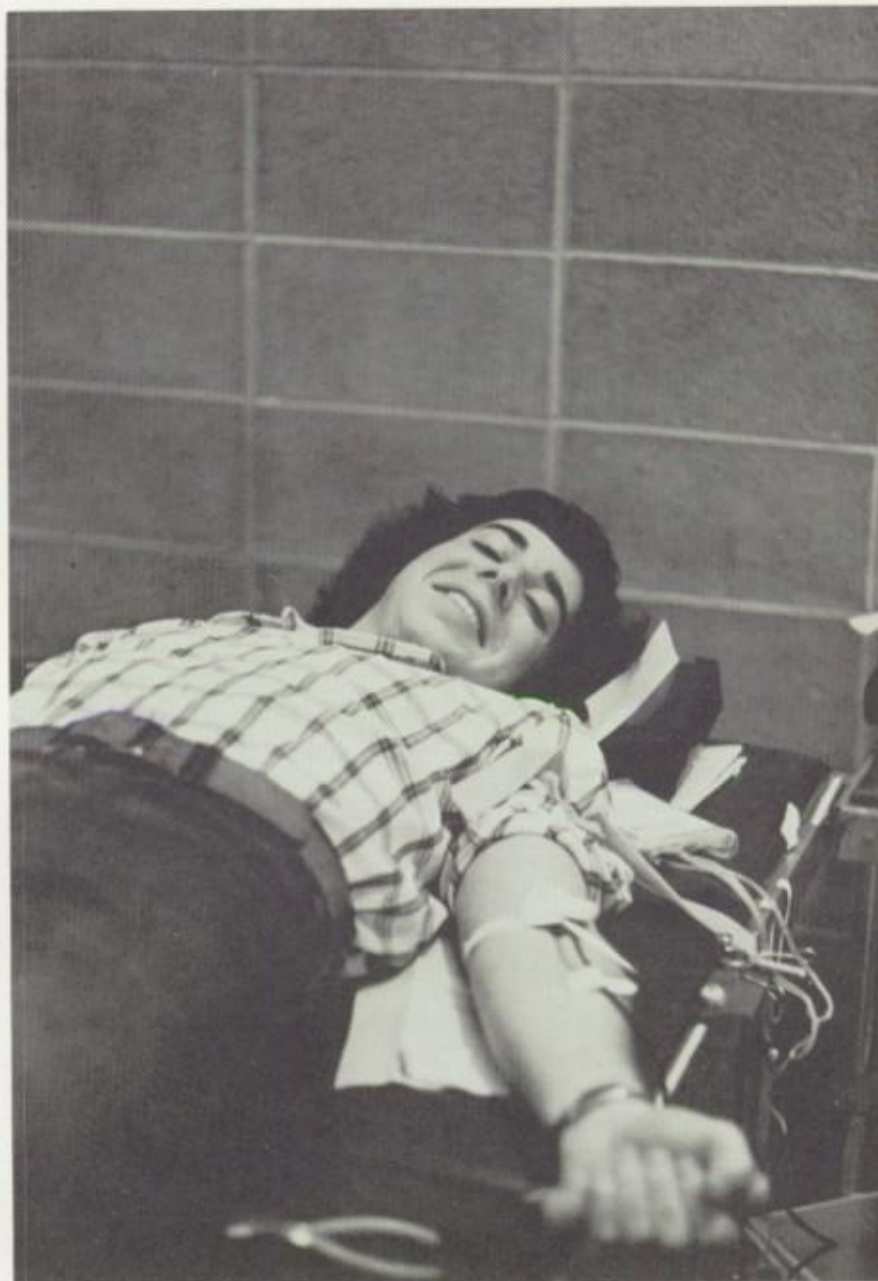
Montgomery



John Levine
Claudia Lindsey

Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty—A beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature. Without the gorgeous trappings of paintings or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show.

Bertram Russell



For Thou hast delivered my soul from death,
My ears from tears,
My feet from stumbling. Ps. 116:8

On the last day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried out, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He who believes in me, as the Scripture has said, 'Out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water'" John 7:37-8

Jesus said to her, "Did I not tell you that if you will believe, you will see the glory of God?"
John 11:40



David Brody
Grace Tufts



Knulp said: Every human being has his soul, he can't mix it with any other. Two people can meet, they can talk with one another, they can be close together. But their souls are like flowers, each rooted to its place. One can't go to another, because it would have to break away from its roots, and that it can't do. Flowers send out their scent and their seeds, because they would like to go to each other; but a flower can't do any thing to make a seed go to its right place; the wind does that, and the wind comes and goes where it pleases.

—Hesse

I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in me, and I in him, he bears much fruit; for without me you can do nothing.

—John 15:5

Harry Broadman
Joan Kingston





"What is the matter with Susan Jane?
She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain.
But look at her, now she's beginning again!—
What is the matter with Susan Jane?

Reason is, and ought only to be, the slave of
the passions.

—David Hume

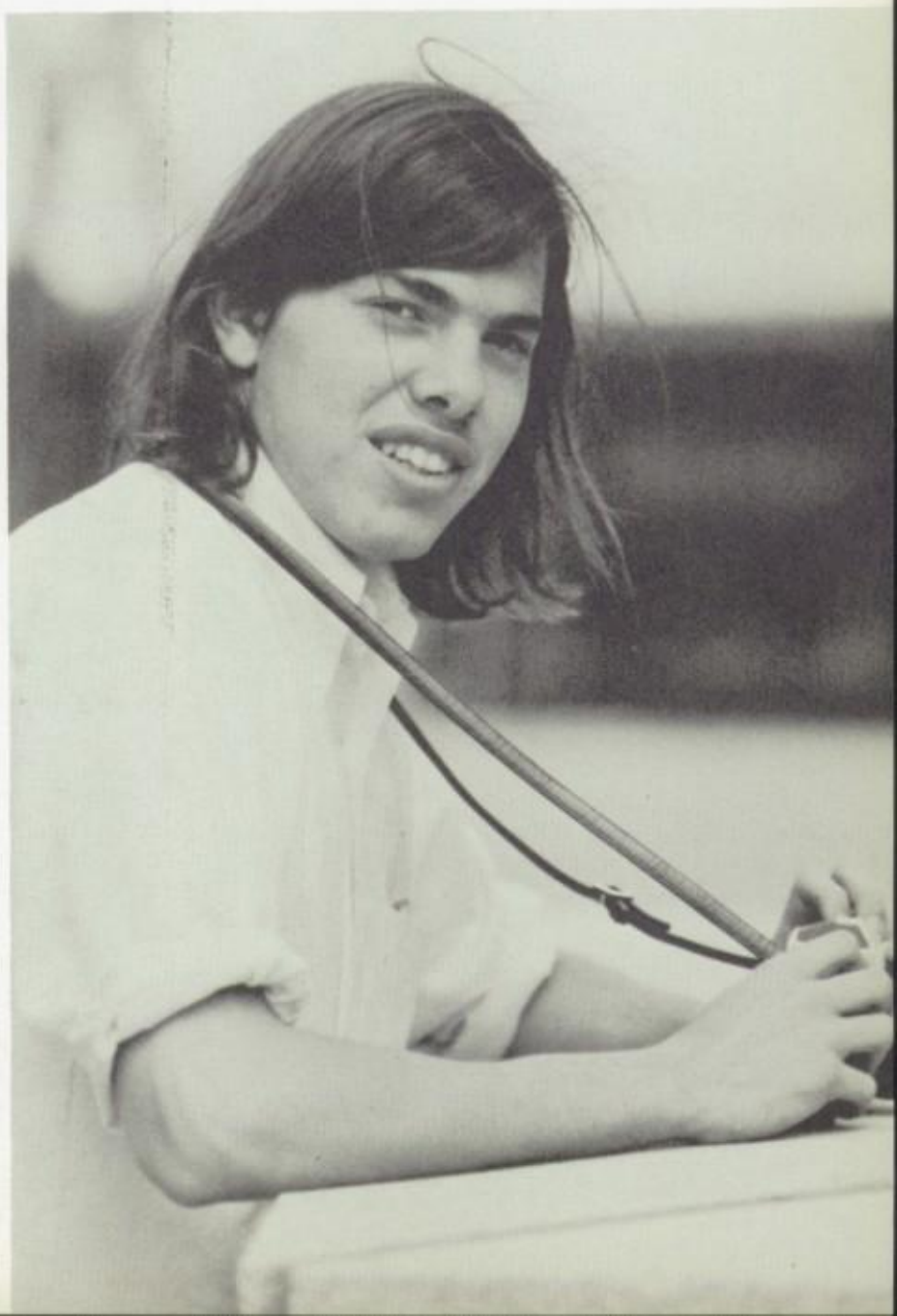
Do anything; take us out
of this gloom . . .

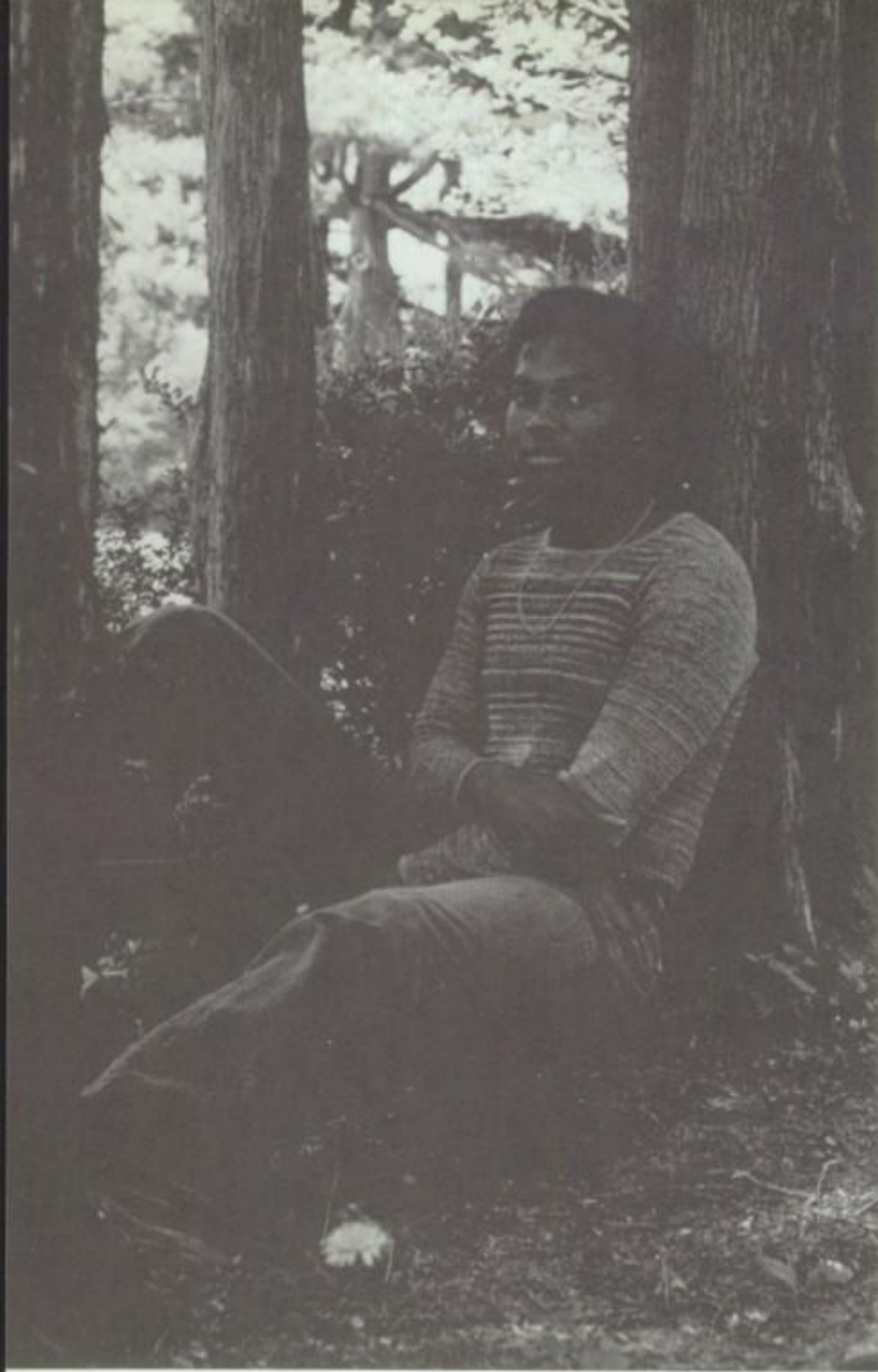
—Steven Winwood

Tis the times' plague,
when madmen lead the
blind.

—W. Shakespeare

Susan Brady
Gary Helman





Free your mind and your ass
will follow The king-
dom of heaven is within.
Funkadelic

Julius Wiggins
Jon King

He once told me you got
to play your hand, some-
times the cards ain't
worth a dime, if you don't
lay them down.

Grateful Dead





I just want to know
about the rooms behind
your minds. Do I see a
vacuum there, or am I
just blind? Things like
Love The World and
Let your Fancy Flow.
Is this true? Please let
me talk to you. Let me
talk to you.



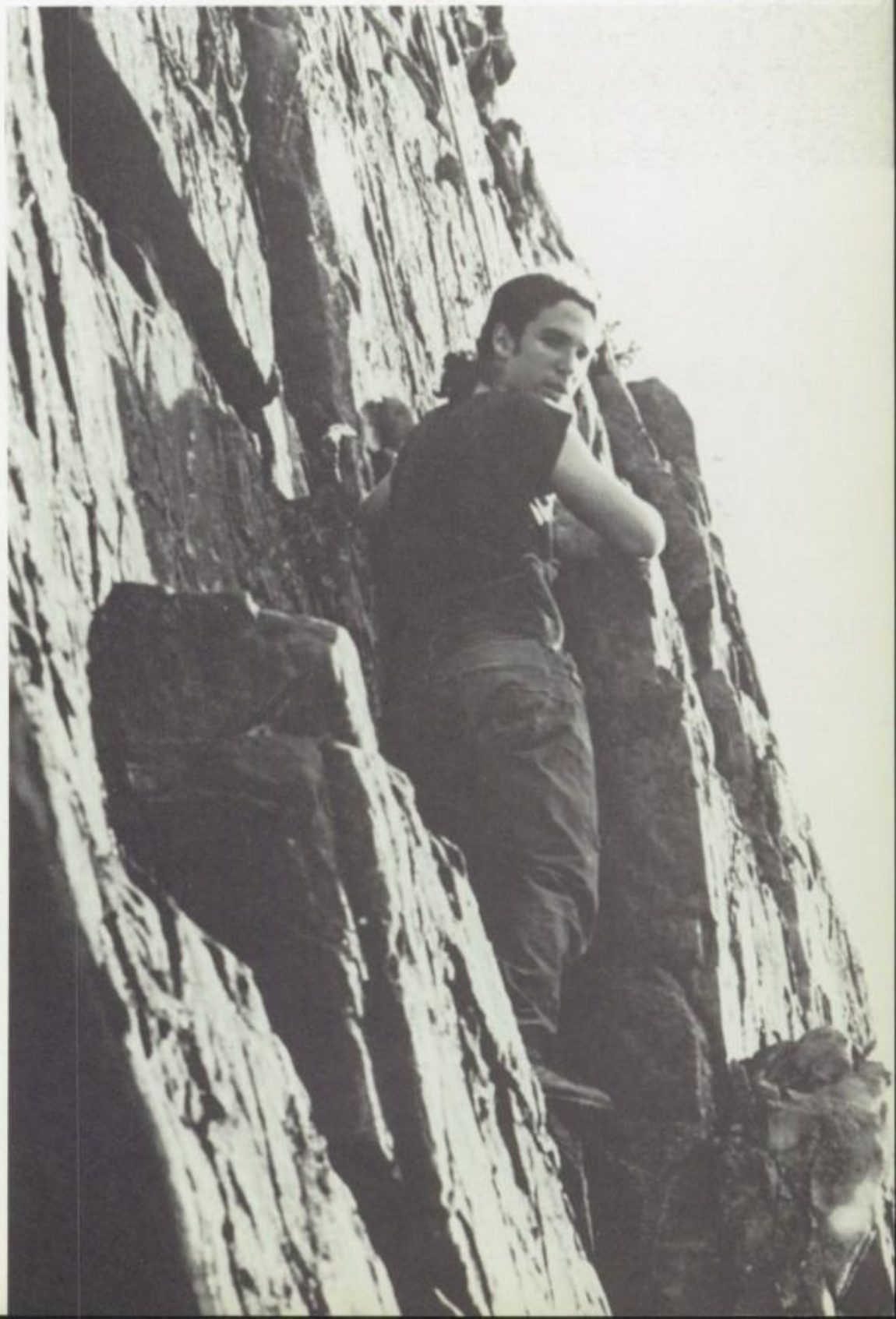
No, no, no, I don't want it all,
just a little bit

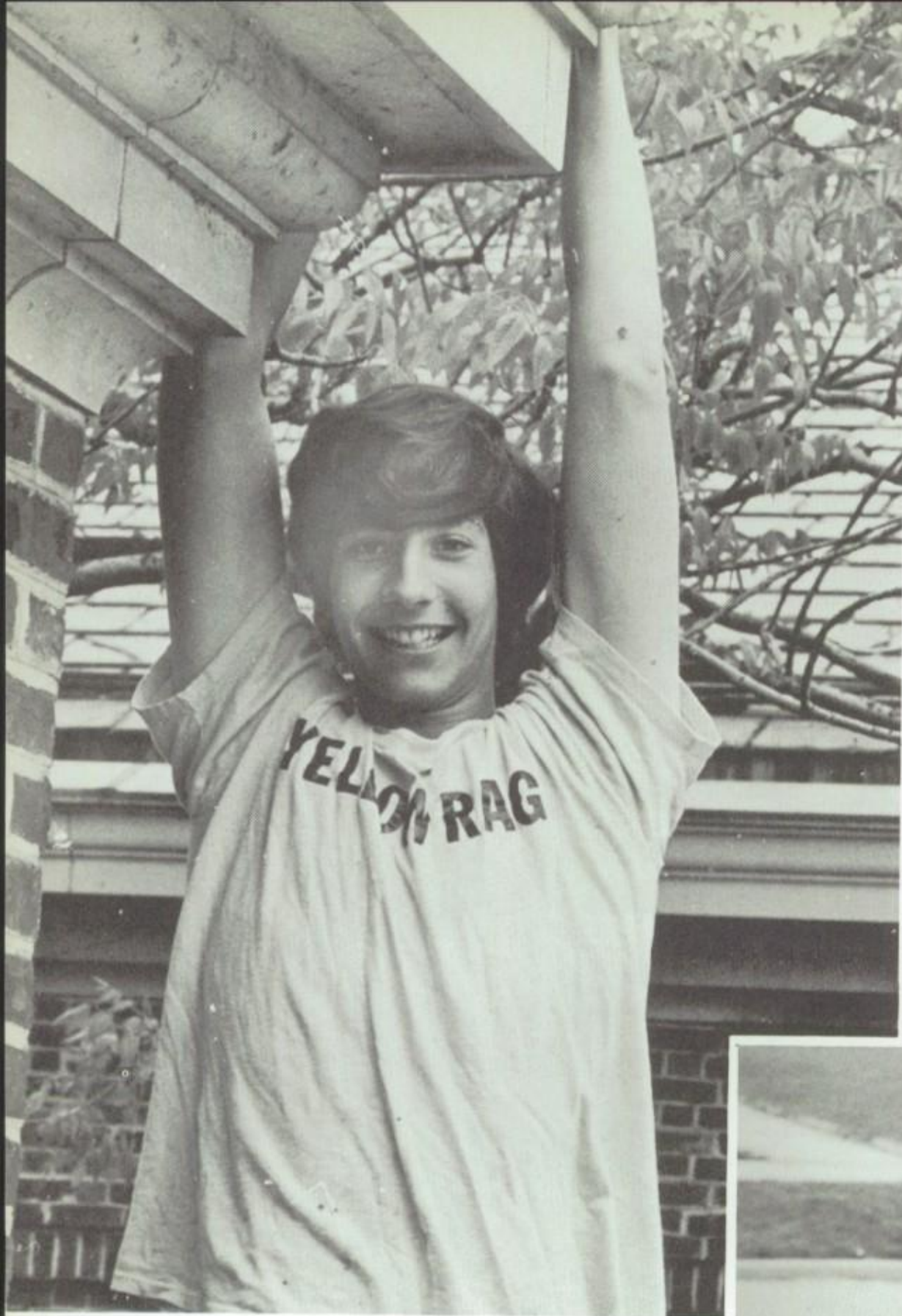
Pig Pen

One climbs, one sees one
descends, one sees no
longer, but one has seen.

R.D.

Wendy Cohn
Jim Rudnick

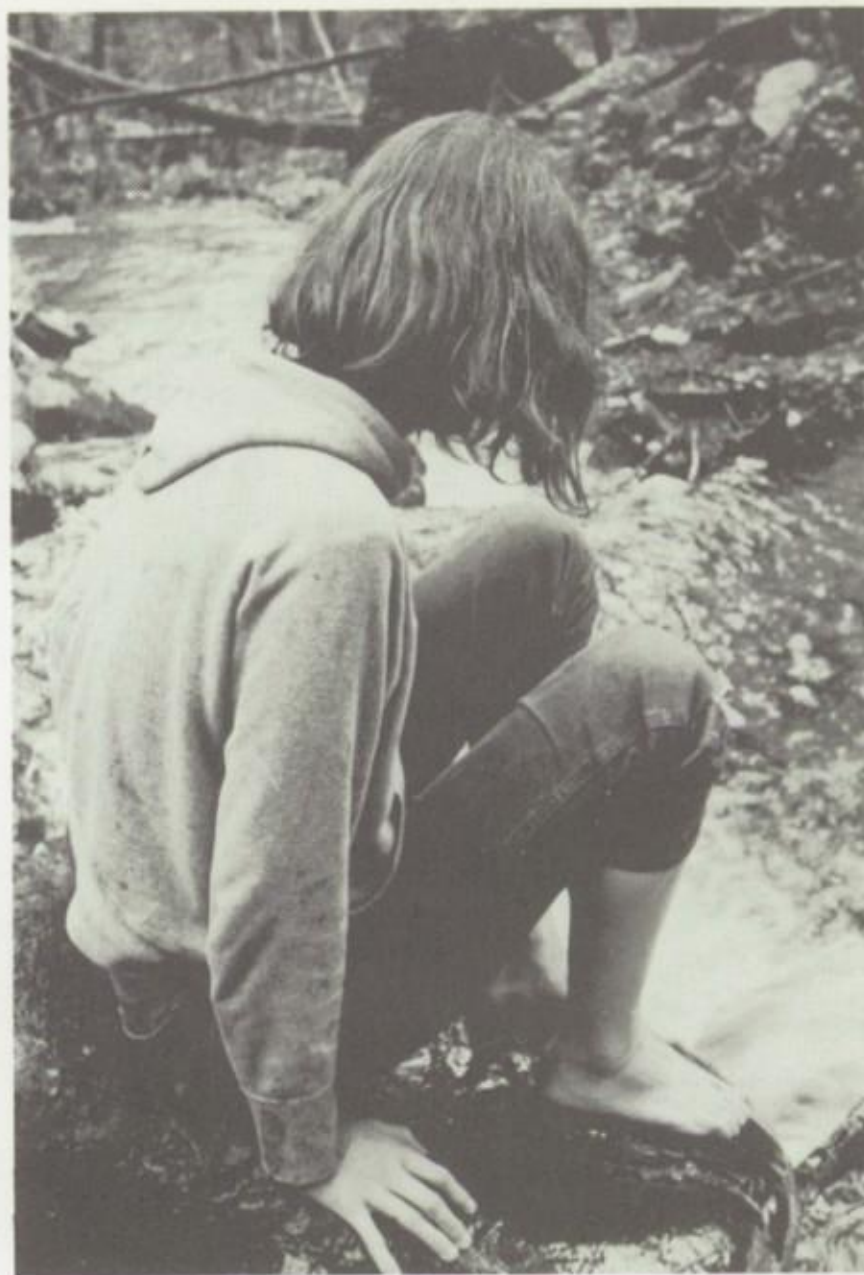




United we fall, divided we stand.
J. E. R.

John Rubinow
Ed Deming





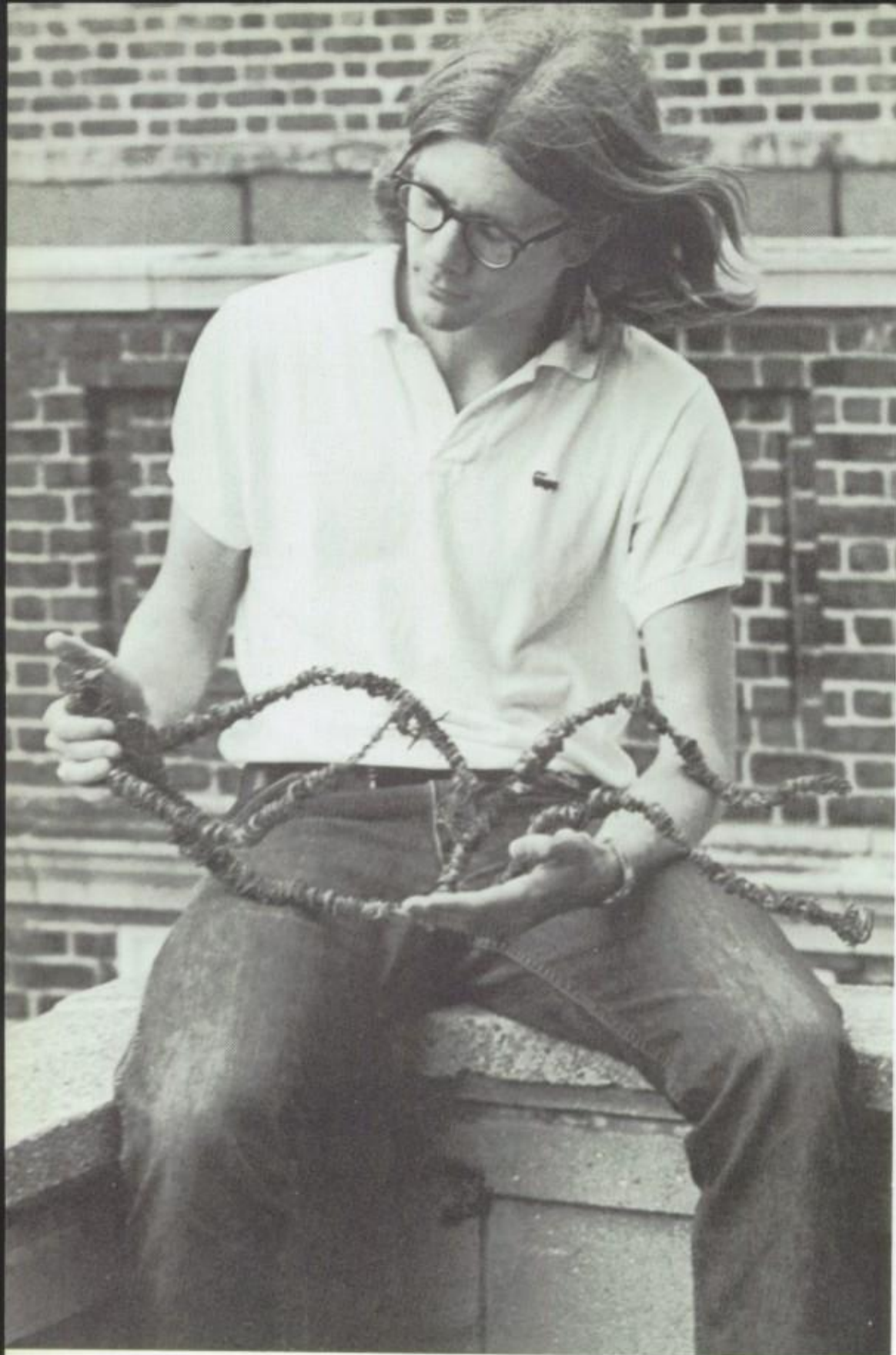
Let us be, first and above all,
kind, then honest and then let
us never forget each other.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

A face cannot be grafted or interchanged.
A face is a message, a face speaks, often
unbeknown to the person. Is not the human
face a living mixture of mystery and mean-
ing? We are all able to see it and are all un-
able to describe it . . . Is it not a strange
marvel that among so many hundreds of
millions of faces, no two faces are alike?
And that no face remains quite the same
for more than an instant. The most ex-
posed part of the body, the best known, it is
the least describable, a synonym for an in-
carnation of uniqueness. Can we look at a
face as if it were a commonplace?

Abraham J. Heschel

Bill Sinsigalli
Sharon Bard



Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
 Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.
 Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen.
 Denn das Glück is immer da.

Author-Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln
 ist Ruh,
 in allen Wipfeln
 spurest du
 Raum sinen Hauck;
 Warte mus, balde
 ruhest du auck.

Goethe

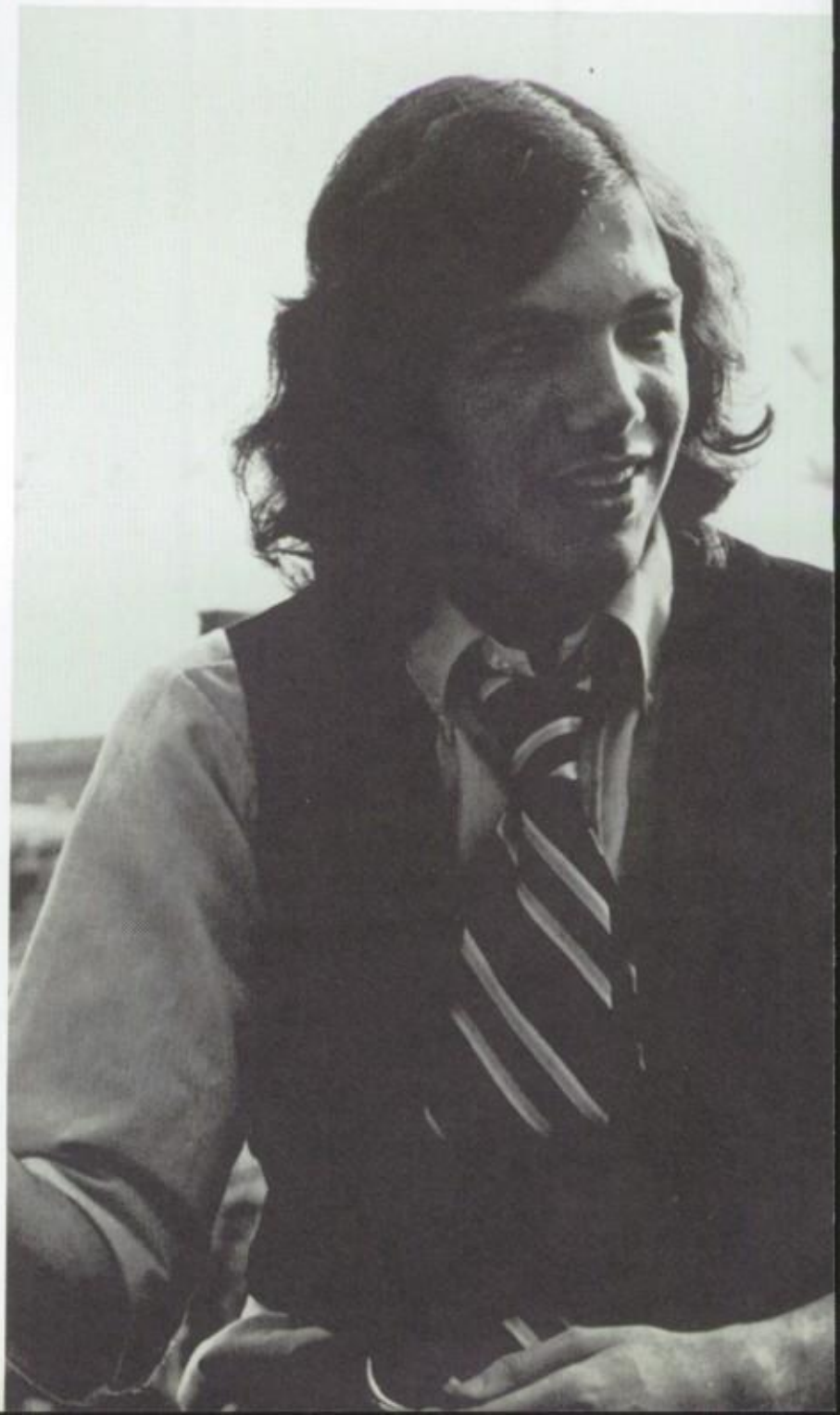
You have noticed that opin-
 ions without knowledge are
 all ugly.

Plato

The song is over . . .
 it's all behind us now . . .

The Who

Peter Ogilby
 Mark Underberg

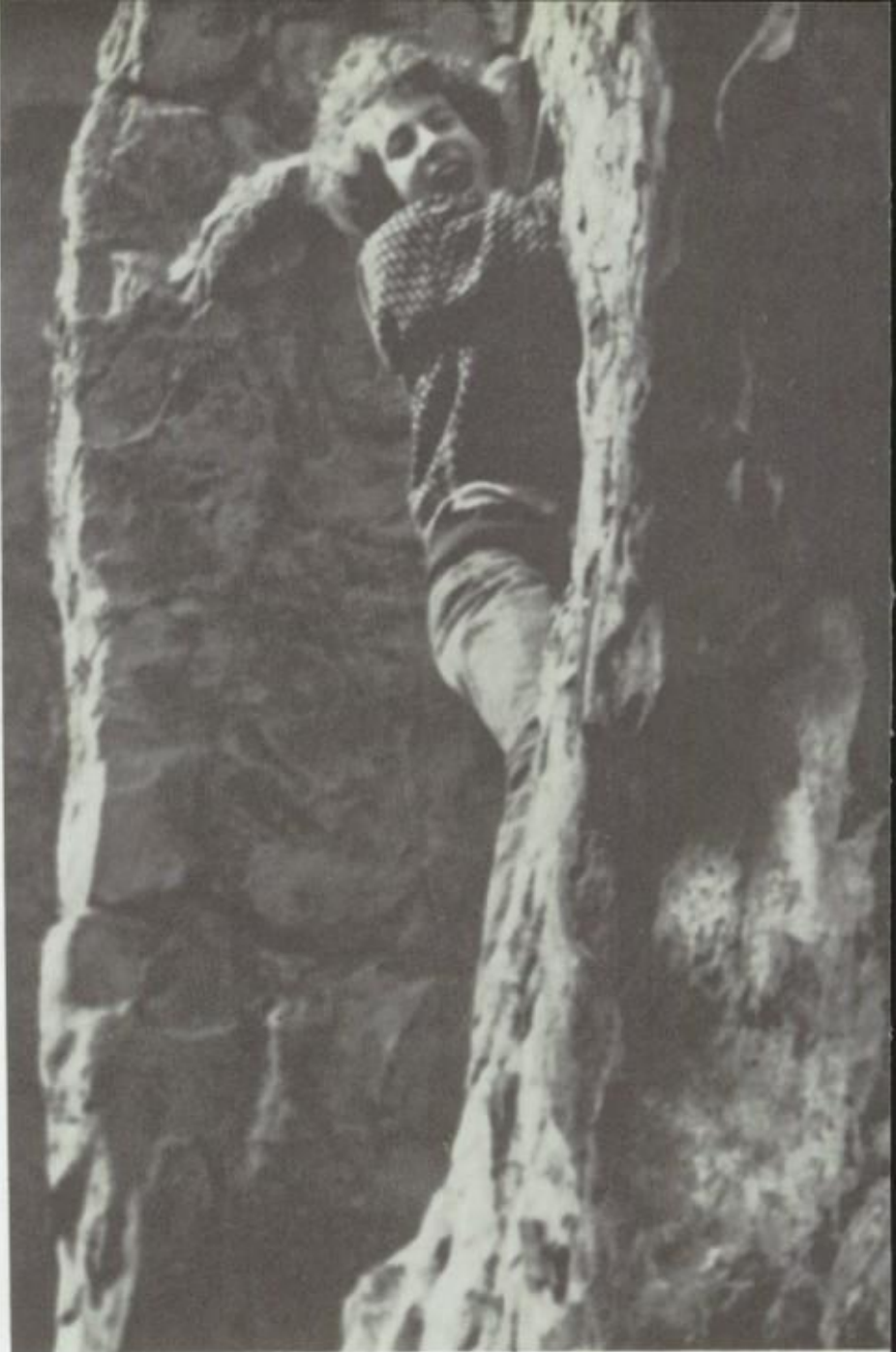




At the deep recesses of the Earth's core the metal monsters rumbled, spewing power to the masses above. Heat, raw energy, became miliwatts and thus the fires of civilization were stoked. Milt could feel them through the floor and they shook his entire soul. His teeth began to chatter and he began to shiver uncontrollably. He lay back under the covers . . .



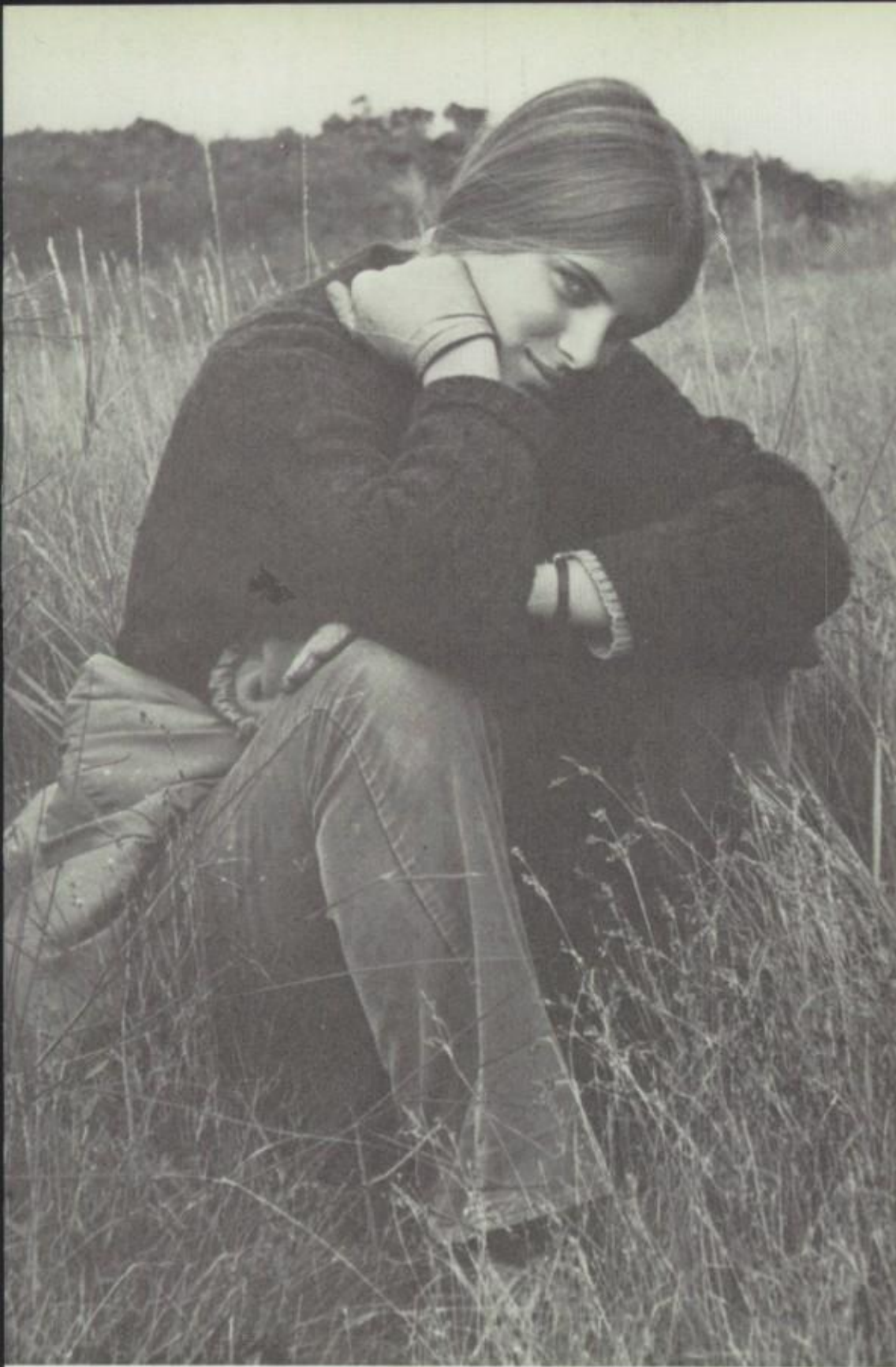
Stewart Wilson
Chris Reed



Leave the flurry
To the masses;
Take your time
And shine your glasses.
—Anonymous

Mike Dubilier
Phil Van Wyck





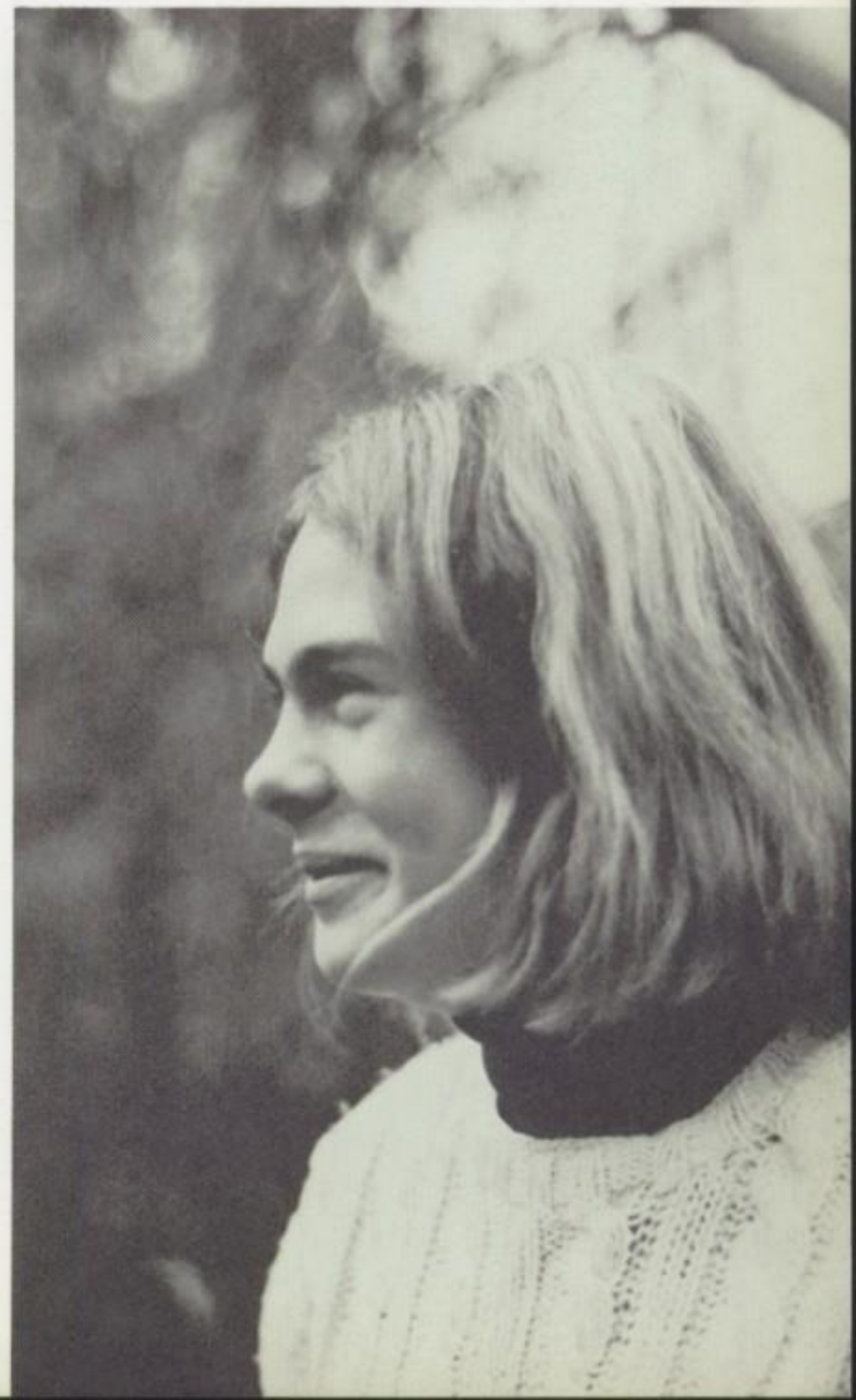
"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.
 "Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are real you don't mind being hurt."
 "Does it happen, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"
 "It doesn't happen all at once", said the Skin Horse. You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have been carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get too loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

Margery Williams

Now I know how the sun
 must feel everytime it
 shines.

Chris McVie

Nancy Tomasso
 Steve Cushman



Only the Spirit, if it
breathe upon the clay, can
create Man.
Antoine de Saint-
Exupery



Lisa Buell



Tim Morison



Karen Menzer

If I am not for myself,
who will be for me? And if
I am only for myself,
what am I?

Hillel



"The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good behavior.

Thoreau

There was a man with a tongue of wood who essayed to sing. And in truth it was lamentable. But there was one who heard the clip-clapper of this tongue of wood and knew what the man wished to say. And with that the singer was content.

Stephen Crane



Somehow I always see you
with a bird perched on your shoulder
I always think of how happy he'll be
When you learn to fly.
It won't be long now.

Paula Swilling

Pam McArthur
Connie Packard



The sea runs without end,
sometimes slowly, sometimes swiftly,
eternally creating formations and im-
ages in the sand.
It is the same with life.
We live,
some of us quickly,
others with caution, taking time,
and the experiences
create lines and impressions,
and our faces,
like the sand,
show what happens in our souls.
(unknown)

Darcie Cashman
Scott MacLachlan

Here, knowing that love is
to share,
Each one believing that
love never dies;
Watching your eyes and
hoping I'm always
there.
To be there . . .
J. Lennon—P. McCartney





"Deport from the highway
and transplant thyself in
some enclosed ground, for it
is hard for a tree that stands
by the wayside to keep its
fruit until it be ripe."

John Chrysostom

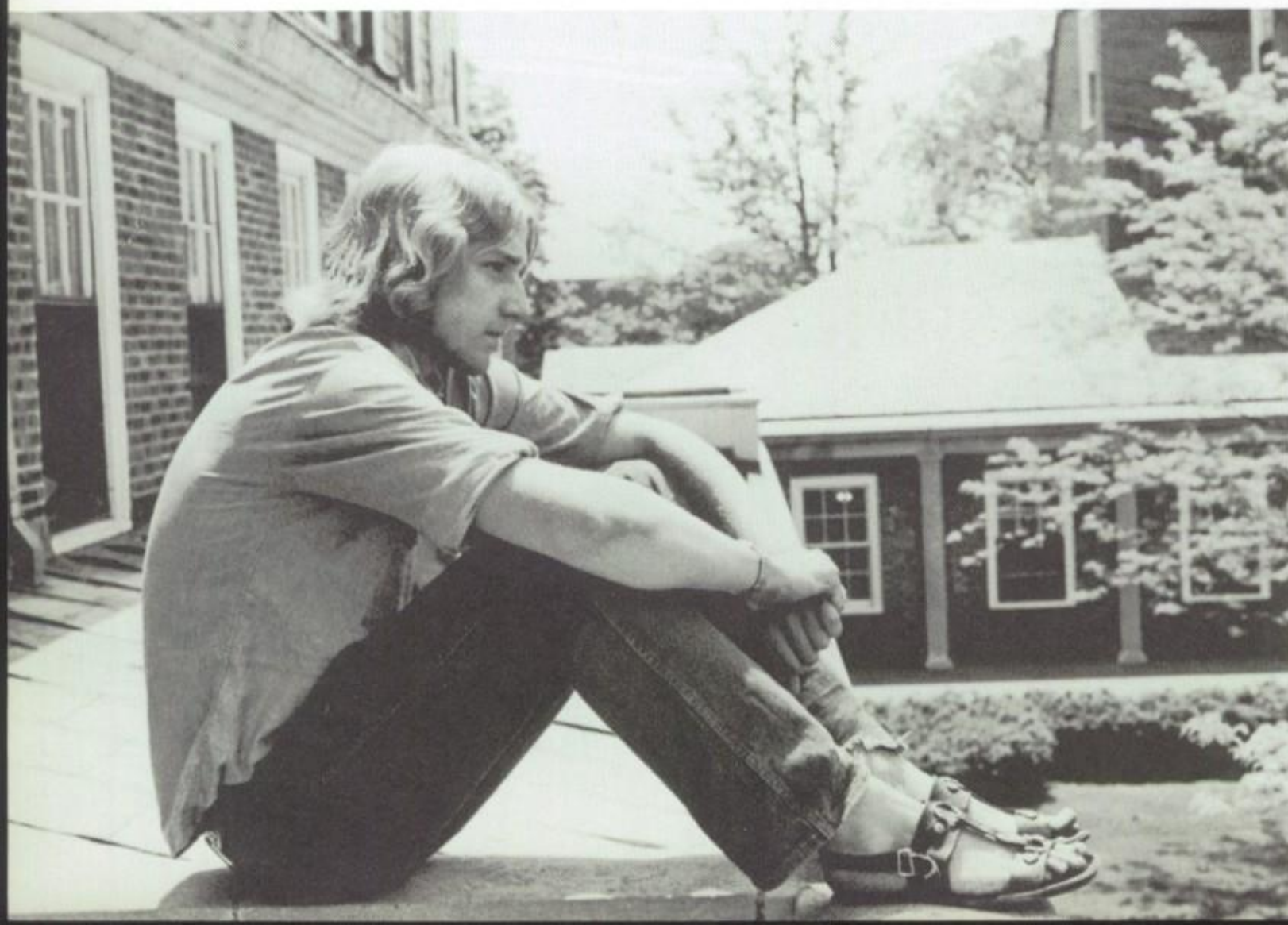
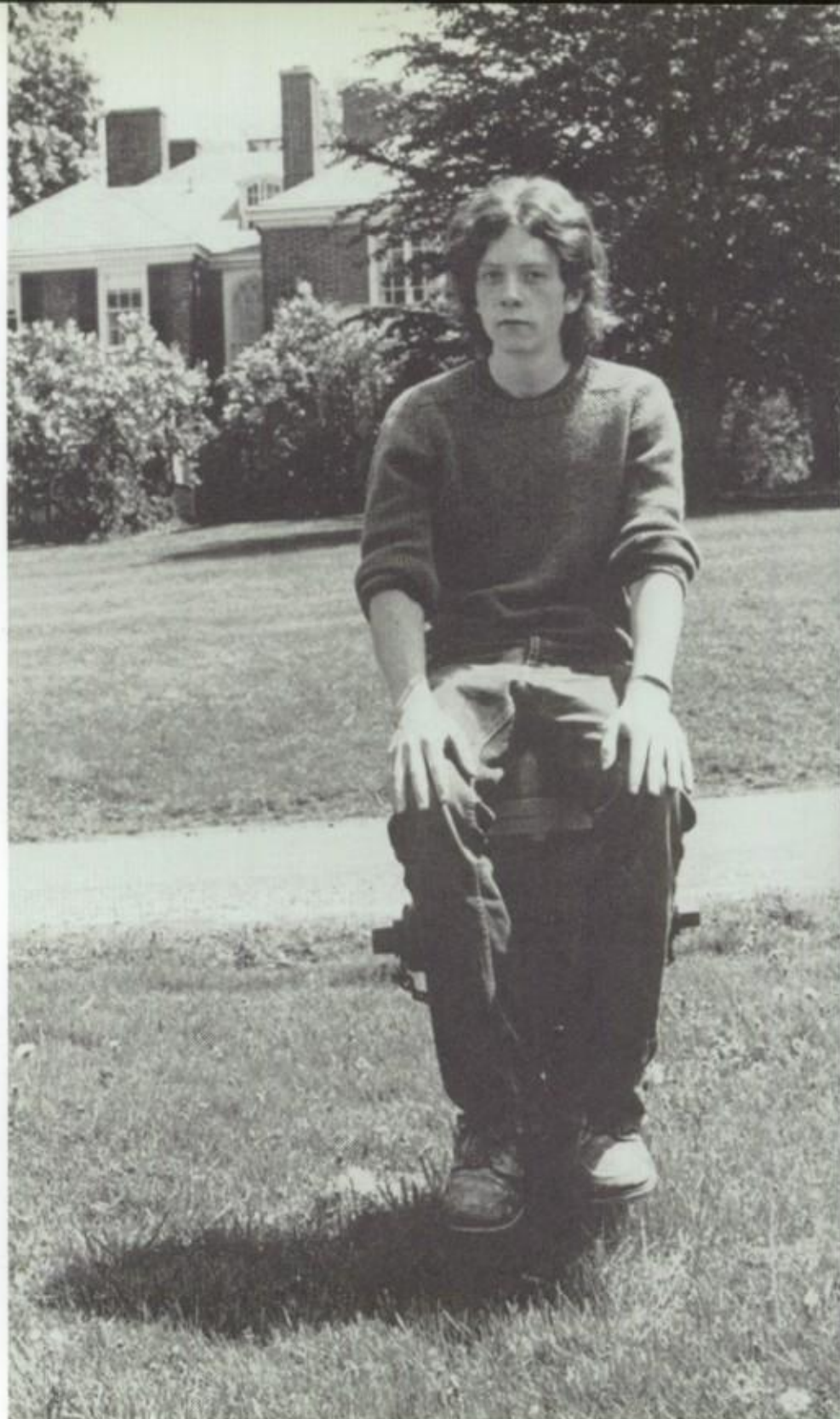


They can because they think
they can (Possunt, quia
posse videntur)

Vergil, Aeneid

Laurie McLean
Judith A. Jonke

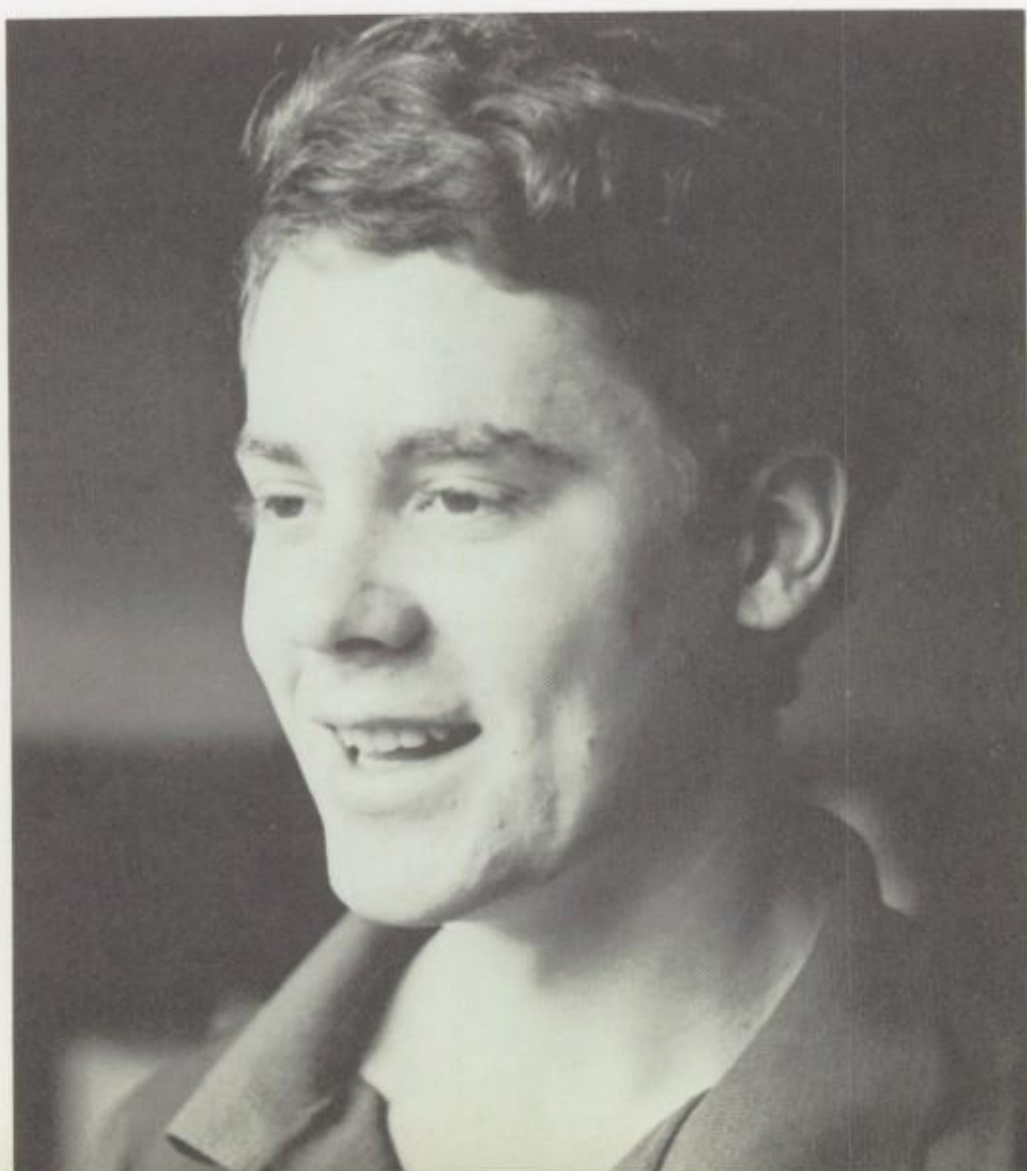
Phil Teale
Bob McDaniel



When this you see,
remember me
and bear me in your
mind.
Let all the world
say what they may,
speak of me as your
find.

Brian Jones

I should choose to ex-
plode my days as
popcorn.

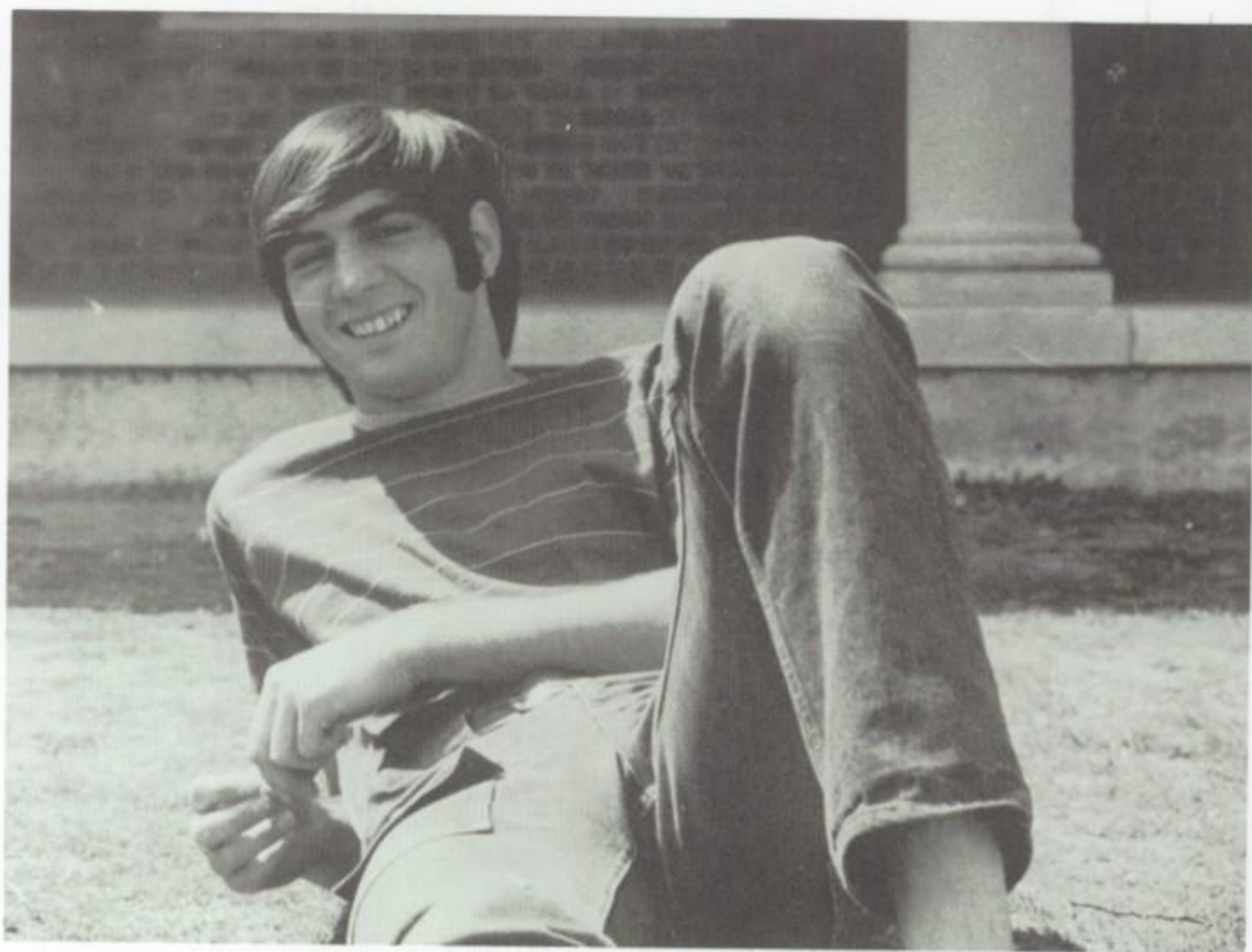


Endure and you will succeed.

Carey Bartram
John Lamb

And God stepped out
on space, And He
looked around and said,
"I'm lonely—I'll make
me a world"

James W. Johnson



Dennis Killoren
Tim Quish



If we should meet
along the way believe
in me, and we will be
friends.

T.S.Q.



Don't we look alike? Well, at least we think so. From nursery school to weekends at Suffield (. . . "they came in through the bathroom window") and we still managed to remain loyal to Loomis. We've been from Maine ("you mean this is the campus??!!") to Florida ("do pretzels float?—yes Kell, and so did the beer cans") with a stop at the New York Hilton ("What is this crazy yen we've got?") for cocktails. Sometimes we've disagreed ("but I don't wanna go on a blind date.") but most times see eye to eye. ("How about picking up a couple guys from . . ."). Sara always astounded us with her priceless comments ("I feel like an ice cream cone") and Cindy just kept on flashing her smile and checking out the possibilities ("Have you seen the Choate team?!"). We've definitely had your share of problems ("Well . . . they can slip in my car if they want . . .") but after all, it wouldn't have been any fun without them!

Cindy Dodd
Sara Moran

Now here you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that.

Lewis Carroll



Charles Ewing
Scott Van Arsdell

Man is a fountain of immense meaning, not merely a drop in the ocean of being.

Abraham J. Heschel





If you love me you will remember. If not, it is better that we both forget.

Unknown

Walking along with a friend of mine,
Got enough space, got enough time
Pieces of fruit and glasses of wine.

Love comes in the summertime
And I don't want to lose you.

Carole King

Joy that is shared grows even greater
while sadness shared is lessened.

Winston Abbott



Kathy Makgill
Lucy Lonning



Does anywhere know
me? Speak thus?
Where are his eyes?
Either his notion
weakens, or his dis-
cernings are le-
tharged. Ha! Waking?
Tis not so. Who is
it that can tell me
Who I am?

Shakespeare

Sure if there was such a
thing as the faibre busi-
ness.—I'd have chain
stores!

Woody Allen

You're lucky, it could have
been worse. It could have
been better, or actually, it
could have been any other
way than the way it was.

Hugh Prather

Randy Gregory
Martin Ginsburg

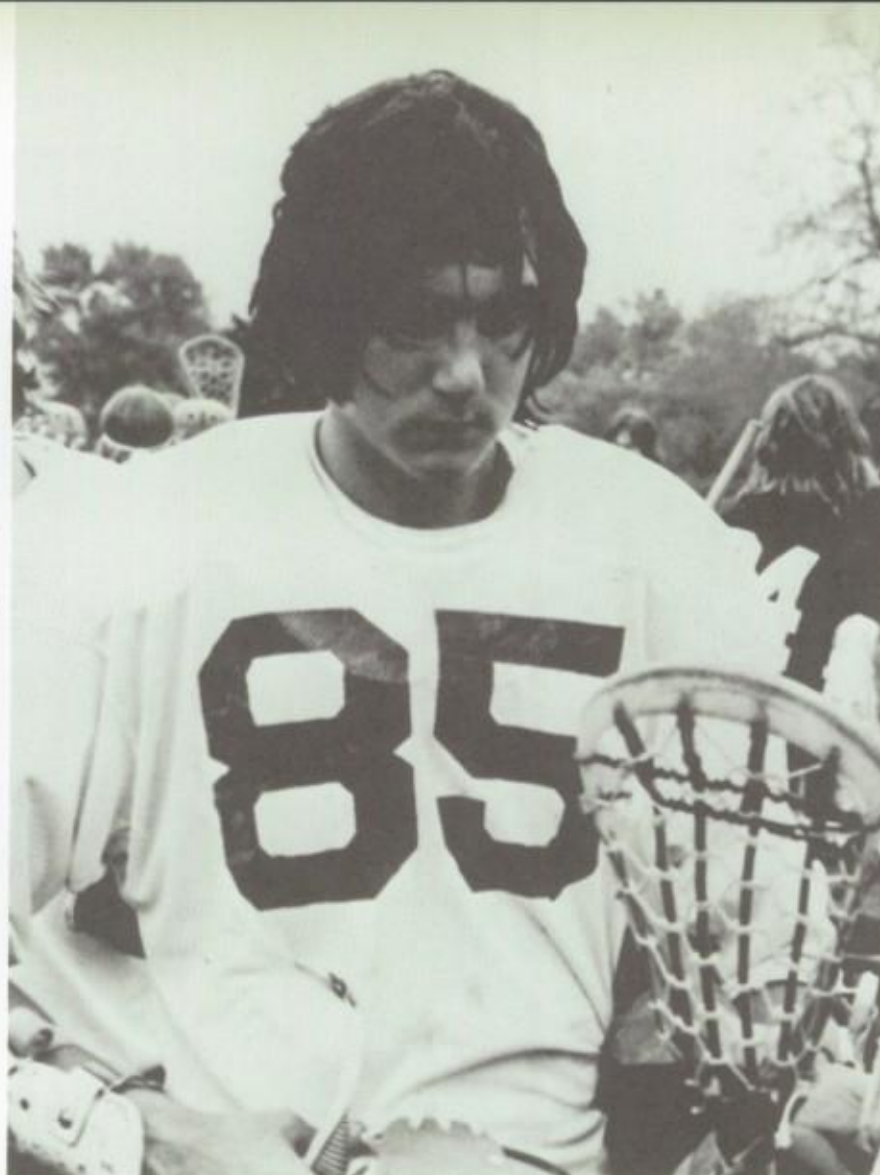
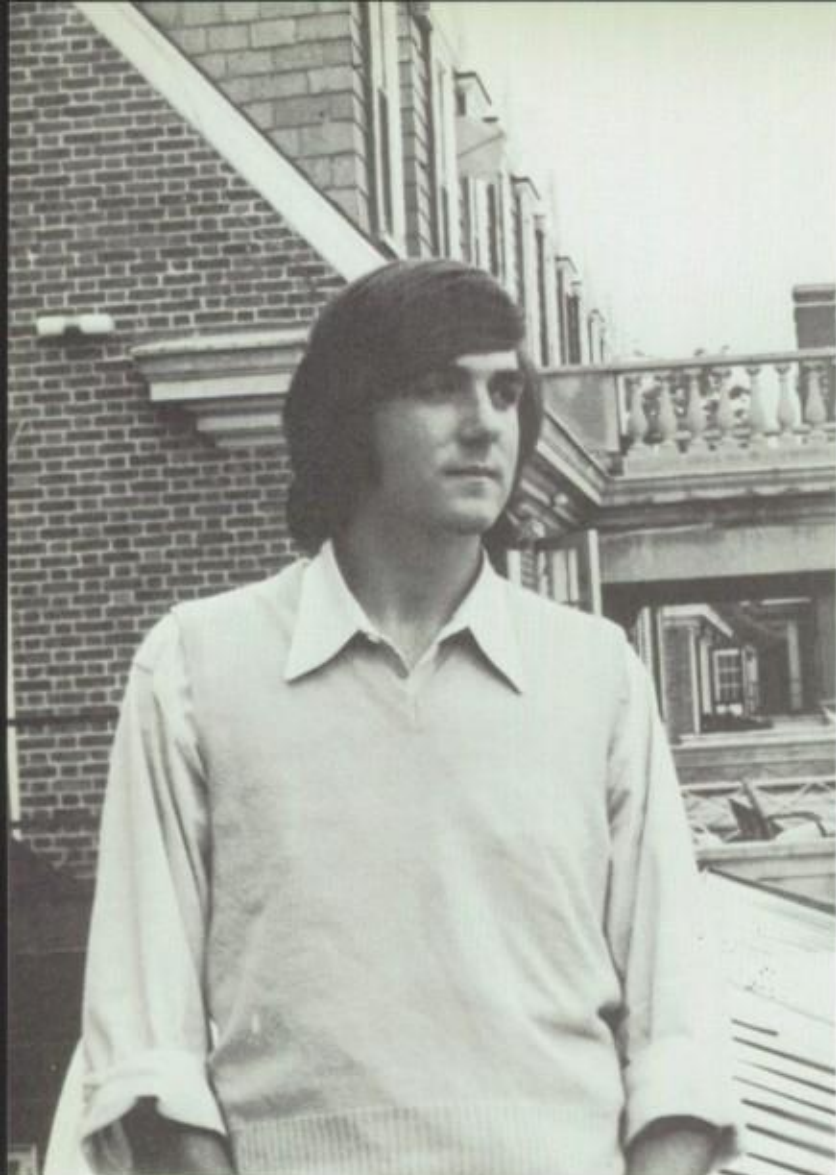




Joy, truth, simplicity is gained,
to bow, and to bend, we will not
be ashamed to turn, will be our
delight. Till by turning, turn-
ing, turning, we come round
right.

Traditional

John Pearson
Betty Hennessey



Finish everyday and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in; forget them as soon as you can.

Tomorrow is a new day; you can begin it well with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.

Emerson

Happiness doesn't depend on how many external blessings we have snatched from life. It depends only on our attitude toward them.

Alexander I.
Solzhenitsyn

Bob Muir
Mark Strickland





You could have been more
Than a name on a door
On the thirty-third floor in
the air
More than a credit card
Swimming pool in the
backyard

While you still have the time
You could get away and find
A better life, you know the
grind
is so ungrateful
Racing cars, whiskey bars
No one cares who you really
are.

Joni Mitchell

No One in Particular

I am not anyone in particular.
A chewing gum wrapper.
A streetlight.

Still, somehow I manage to exist,
And as each day starts
I manage to leave my nice warm bed,
Feeling that perhaps today
Something beautiful will happen.

It never does.
This in itself is beautiful.

I am not anyone in particular.
A philosophical shoe.
A sheet of paper.

Perhaps I am lying.
(Another one of my very bad habits)
If so,
At least no one can be hurt
By such slight deceptions

John Perreault

Jay Wiener
Robin Sue Harris





It's true that all the men you knew were dealers who said they were through with dealing everytime you gave them shelter. I know that kind of man. It's hard to hold the hand of anyone who is reaching for the sky just to surrender.

And then sweeping up the jokers that I left behind you'll find I did not leave you very much, not even laughter like any dealer. I was watching for the card that is so high and wild. I'll never need to deal another. I'm just another Joseph looking for a manager. Then leaning on your window sill I'll say one day you caused my will to weaken with your love and warmth and shelter and then taking from my wallet an old schedule of trains, I'll say I told you when I came I was a stranger.

You hate to watch another tired man lay down his hand like he was giving up the holy game of poker and then, while I talk my dreams to sleep, you'll notice there's a highway that is curling up like smoke above my shoulder.

While I've been waiting I was sure we'd would meet between the trains we're waiting for. I think it's time to board another. Please understand I never had a secret chart to get me to the heart of this or any other matter, and when I talk like this, you don't know what I'm after, but now it's you my love, you who are the stranger.

Leonard Cohen

Stephen Brown
Donnie Caldwell





Perhaps in this world of ours it is better to be wise in madness than mad in wisdom . . . beware gentle knight of your bitter enemy, reason.

Don Quixote

Because the road is rough and long,
shall we despise the skylark's song?

Anne Brontë

If one looks at a thing with the intentions of trying to discover what it means, one ends up no longer seeing the thing itself, but thinking of the question that has been raised. One cannot speak about mystery; one must be seized by it.

René Magritte

Henry Horsey
Jill Wawro





Don't worry they'll never catch us.

Al Shope
Ted Hathaway

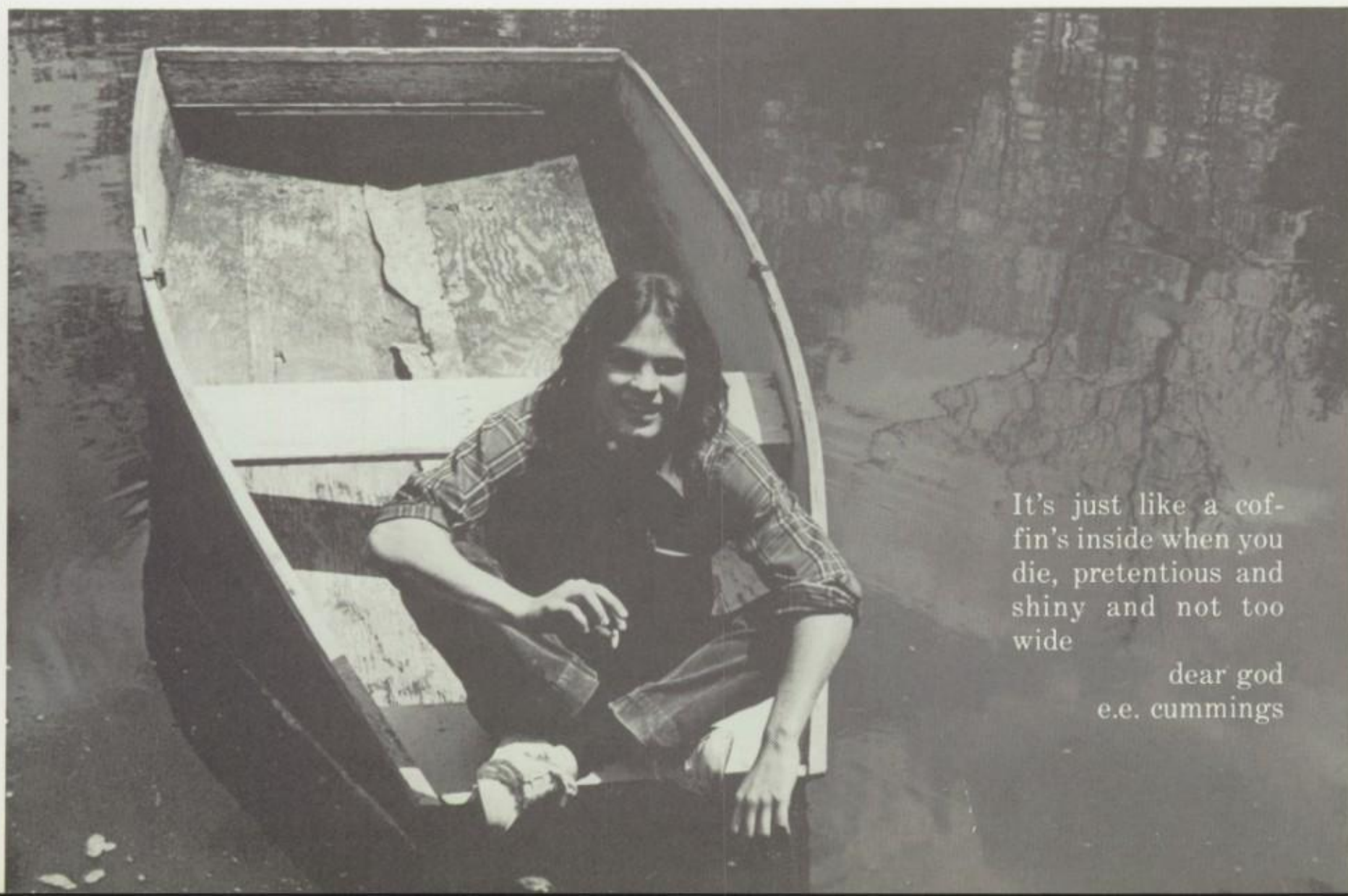


RUN! the voice kept screaming RUN! But the river swirled at my back and the voice said nothing about swimming. And for once, I wasn't able to run for my miserable life.

Kesey



Greg Lawrence
Mike Carter



It's just like a coffin's inside when you die, pretentious and shiny and not too wide

dear god
e.e. cummings



And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.

Antoine de Saint Exupery

And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter and sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.

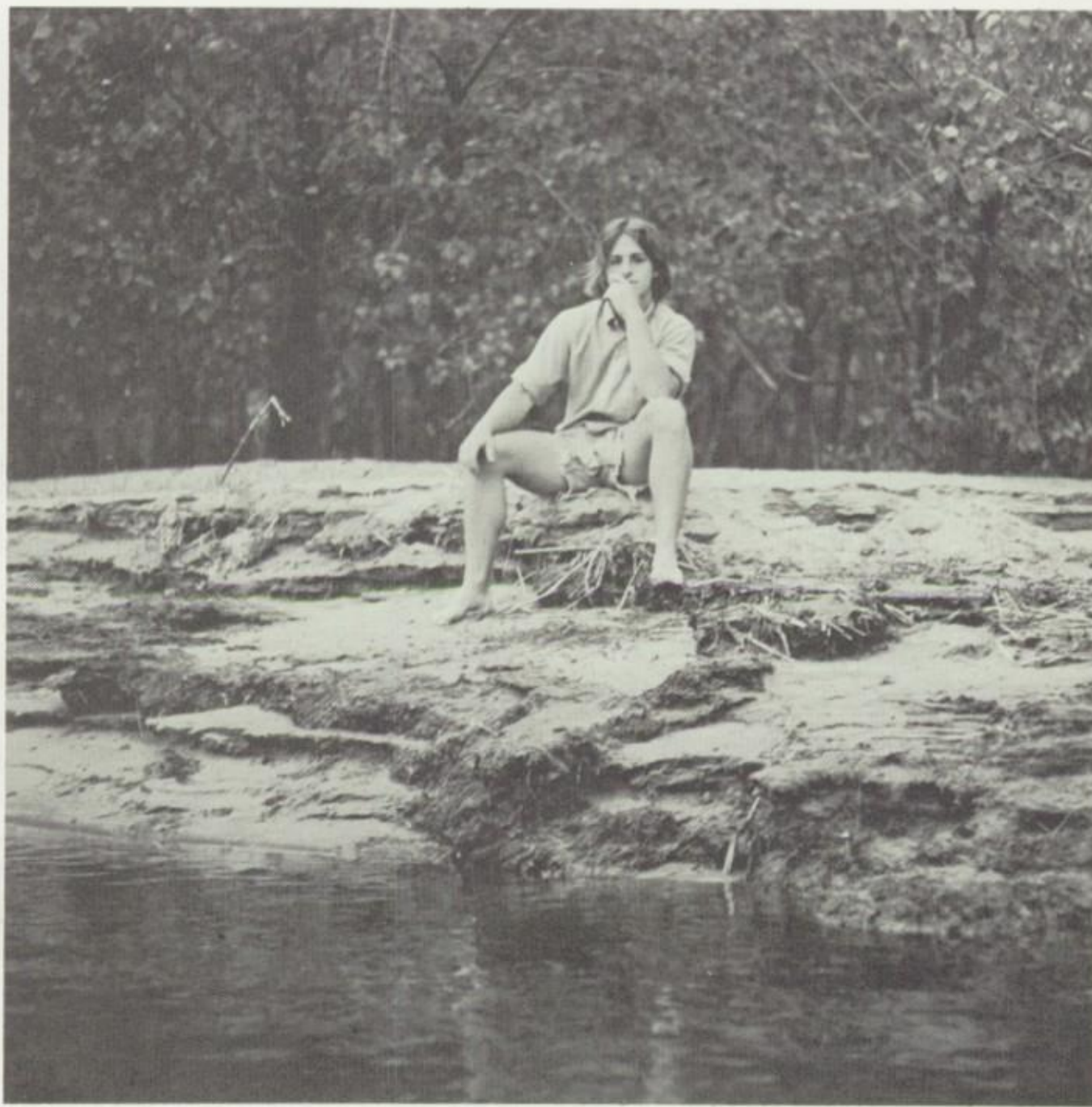
Kahil Gibran

Lisa Vogel
Betsy Atkins

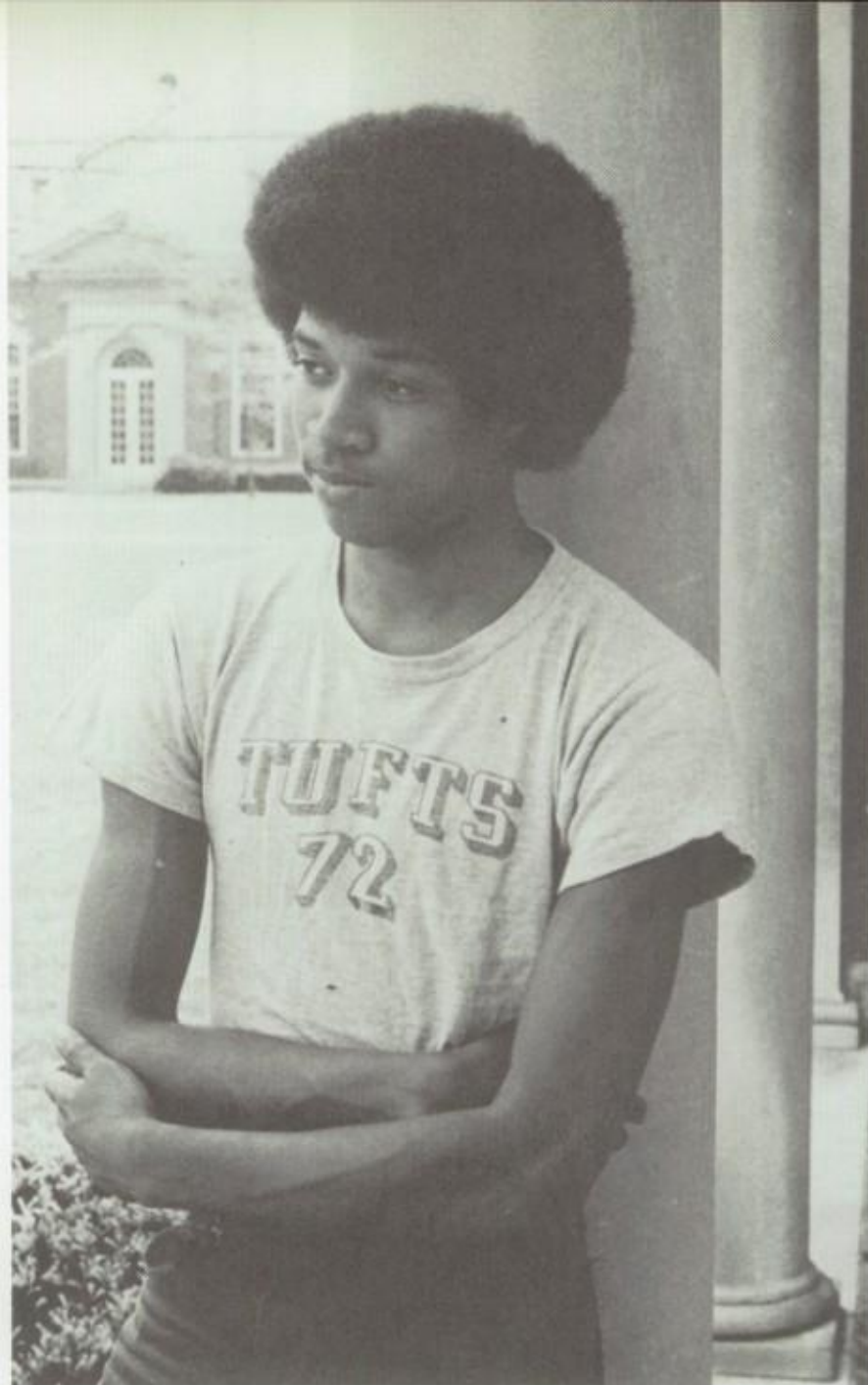
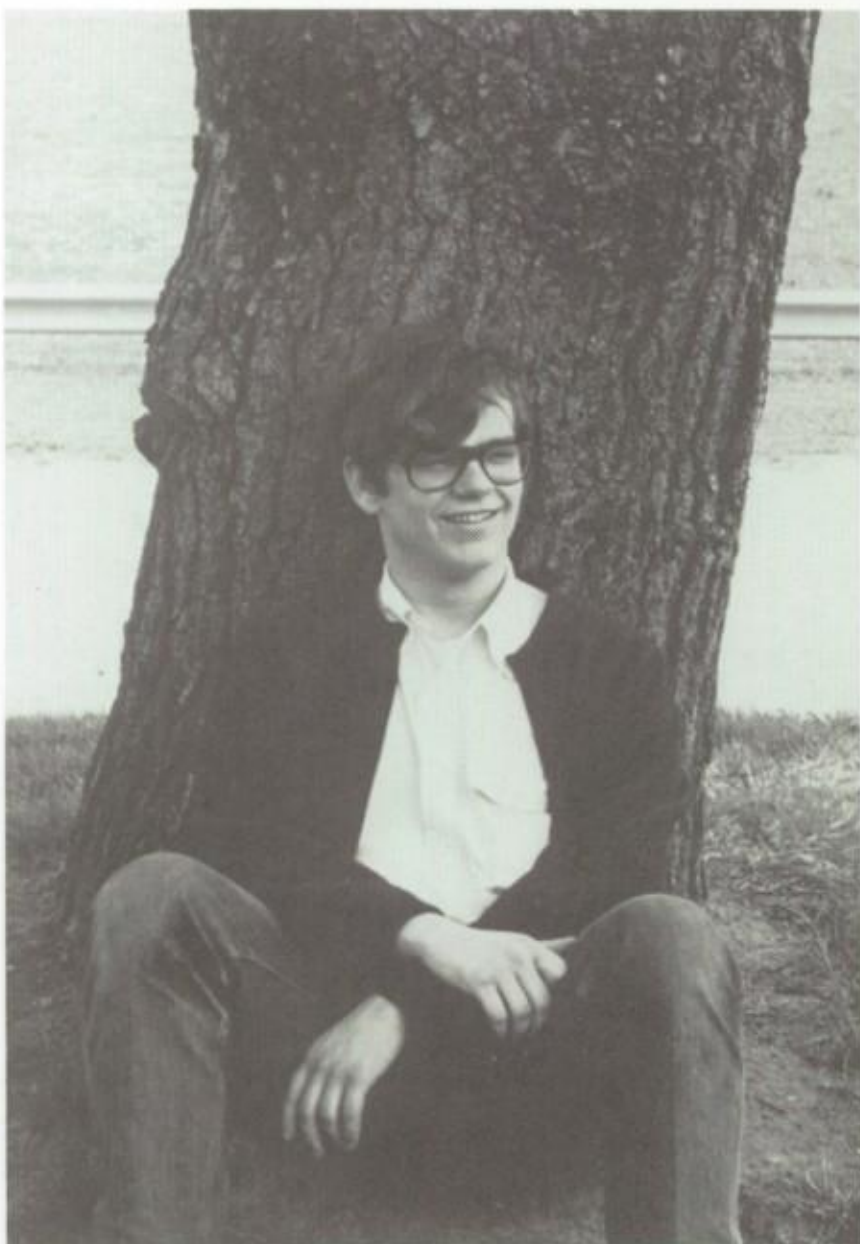


But you cannot understand life and its mysteries as long as you try to grasp it. Indeed you cannot grasp it, just as you cannot walk off with a river in a bucket. If you try to capture running water in a bucket, it is clear you do not understand it and that you will always be disappointed, for in the bucket the water does not run. To 'have' running water you must let go of it and let it run.

Alan W. Watts



Bill Cosseboom
Richard McCollum



I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life. Jesus After reading the doctrines of Plato, Socrates or Aristotle, we feel that the specific difference between their words and Christ's is the difference between an inquiry and a revelation.

Joseph Parker

Philip DiLorenzo
Tony Greene
Cecil Prescod





Rob Litter

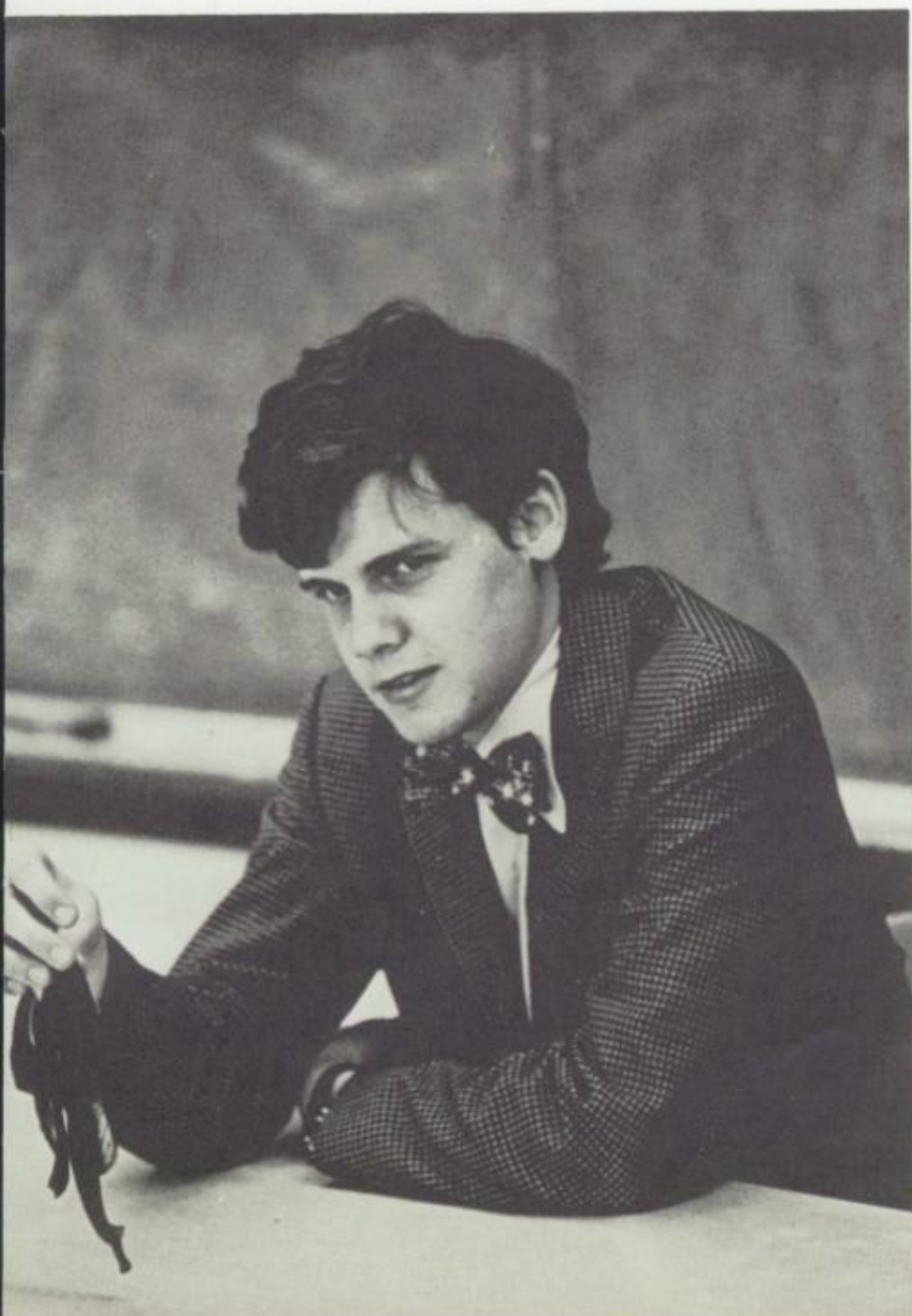
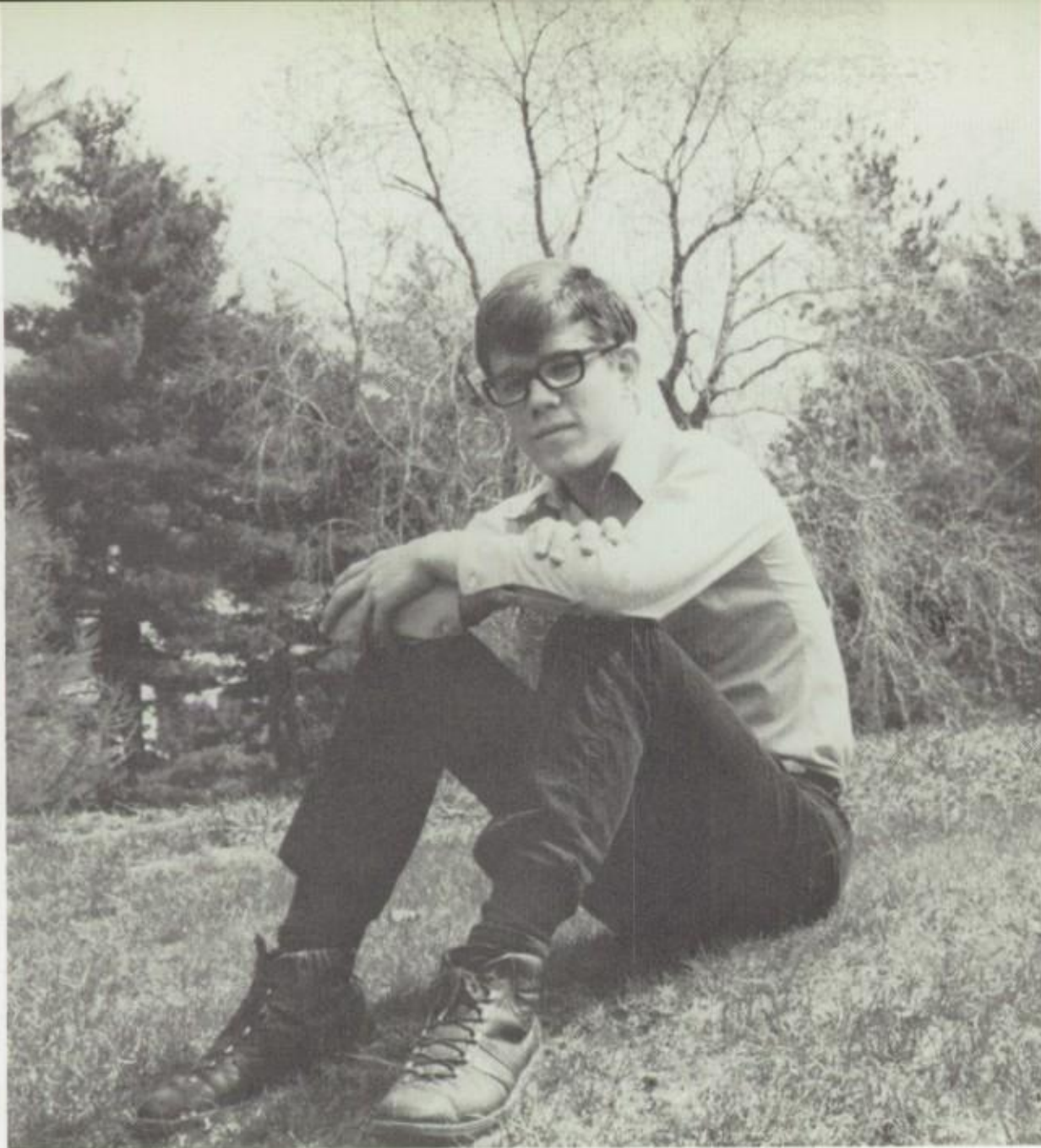
To be nobody—
but—yourself in a
world which is
doing it's best,
night and day to
make you every-
body else, means
to fight the hard-
est battle which
any human being
can fight, and
never stop fight-
ing.

e.e. cummings



You only go around once . . .
unknown

Joe VanVleck
John Niekrahn



Have I been too subtle for Loomis?

Mark Weaver
Jim Edinberg

Smile that's warm as summer sun,
 Smile that gets ya through,
 Smile that tells a story
 Sad and deep as you.

D. Mason

Over sweet is the refuge of trusting'
 Return and sing, O my Dreams
 In the dewy and palpitant pastures,
 Till the love of living awakes
 And the strength of the hills to uphold me.

Paiute Indian

Great things happen when men and mountains
 meet.

William Blake



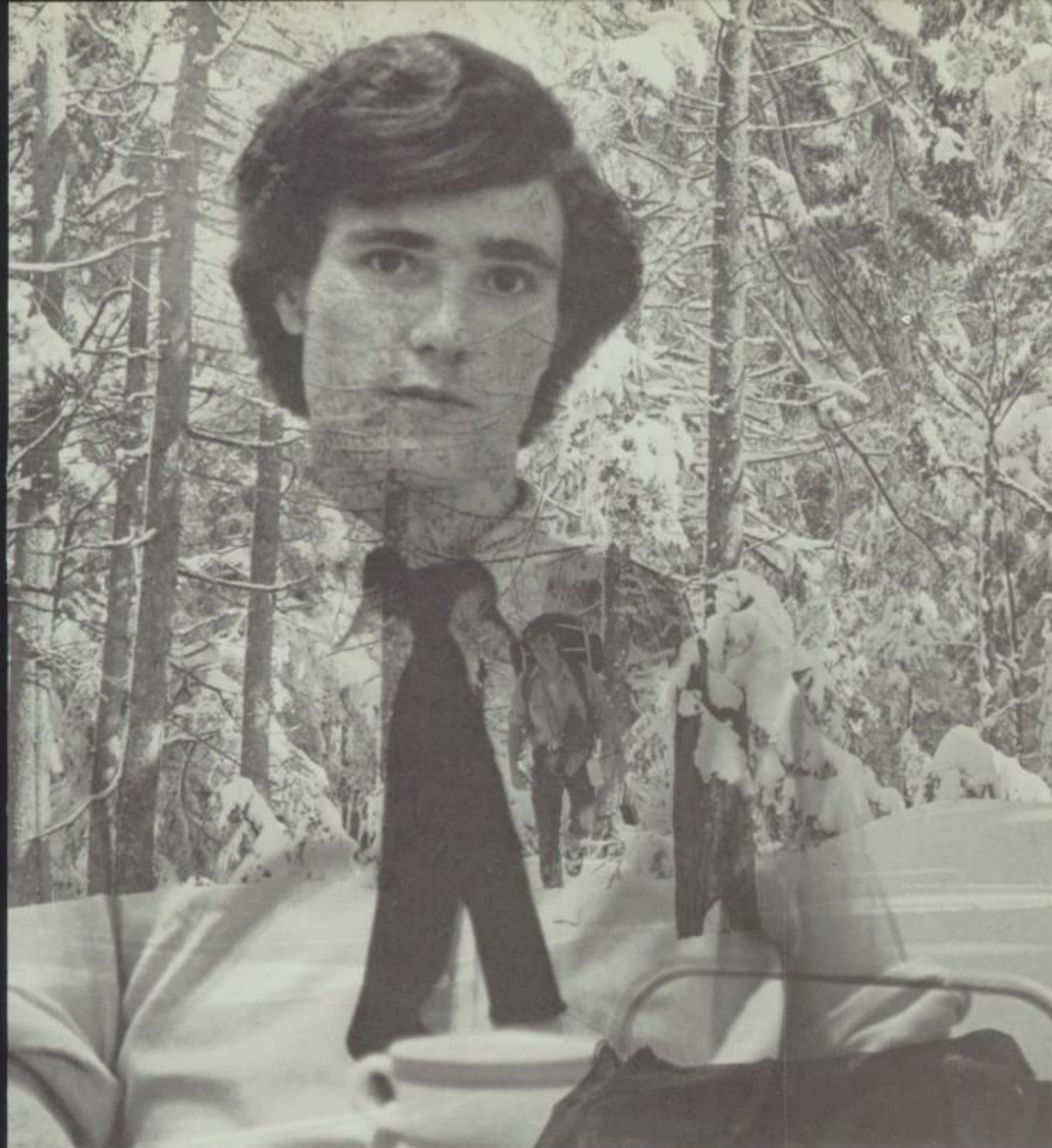
People you meet, some will say hello. There's a time
 to share and a time to go. So fly little girl, come
 dance with the breeze, And if you want you can do
 what you please.

—G.A.

Try to remember when life was so tender that no
 one wept except the willow,
 Try to remember when life was so tender that
 dreams were left beside your pillow.

And so you must understand that your life is not
 your own—it has become a part of mine—and so it
 follows that my life does not belong to me—It is
 yours.

Tally Tripp
 Gina Arons



When I was all set to go, when I had my bags and all, I stood for awhile next to the stairs and took a last look down the goddamn corridor. I was sort of crying. I don't know why.

Holden Caulfield

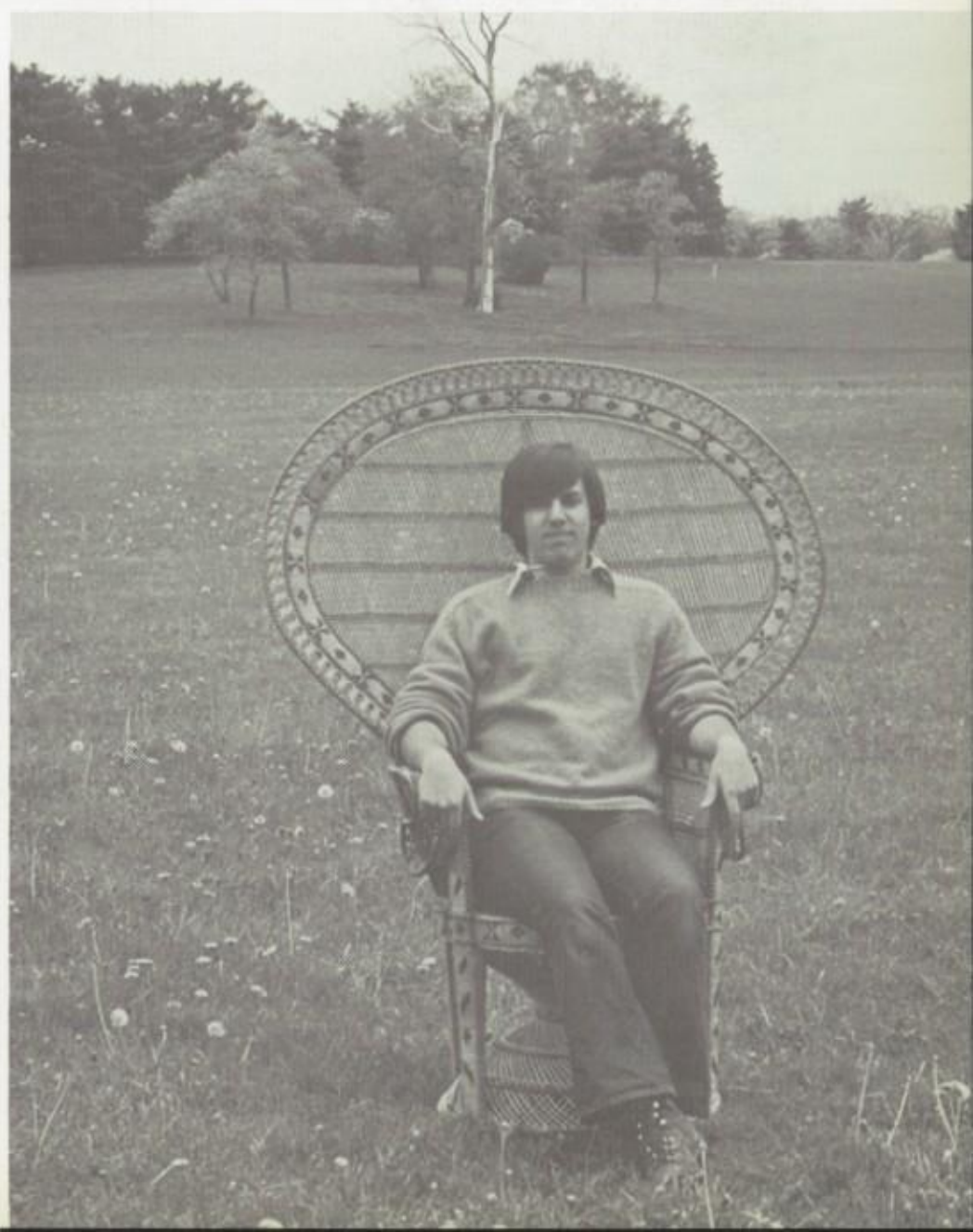
We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being.

Justice William O. Douglas

Everytime I thought I got it made it seemed the taste was not so sweet.

David Bowie

Hugh Maxwell
Andy Fegelman





The rise of democracy set some men free politically, while at the same time giving birth to a society in which the individual feels alienated and dehumanized.

Eric Fromm



Between the iron gates of fate
The seeds of time were sown,
And watered by the deeds of those
who know and who are known;
Knowledge is a deadly friend
When no one sets the rules.
The fate of all mankind I see
Is in the hands of fools.

King Crimson





We found nothing, no one, nowhere, because the way it happened was: suddenly we reached an immense edge—

Walter Benton

My felling is that the tendency to carry youthful characteristics into adult life, which renders man perpetually immature and unfinished, is at the root of his uniqueness in the universe, and is particularly pronounced in the creative individual. Youth has been called a perishable talent, but perhaps talent and originality are always aspects of youth, and the creative individual is an imperishable juvenile.

Eric Hoffer

This task (the central developmental task of adolescence itself) is self-definition. Adolescence is the period during which a young person learns who he is, and what he really feels. It is the time during which he differentiates himself from his culture, though on cultures terms. It is the age at which, by becoming a person in his own right, he becomes capable of deeply felt relationships to other individuals perceived clearly as such.

Edgar Friedenberg



Bronco Brown
Mark Sykes

Molly Silliman
Bruce Gellin



One of the weaknesses of life today
is that man can no longer distin-
guish his needs from his greeds . . .



Folkert Elbrechtz
Pam Valentine



Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man.

Loneliness—A flitting butterfly! "Look! Look there!", I start to call—but there is no one by.
Taigi translated from the Japanese by H.G. Henderson

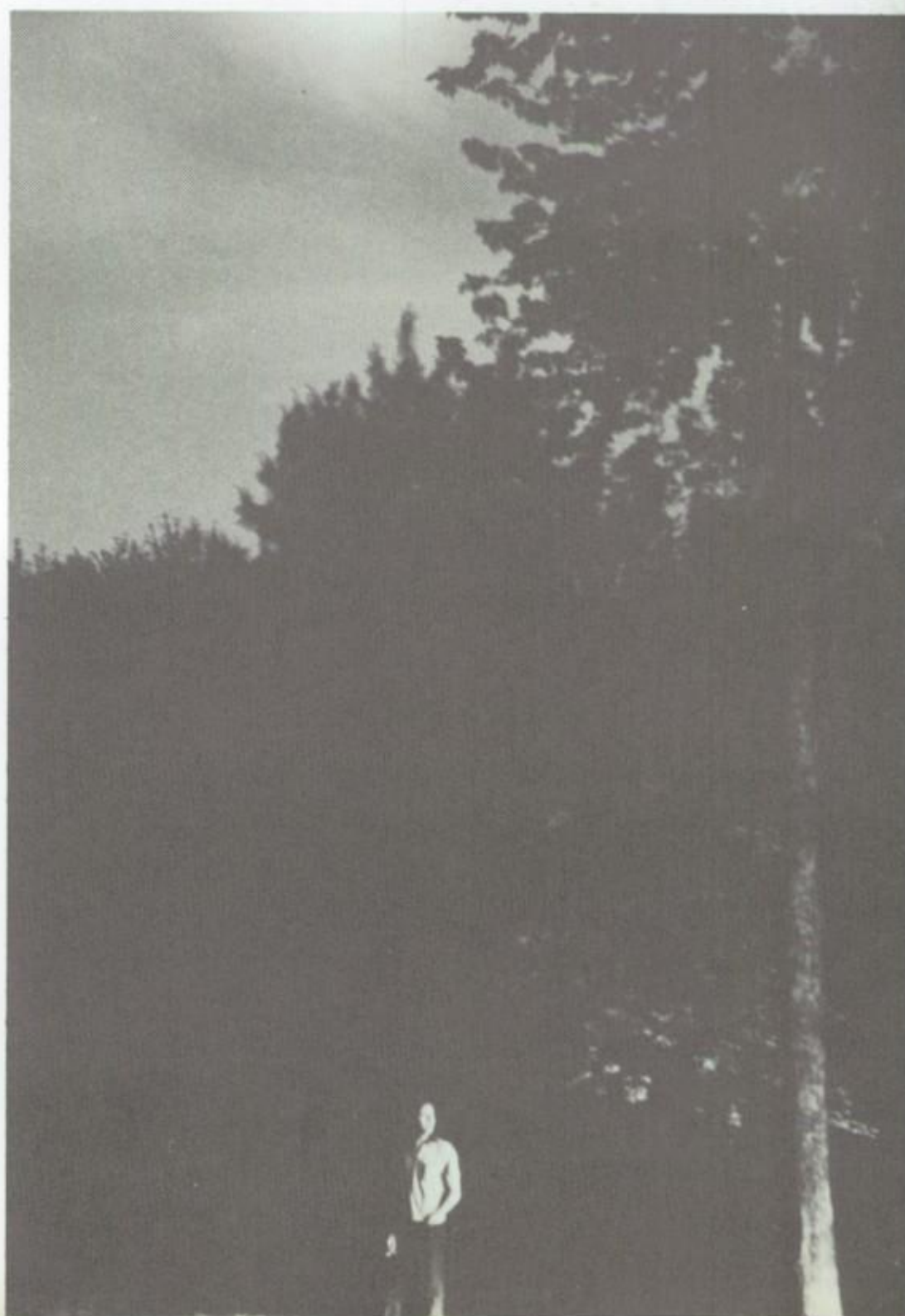
The day is short and the work is great.
Pirke Avot

Martha Fink
Phyllis Halpern

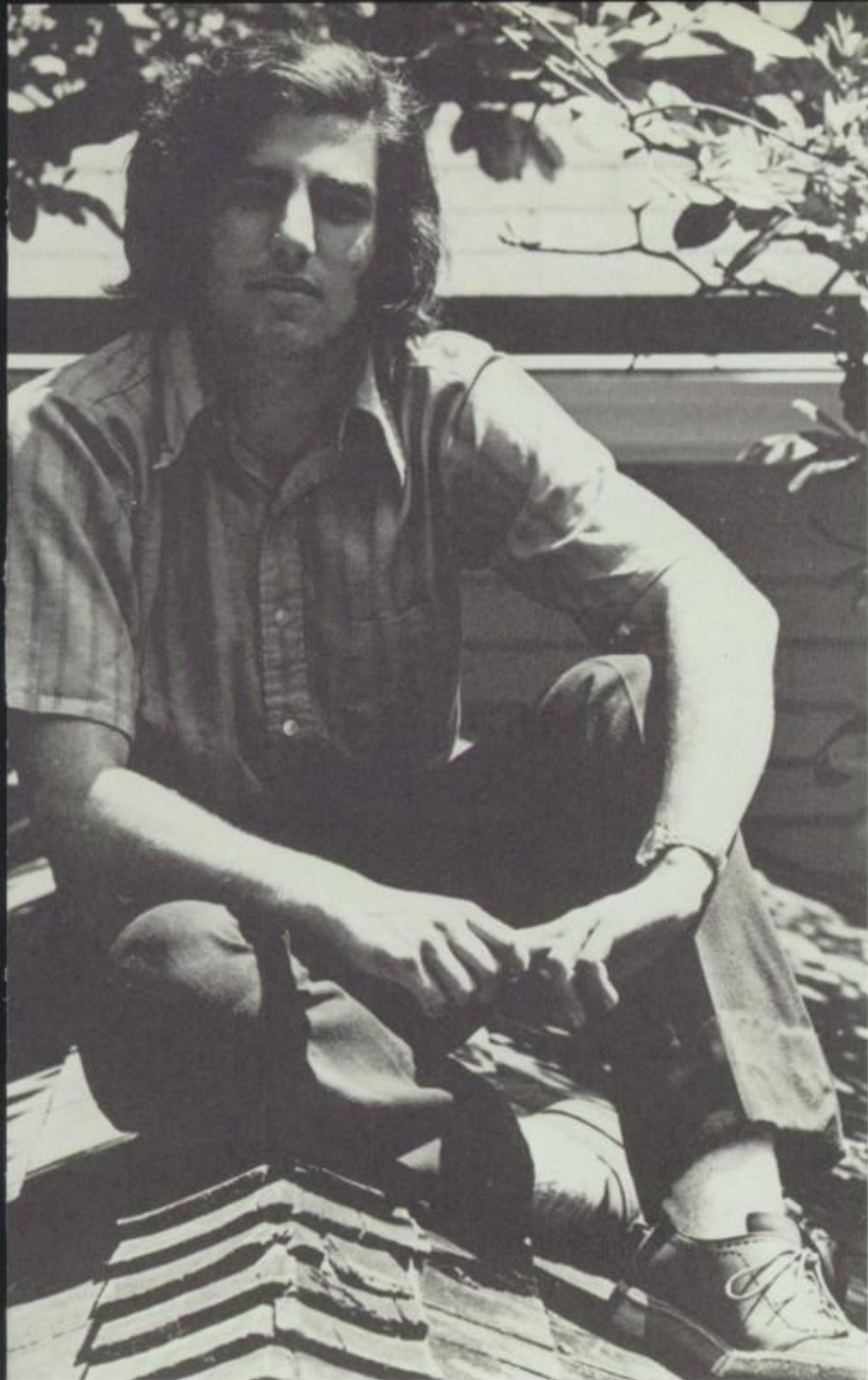




Don't let me introduce your chain of trout.



Eddie Batchelder
Ben Dobbin



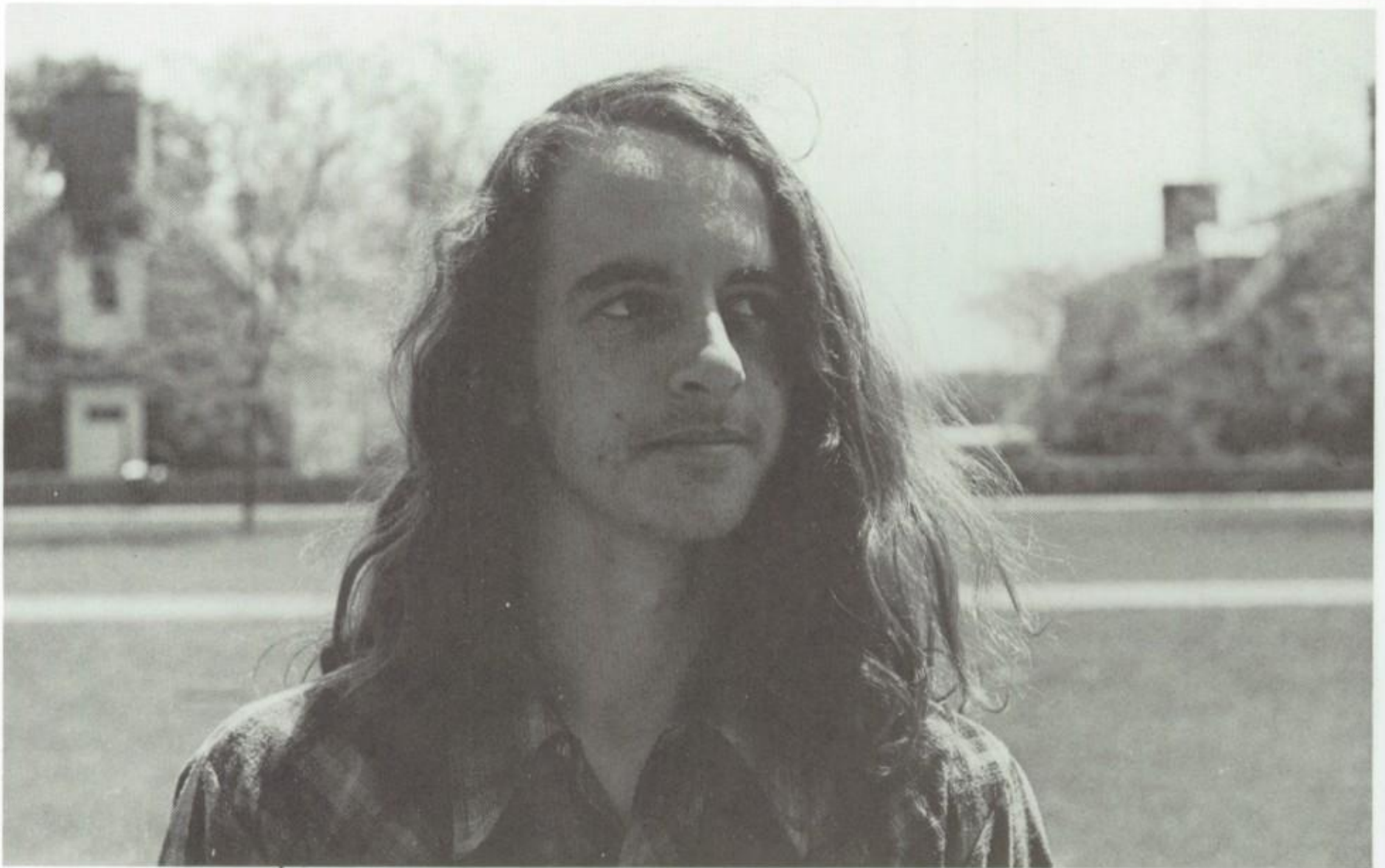
Yet although we may lack fun ideas temporarily, we're not ready to abandon our ideals. We come here because we're still looking for the answers; only sometimes we're looking for the questions too!

And the seasons they go round and round; painted ponies go up and down. We're captive on the carousel of time. We can't return we can only look behind from where we came and go round and round in the circle game.

Joni Mitchell



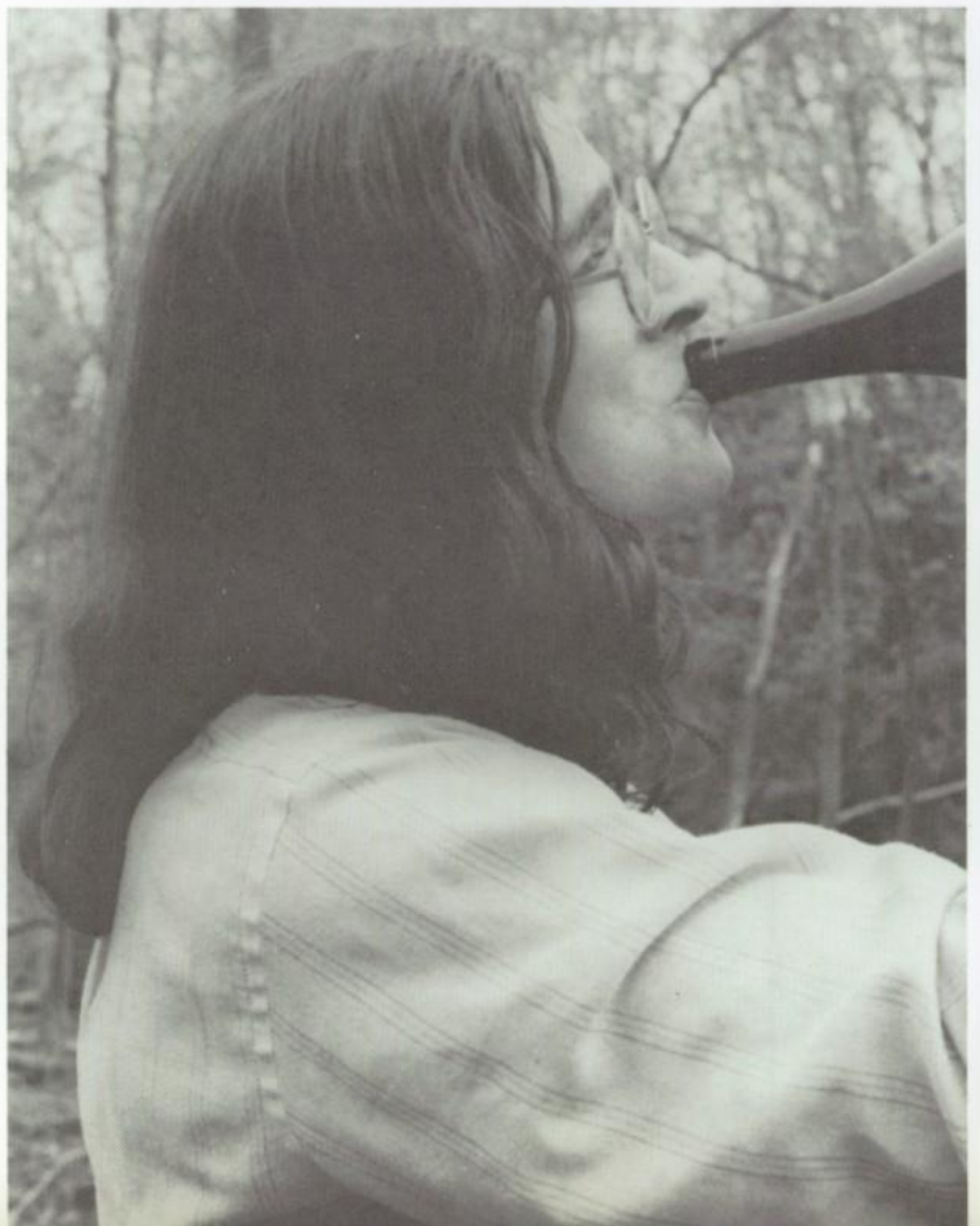
Jeff Rothenberg
Bernie Ellis

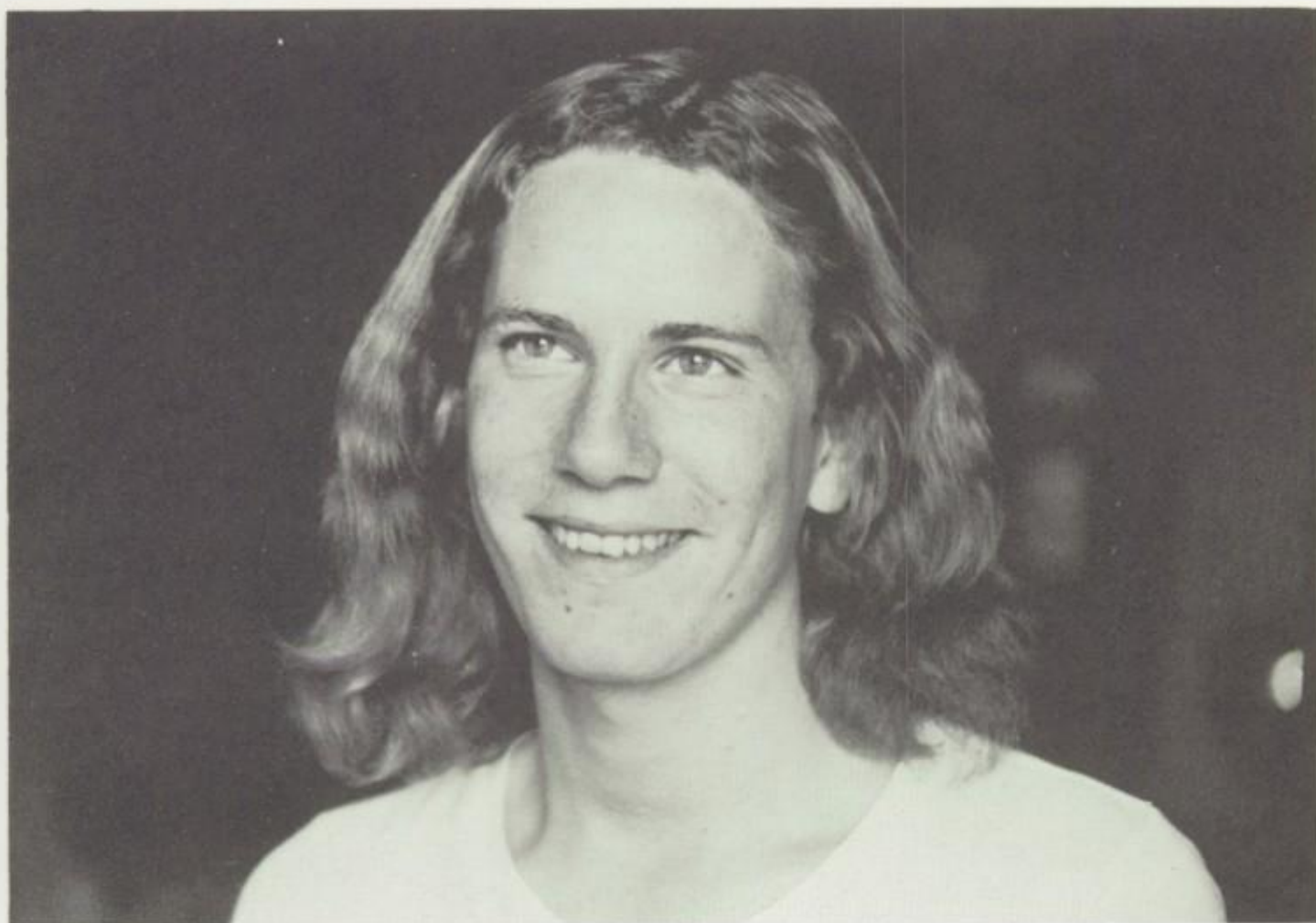


"... The Dodo suddenly cried out "The race is over!" and they all crowded around it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

Lewis Carroll

John MacRonald
Cleveland Horton





Ahhh, Freedom!

Why do what the sign says? You own the road.
 Ted Williams Driving School
 Staff slogan



Chris Zingg
 Peter LaBau



Rick Hill
Jeff Hurwit



I don't know what they have
to say,
It makes no difference anyway,
Whatever it is, I'm against it.
The Marx Brothers
(Horsefeathers 1932)



Peter Sturman
Peter Ross

And so it goes.
Kurt Vonnegut



David Elias
Allan Templeton





Though divided by sky . . . and sea,
 Love brings thy lover to thee . . .
 forever. Divided would ye be . . . in
 hatred,
 Under a sky cleft asunder . . .
 though heaven be one.

"Loganit"

Translated by Seni Pramoj

Steve Russell
 Arun Chirachavala



Make a cup inside our hands and
whisper lovingly my name, and if
I die along the way, I'll get back
just the same.

Batteau

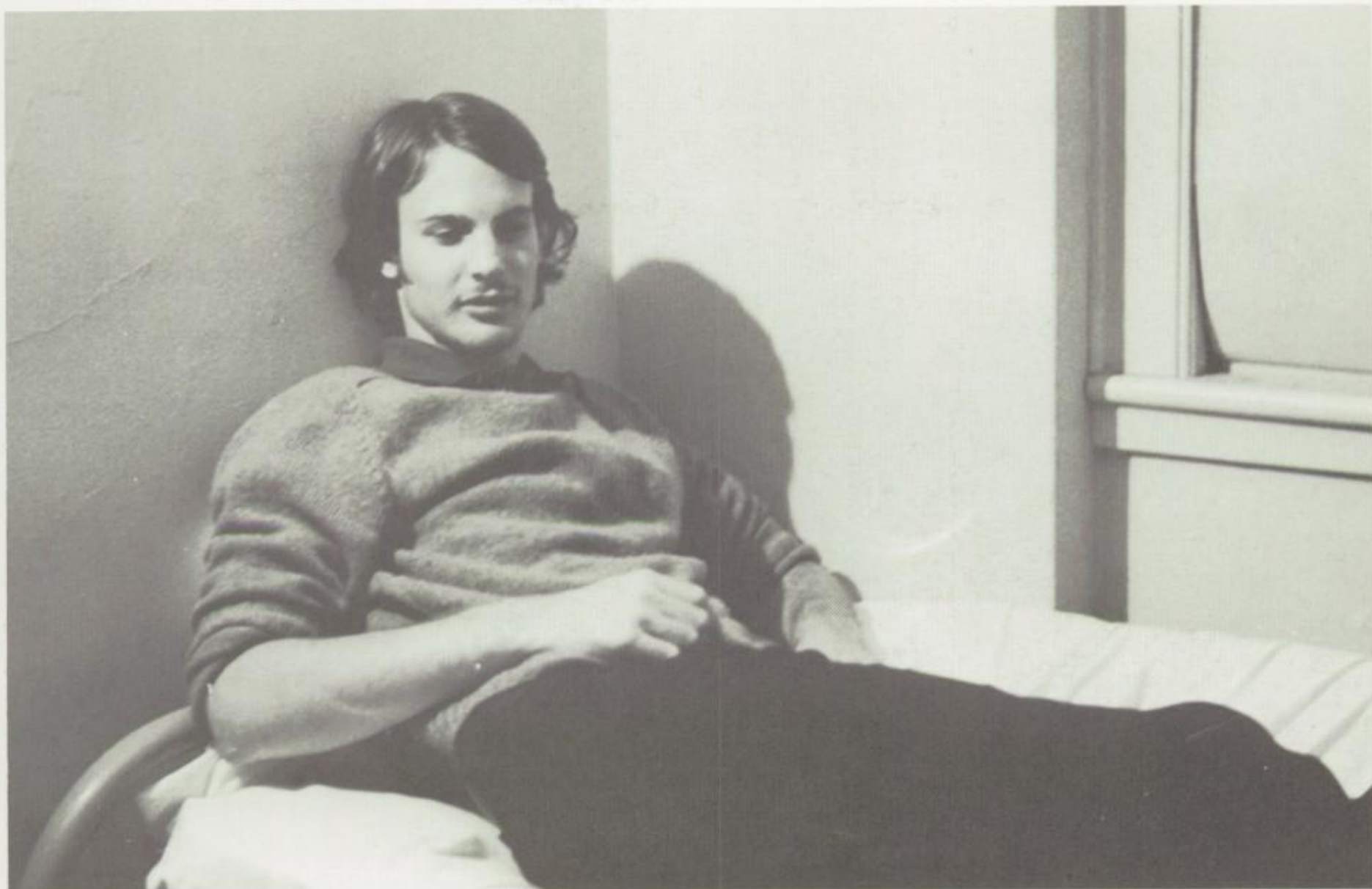
As to whether Boris Cocachino
will be schleping is unimportant;
what is important is that he was
here. And before he left, he piled
his lives into an imaginary heap,
gorked it, and went off gallump-
ing into the sunset happily.

Arnold

Rock 'n' roll is all that counts.
Roger Daltrey



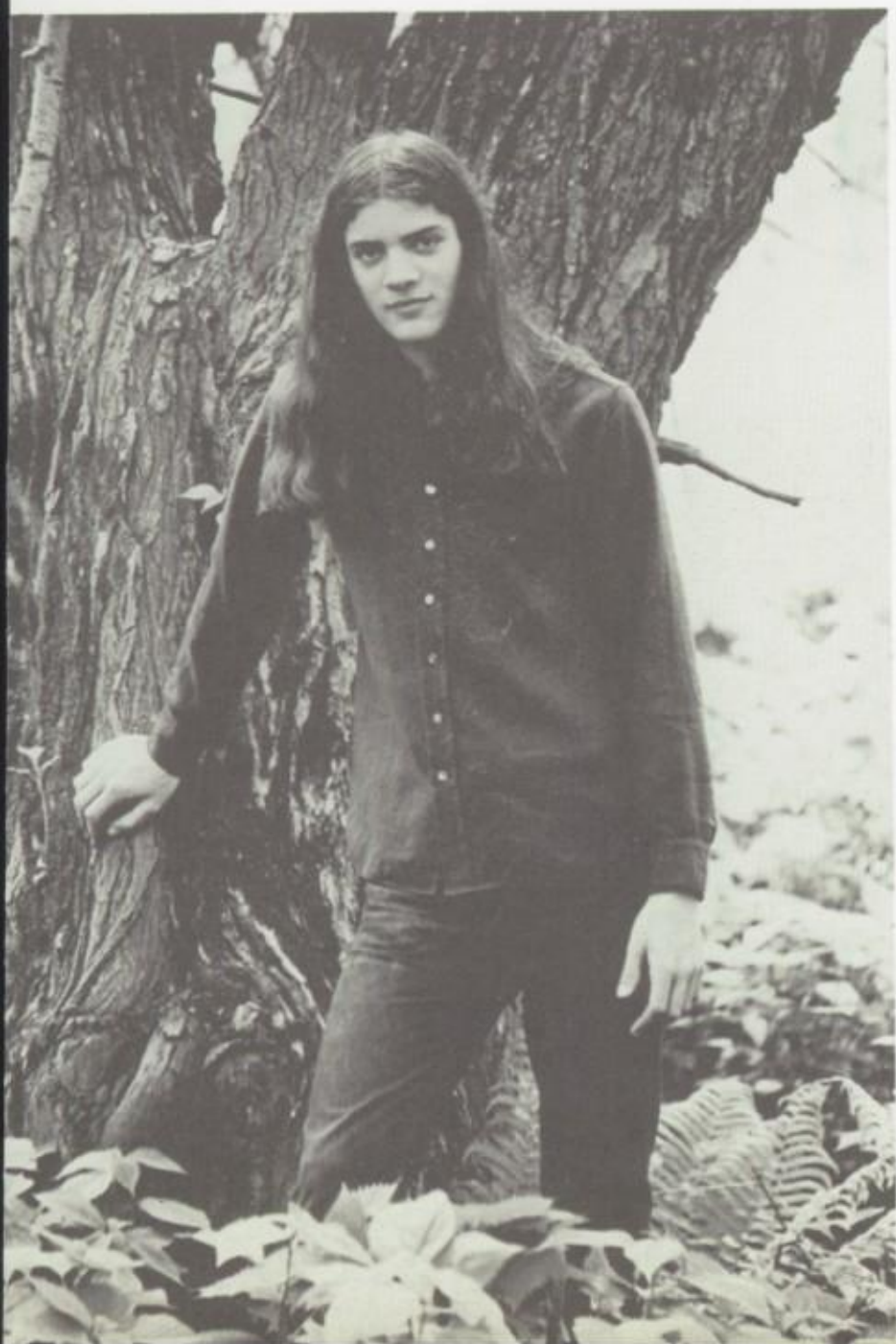
Doug Arnold
Jim Fuller



Ben Warren
Jon Fletcher

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

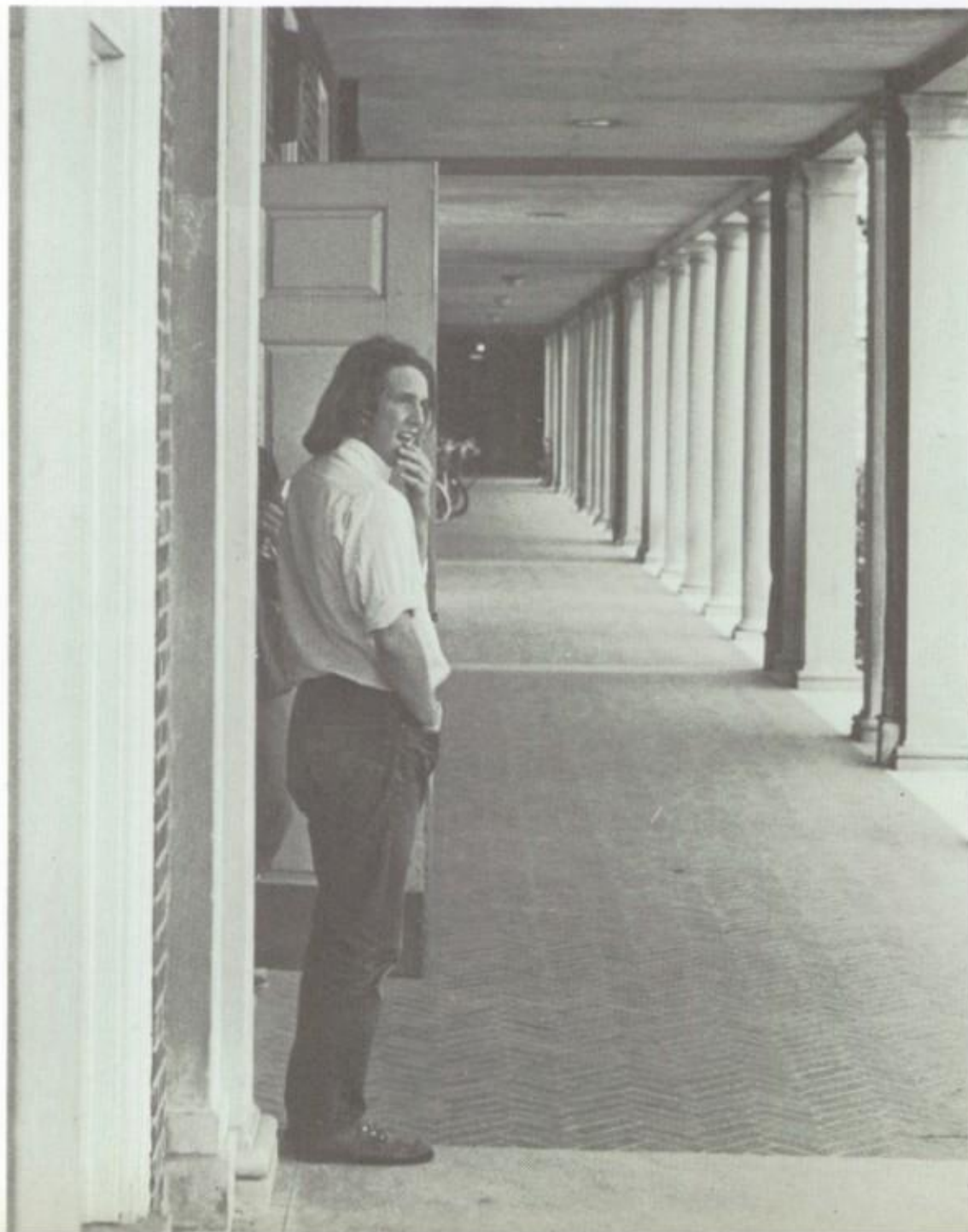
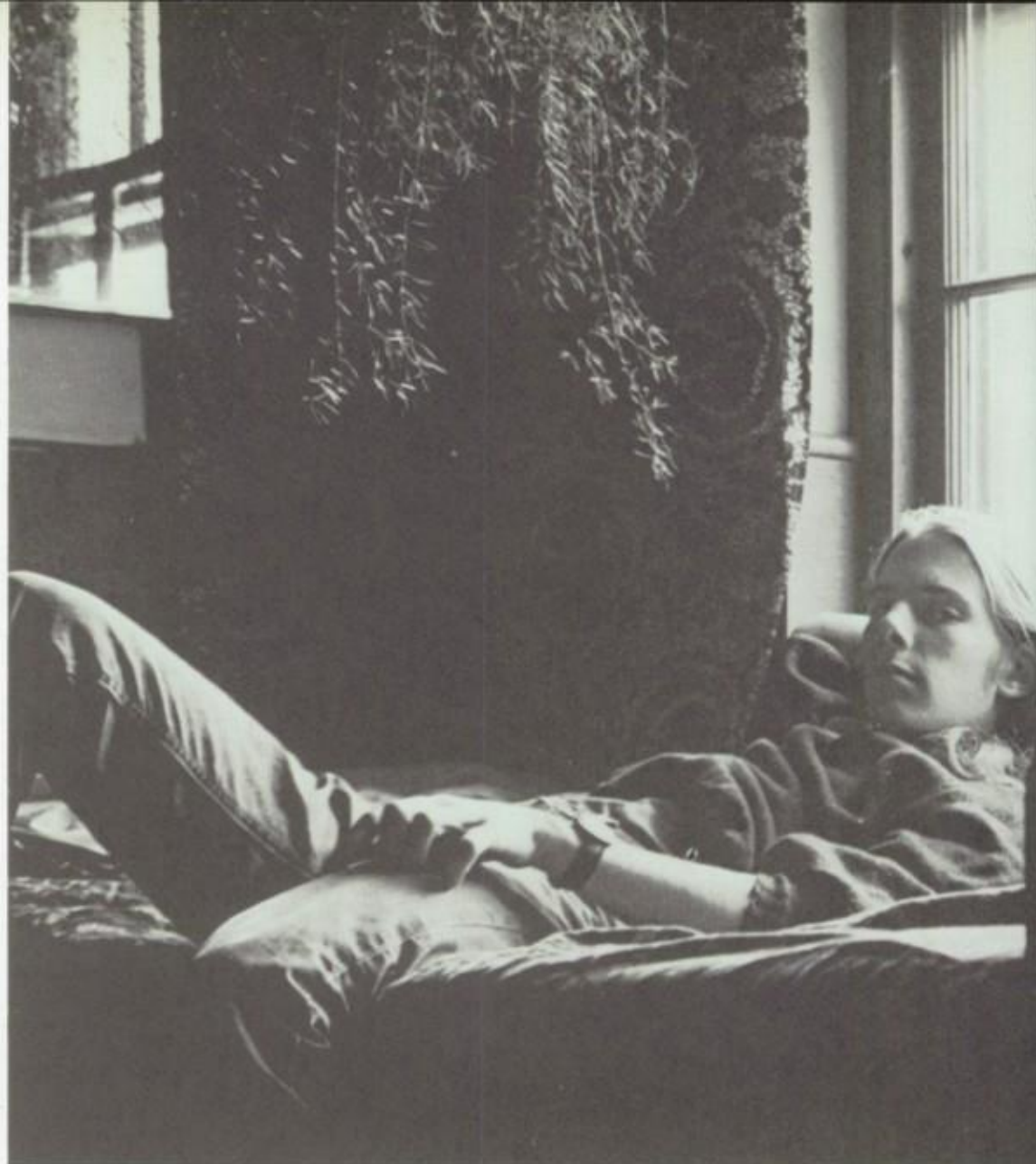
Thoreau



Wind is in the cane. Come along.
Cane leaves swaying, rusty with talk,
Scratching choruses above the guinea's squawk,
Wind is in the cane. Come along.

J. Tommer

Rufus Hellendale
Steve Wilde

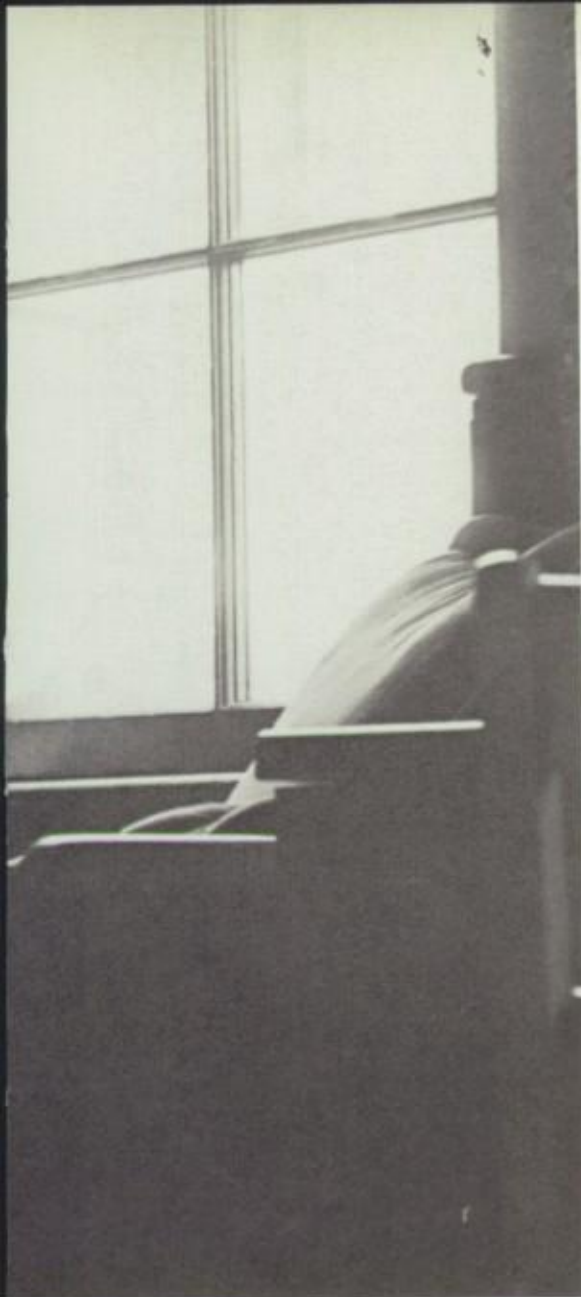


I knew that we counted little in comparison to the universe, I knew that we were nothing; but to be immeasurably nothing seems in some way to overwhelm and at the same time to reassure. Those figures, those dimensions beyond the range of human thought, are utterly overpowering. Is there anything whatsoever to which we can cling? Amid that chaos of illusions into which we are cast headlong, there is one thing that stands out as true, and that is love. All the rest is nothingness, an empty void. We peer down into a huge dark abyss. And we are afraid.

Julian Green

Got to move on, got to travel, walk away my blues.

Jerry & Renny Russell. *On The Loose*



Elizabeth Behl



I would rid my soul of
all the weeds invading it.

Kazantzakis



Golden cymbals flying on
Ocarina sounds
Before wild Medusa's serpents
gave birth to Hell,
disguised as Heaven.
Tie your painted shoes, and
dance; blue daylight in your hair.
Overhead, a noisy seagull stands
aflame. Wonder ev'rywhere.
Those were the days.

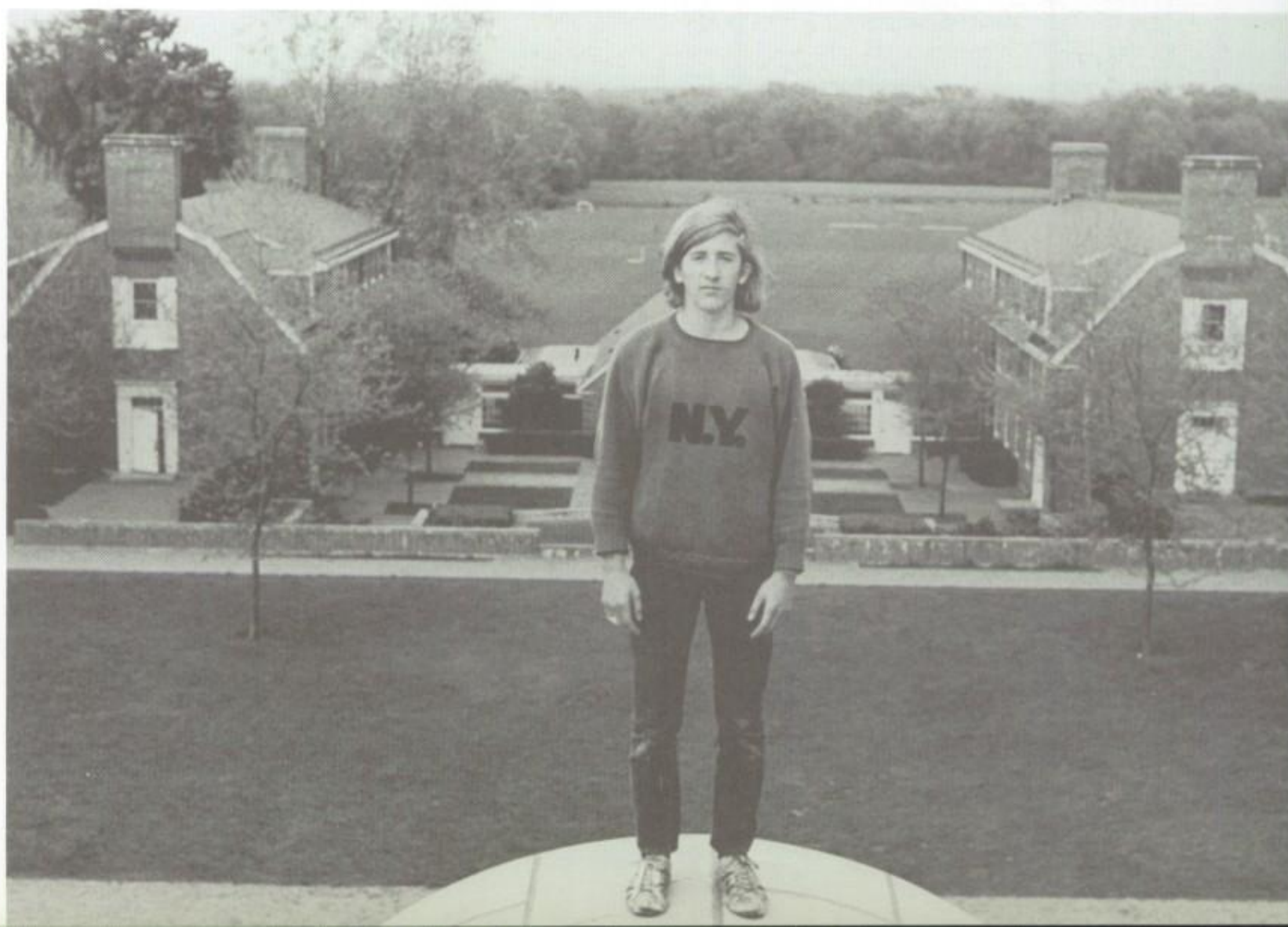
Anonymous

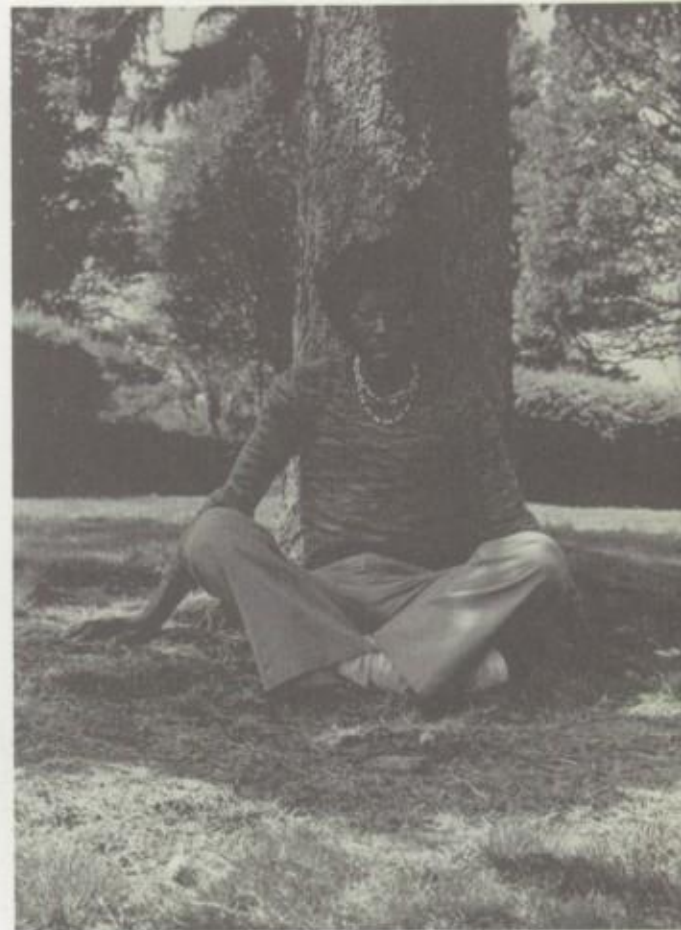
Jonathan Prestley



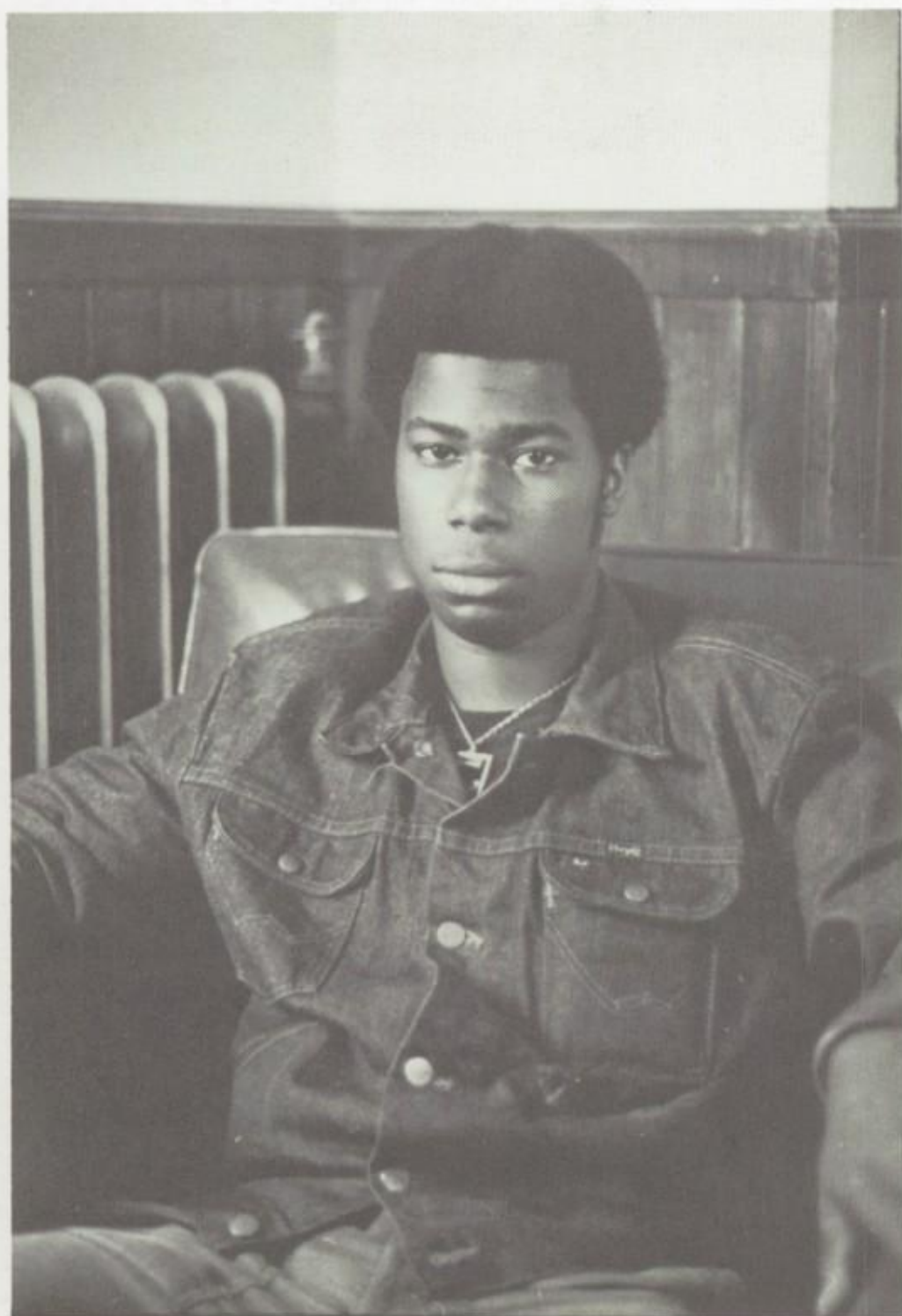
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.
Charles Dickens

Mark Morrison
David Hess





Bill Willis



Bill Broaden

WAVES WITHIN

Baby child as a man
 Is a living grain of sand . . .
 Sitting on the ever changing shore,
 Greeting the sunrise . . .
 No reason to get excited
 though things be kind of slow.
 there are many here among us
 who feel that life is but a joke.
 One moment feels good, the next not the
 same
 The only thing changeless is change.
 The pendulum swings the tides creeping
 in
 In the darkness we question
 The sun must go down!
 Sun must go down and so are we bound
 To give way to inevitable changes.
 One more time around but look what we
 ve found
 A fresh dawn, a new growth for the
 ages.
 As we flow on our trip once again have
 a grip, on the hassels that we probably
 lack
 the sun shine on we turn our backs.
THE SUN MUST GO DOWN
 Afterwards, baby child sipped a heartful
 of ocean
 Spit out the waste and walked upon the
NEW DAY.

Jimi Hendrix/Omar Mesa

Your Soul is often times a battle-field upon which your reason and your judgement wage war against your passion and your appetite.

Kahil Gibran

Let's live our lives in such a way that we can laugh when we're together and smile when we're alone.

Alan Sherman



Fulfill something you are able to fulfill, rather than run after what you will never achieve. Nobody is perfect. Remember the saying "None is good but God alone" And nobody can be. It is an illusion. We can modestly strive to fulfill ourselves and to be as complete human beings as possible, and that will give us trouble enough.

C.G. Jung

Joanne Kelly
Nadine Liscord



Corley halted at the first lamp and stared grimly before him. Then with a grave gesture he extended a hand towards the light, and smiling, opened it slowly to the gaze of his disciple. A small gold coin shone in his palm.

James Joyce

To be left alone on the tight rope of youthful unknowing is to experience the excruciating beauty of full freedom and the threat of eternal indecision.

Maya Angelou

Wonder if where I've been is worth the things I've been through . . .

James Taylor

David Ross
Michelle Pallas





... Beaches where you dig
and build not caring that the
tide will fill and wash away.

Lawrence Collins

from
"Only a little planet"

Sue Bernhart
Nina Savin

The end is not the
end, but the whole
purpose of the be-
ginning. And when
the snow is gone
they become the
shade of another
spring.

Gorden Parks

Who's that coming
down the road, a
sailor from the sea,
she looks alot like
me, I'd know her
anywhere, as a
spare.

Phil Ochs





I saw a man pursuing the
horizon; Round and round
they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
"It is futile", I said,
"You can never—"
"you lie," he cried,
and ran on.

Stephen Crane

"Hallo!," said Piglet, "what are you doing?"
"Hunting," said Pooh.
"Hunting what?"
"Tracking something," said Winnie-the-
Pooh very mysteriously.
"Tracking what?" said Piglet, coming closer.
"That's just what I ask myself. I ask myself,
What?"
"I shall have to wait until I catch up with it."
said Winnie-the-Pooh.

Gaze not into my eyes for all you will see is
laughter—When all is not laughter inside.

J.H.F.

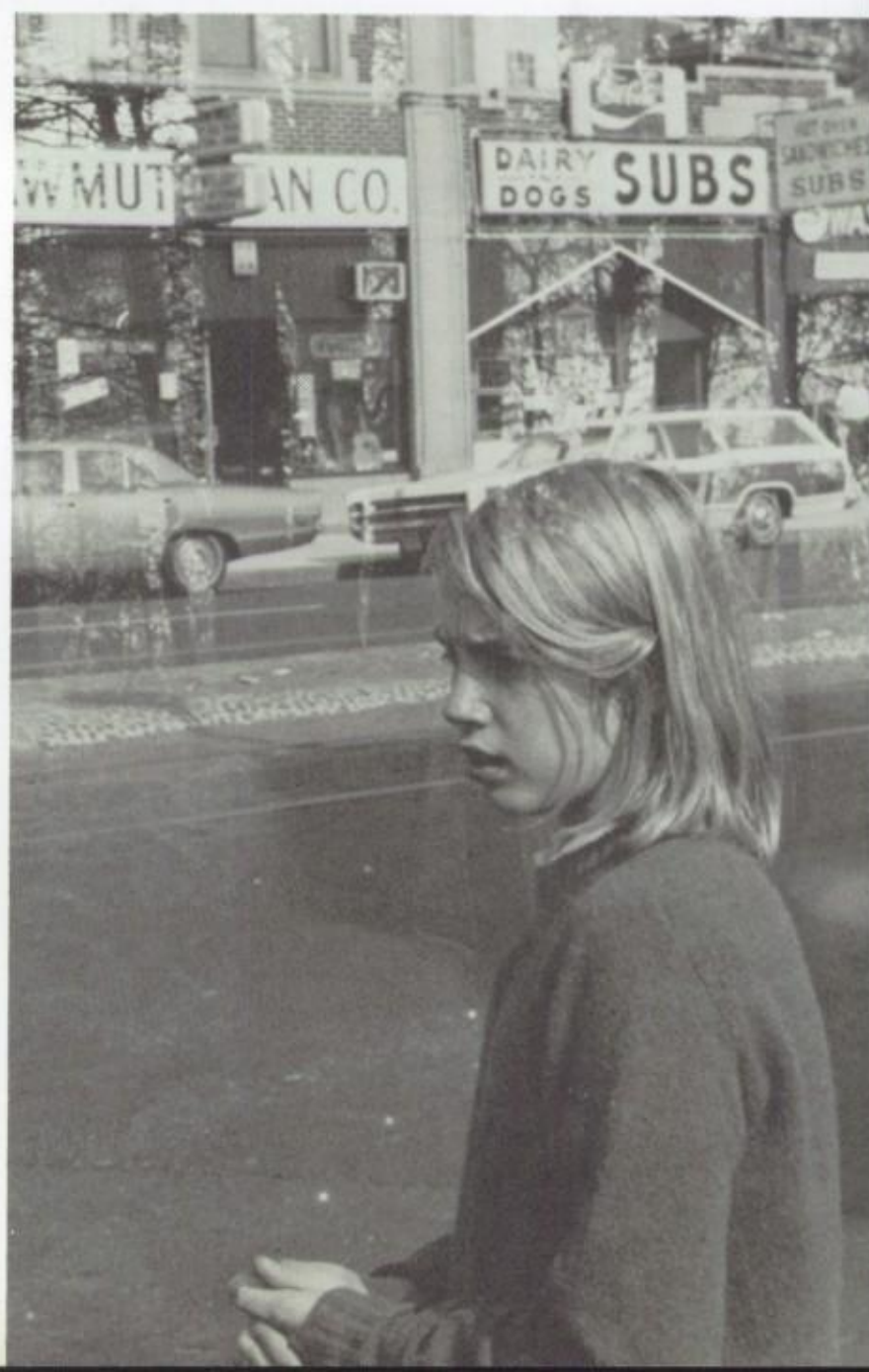


Keith Bombard
Cindy Pullen



They missed it because it didn't happen.
Jerome Lawrence

Hugh McCrystal
Billy Rowland



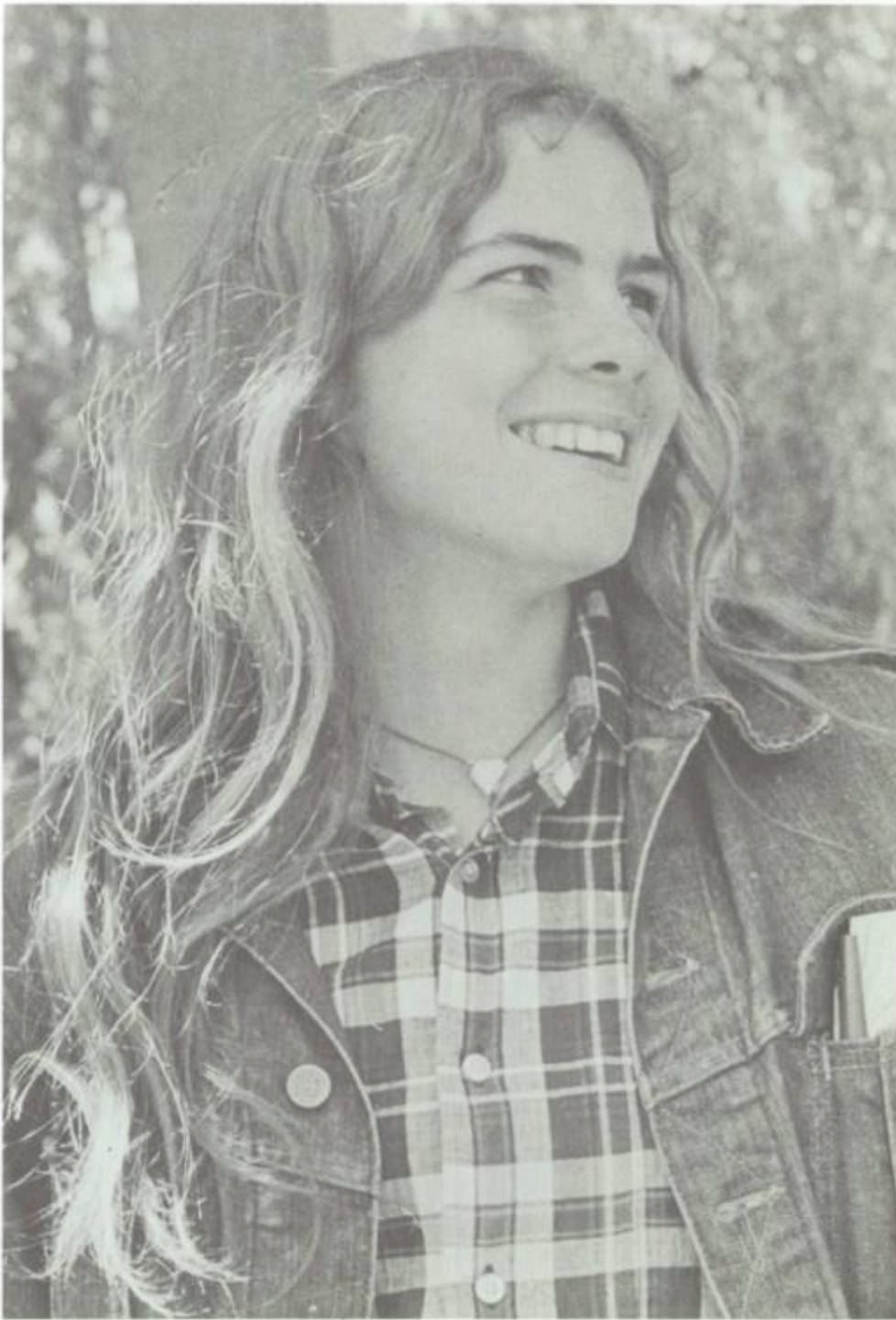


And so it goes.
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Don't let the past remind us of
what we are not now.
Steve Stills



Rob Kohl
Frank Caufield



If we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from laughter, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

Addison

Sit yourself down at the piano, just about in the middle. Put all your fingers on the blacknotes, anywhere you want to. Sing along—write a song, and understand that you can play.

Graham Nash

Priscilla Wilde
Pam Adams



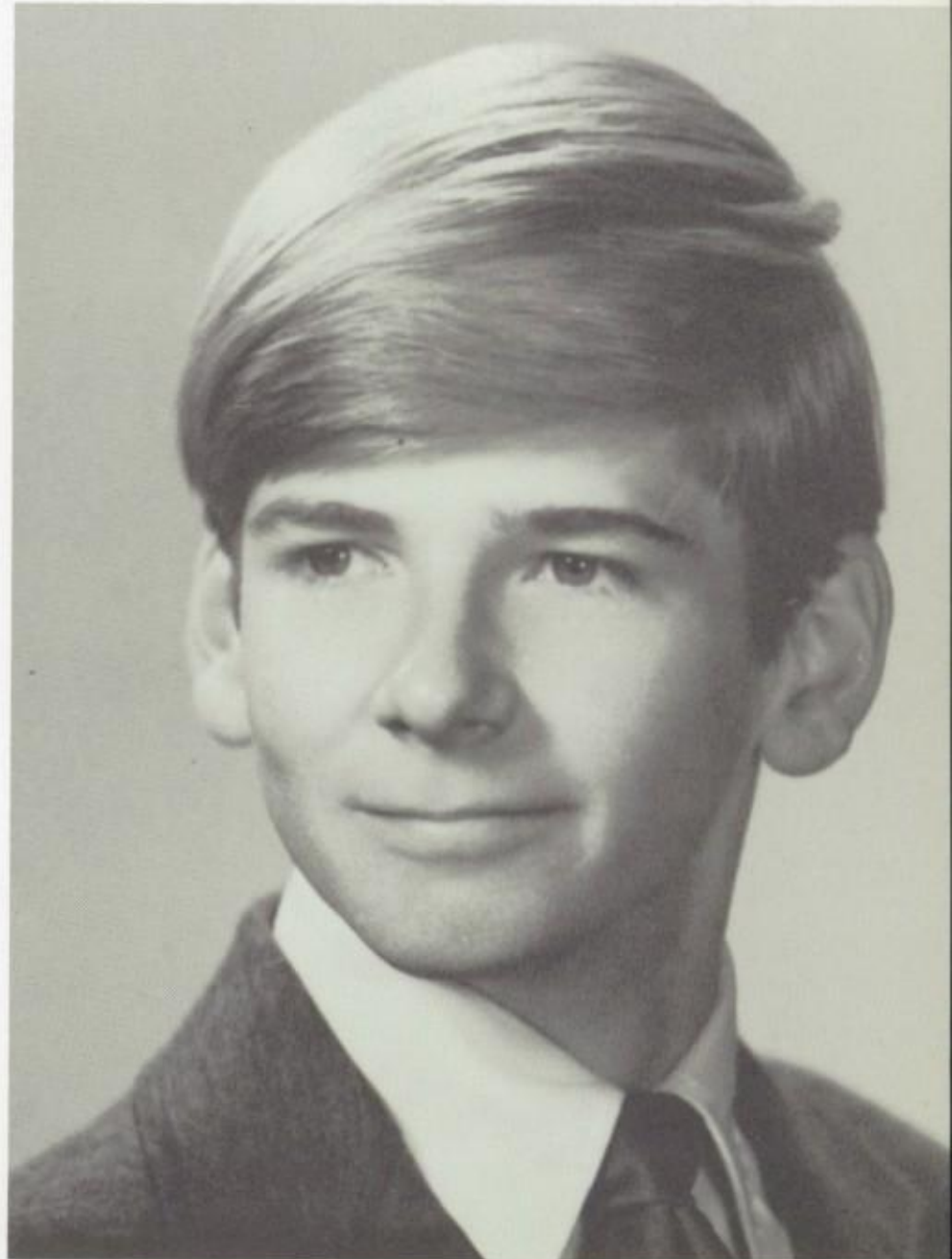


Strength comes from knowledge,
knowing who you are, where you
want to go, what you want knowing
and accepting that you are alone on
this spinning, tumbling world. No
one can crawl into your mind and
help you out.

George Jackson

I get by with a little help from my friends.
J. Lennon—P. McCartney

Joanne Ball
Tom Barber





Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
 Les jours en vont je demeure
 Le Pont Mirabeau Guillaume
 Apollinaire

"It's all Catch 22"

Yossarian

Edmond Horsey
 Steve Rosenthal



But you and I, we've been through that.
And this is not our fate. So let us not talk
falsely now. The hour is getting late.

Bob Dylan

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
And it's Easter time too,
Don't put on any airs when you're down on
RueMorgue Ave.
Because they got some hungry women down
there and they really make out of you

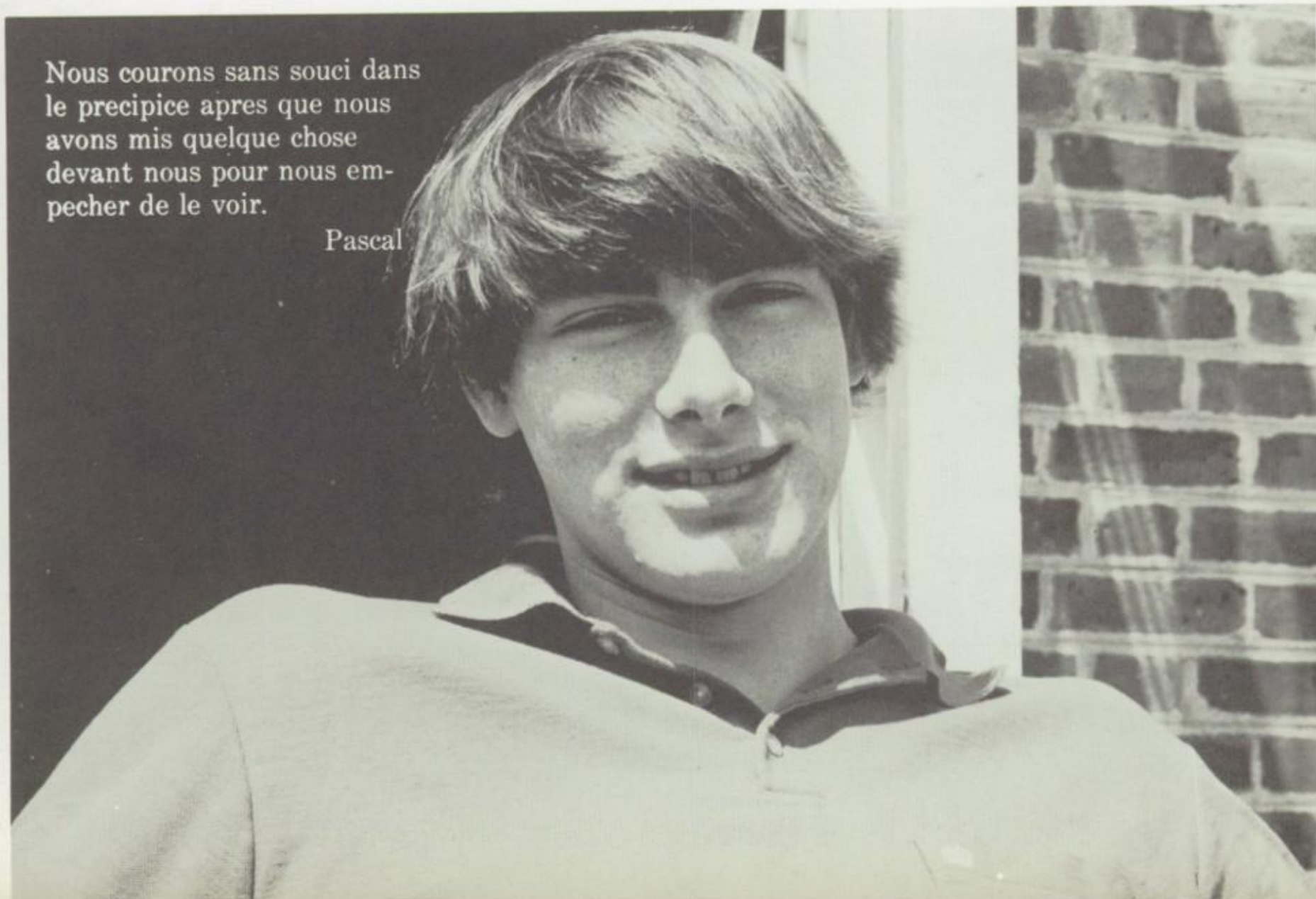
Bob Dylan



Ben Collins
Bart Geer

Nous courons sans souci dans
le precipice apres que nous
avons mis quelque chose
devant nous pour nous em-
pecher de le voir.

Pascal





Hey Koops!

It's the next street on the right.

Hey do that again.

But so are you!

TRICE . . . NNNOOO

No! The other ear!

You know . . . Birds!

Trice . . . think!

And Pigs!

greasy

Home?

Nancy?

I thought this was supposed to be profound

Yea Katz?

I know

Nancy . . . you're crazy!

O.K. I'll give it a try Nnnn . . . Well?

nnnooo?

Birds?

Birds?

Oh . . . Birds! And teddy bears and rats and foxes . . .

Mother Farner!

Preppie!

Where?

Trice?

Isn't it?

Nancy Katz
Trice Koopman

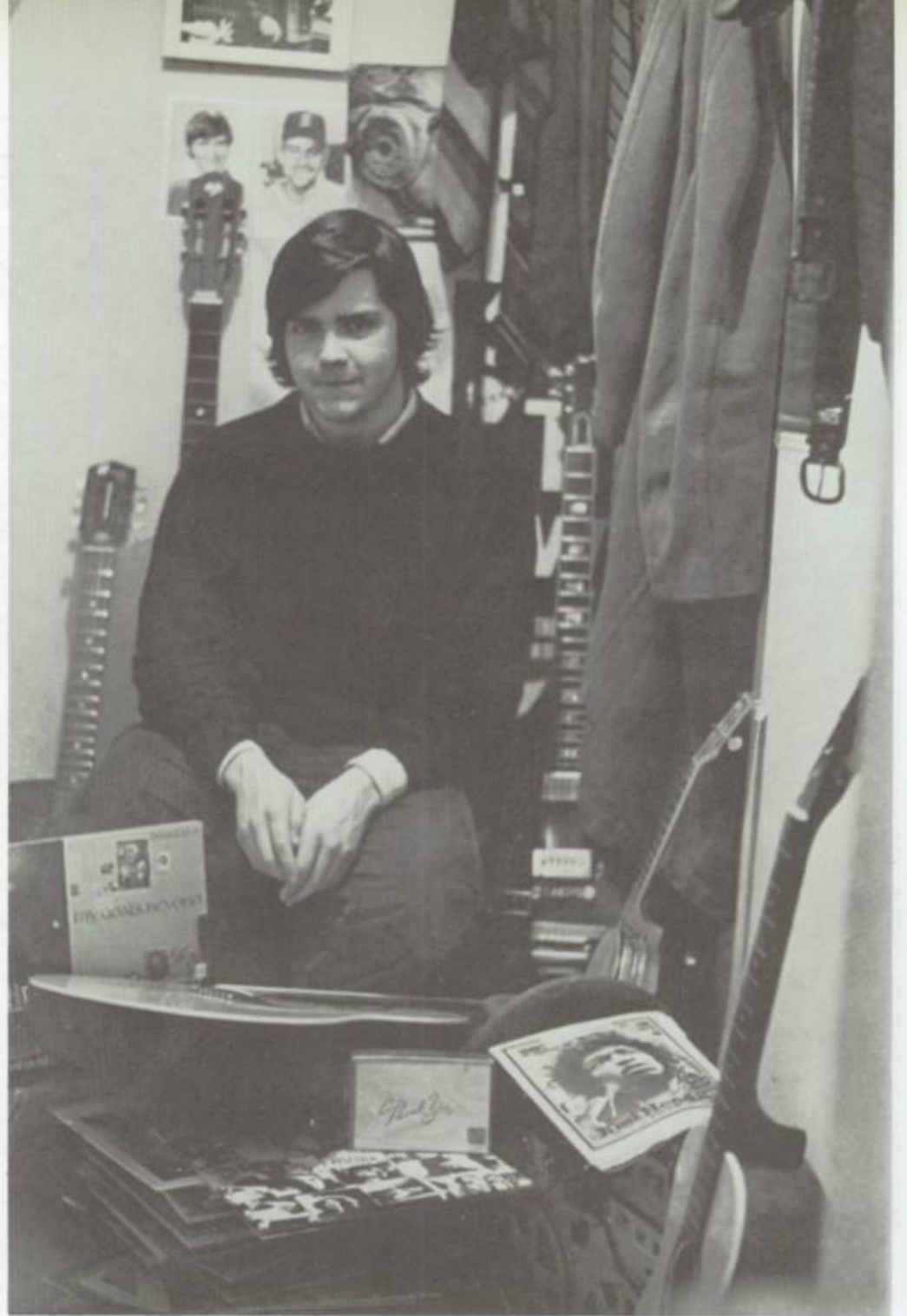


A man can do what he wants,
but not want what he wants.
Schopenhauer

These walls and bars
can't hold a dreaming man.
Anonymous



Brent Taylor
Tom Kneipp



Edward O'Connell
Charlie Kerans





You'll still be in the circus when
I'm laughing in my grave.
Mick Jagger

Gerard McGrath
Ted Handy





"But that is the beginning of a new story—the story of a man, the story of his gradual regeneration, of his passing from one world into another, of his initiation into a new unknown life. That might be the subject of a new story, but our present story is ended."

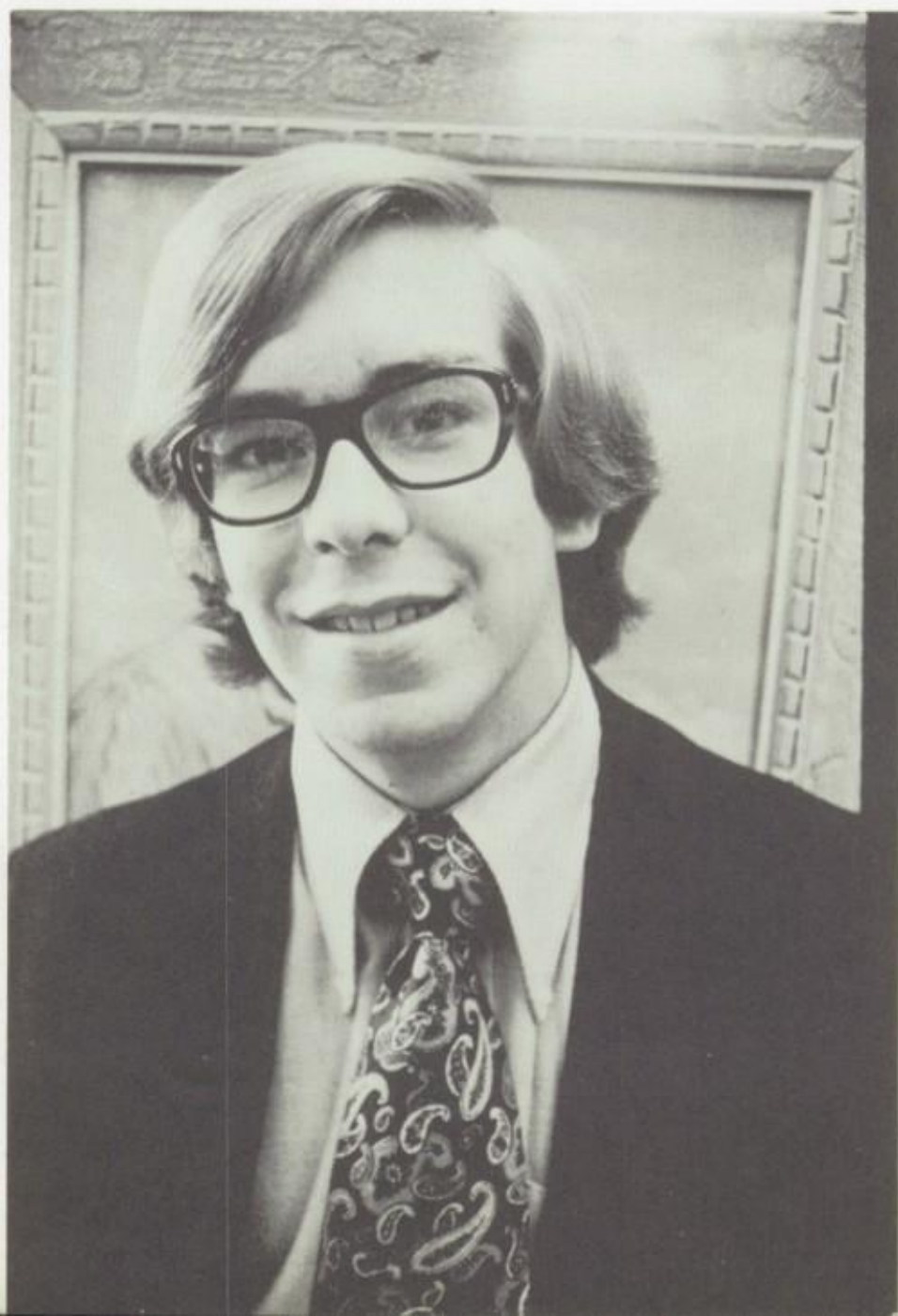
Fyodor Dostoyevsky

"What, me worry?"

Alfred E. Newman

David Tomaszek
Jim Bruyette



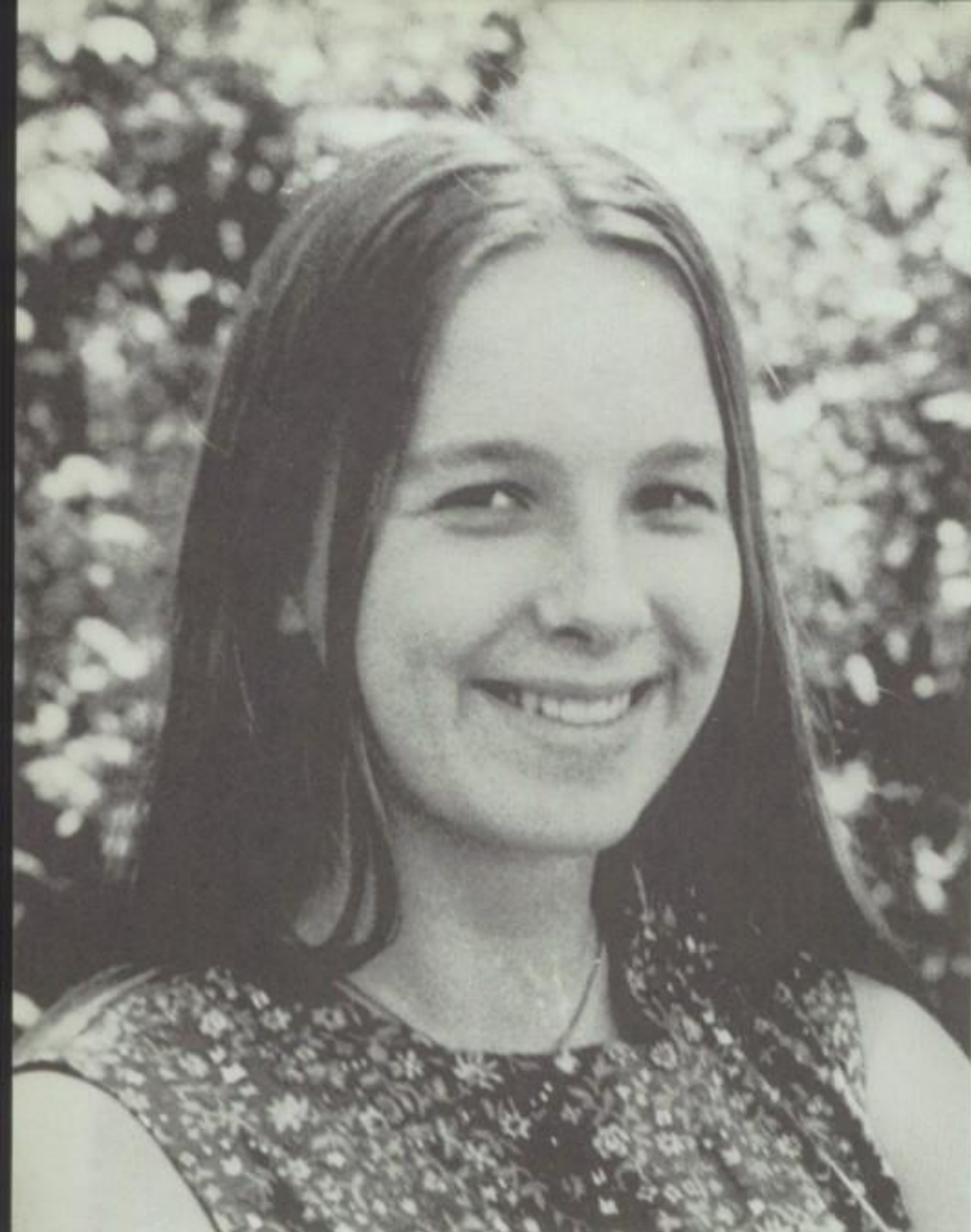


Frank Russo
Peter Jachym

Kurt Handschumacher

"Do not go gentle into
that good night rage, rage
against the dying of the
light"

Dylan Thomas



"Time is but the stream I
go fishing in. I drink at it;
but while I drink I see the
sand and detect how shal-
low it is.

Thoreau

Joanne Machernis
Jacqueline Harris





Come on Baby, grease your lips. Put
on your hat, and shake them hips.
And don't forget to bring your
whips.

S.S.

And then for each of us, it will end.
It will all end.
However long postponed, everything
composed must decompose.

A.W. Watts

Morgan Williams
Michael Saunders



Ballad of Easy Rider
The river flows.
It flows to the sea.
Wherever that river
flows
that's where I want to
be.
Flow river flow
Let your waters wash
down.
Take me from this road
to some other town.
All he wanted was to be
free
and that's the way it
turned
out to be. Flow river
flow.
Past the shady tree.
Flow river flow.
Down to the sea.

The Byrds

Will you walk a little
faster? said a whiting
to a snail. "There's a
porpoise close behind
us, and he's treading on
my tail."

Lewis Carroll

"Now if you excuse me,
I must be on my way."

Hendrix

Let the bad guy win ev-
ery once in a while.

Preston



Ain't no use getting uptight, just sit tight until the
storm blows over.

Hendrix

Sheila House
Steve Tufty





The world is poor
and men are bad.
There is of course
no more to add.

Jib Chapman
Chuck Schwartz





We do not mind confessing
the whole thing is depressing.
We take no comfort from your bunk
for everything's a heap of junk.
Bertolt Brecht



I am a woman of heart and mind
With time on her hands.
No child to raise.
You come to me like a little boy
And I give you my scorn and my praise.
You think I'm like your mother
Or another lover or your sister
Or the queen of your dreams
Or just another silly girl
When love makes a fool of me
Joni Mitchell

Aaron Mitchell
Paula Kasler



Peter Anderson



Go and open the door
Maybe outside there's
a tree or a wood,
a garden or a magic city.

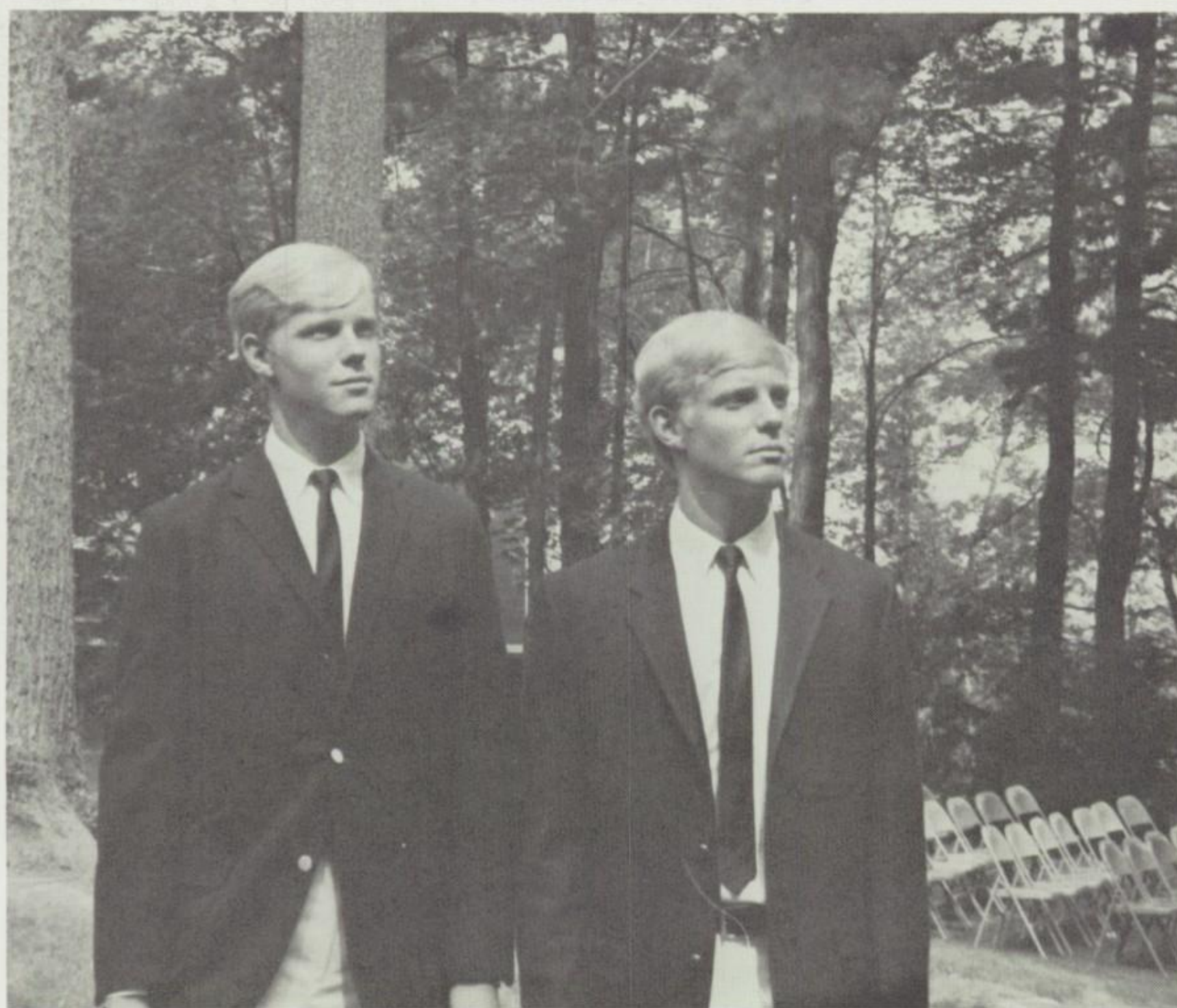
Go and open the door.
Maybe a dog's rummaging.
Maybe you'll see a face,
an eye, or a picture of a picture.

Go and open the door.
If there's a fog it will clear.

Go and open the door.
Even if only the darkness picking,
even if there's only the hollow wind
even if nothing is there.
Go and open the door.

Miroslav Holub

Grace Yoemans



Here is life in front of us, life the surface of a pond, inviting us to sail on it . . .
A voyage, an experiment, waiting to be performed.

—Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee
The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail

In Memory Of

Kirke and Cliff DuTemple

ADAMS, Pamela D., 1226 Enfield St., Enfield—Glee Club, Vocal Group—*Chamber music, recitals, Juilliard, The President's Physical Fitness Award, my almost marriage to Morton, April 18th, the Giant Jotter, corrupting Corby, The Easter Bunny, learning a lot and loving my friends*—SMITH. (222)

ANDERSON, Peter J., 12 Cornfield Rd., Windsor—Basketball, Varsity Cross Country, Varsity Golf—*Close relationships with members of the faculty and with many students, running the Kent CC race, a Loomis education*—BUCKNELL. (238)

ARONS, Gina, 35 Westwood Rd., West Hartford—Assembly Committee, Glee Club, Theatre Association—*"letters I've written never meaning to send". IF & NIP, Jim and John, dandylions, willows and wheatfields, and all my pals*—SMITH. (196)

ARNOLD, Douglas S., 341 Lexington St., Versailles, Kentucky—Football (Captain), Lacrosse (Captain), Senate and Student Council (Secretary) *Nina Savin, the ultimate relationship, Bobbie Nabotcheck's Porche, Battiaux, All-American, Friends*—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA. (210)

ASHINOFF, Charles, 214 East Rd. Portsmouth, Virginia—President, Designer and Builder of the Radio Station—*Millbrook Store, Shiela House and friends, Cannabis Sativa, Fridelhoppers*—ITHACA COLLEGE. (151)

ATKINS, Betsy L., 20 Howland Rd., West Hartford—Glee Club, Theatre Association—WILLIAM SMITH. (190)

BALL, Joanne E., 461 Edgewood St., Hartford—BSA, Log(Managing Editor)—*Sherman and Jaki, Peter and Hope, Gina, Betsy, The Sisters*—PRINCETON. (223)

BARBER, Thomas H. Jr., 53 Robin Rd., Windsor—Club Hockey, Ludlow Baseball—*Saturday nights in Penn's basement with everybody, watching our teams beat Kingswood, shooting the breeze in the dining hall*—UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT. (223)

BARD, Sharon D., 451 South Main St., Suffield,—Seminar Staff, Sphere tutoring, Varsity Field Hockey, Tennis, and Volleyball, Loomiscellany—*Marnie, Transcendental Meditation, Freshman Biology, Susie, Team Dinner at Steak and Brew*—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT. (167)

BARTRAM, Carey G., 6 Scotland Rd., Bloomfield—Assembly Committee, Current Affairs Club (President), Glee Club, Social Committee (President), Tennis Team, Vocal Group—*Insights, growing*—VASSAR. (177)

BATCHELDER, Edward W., 3401 Partridge Rd., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—*Talking, Touching and Understanding*—HAMPSHIRE. (202)

BEHL, Elizabeth, 179 Kenyon St., Hartford—Chaffee Service Organization—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. (213)

BERNHART, Susan A., 7 Terrace Rd., West Hartford—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT. (218)

BOMBARD, Keith E., 47 Pilgrim Dr., Windsor—Cum Laude—Aviation Club, Outward Bound, Varsity Rifle (Captain)—*Aspirators with DNA, Morison, Tineey, 3190x and Savageman Sandulli, Great White Whales, Harvestore*—BOWDOIN. (219)

BRADY, Susan J., 30 Forest Hills Lane, West Hartford—Chaffee Council and Senate—*Midnight Ramblers, Mrs. Sundquist, Mr. Knowles, Debbie's elevator, Ninatihka*—TUFTS. (163)

BROADEN, William E. III, 15 Colonial Dr., Windsor—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. (215)

BROADMAN, Harry G., Crawford Rd., Harrison, New York—Cum Laude—Apercu, Mountaineering Club, Student Council, Senate, Loomiscellany Editor-in-Chief—*Growing*—BROWN. (162)

BRODY, David S., 189 Brewster Rd., West Hartford—*Four years of knowing Mr. Stookins, a great educator and a great person, trying to convert Mr. Johnson, "living" in Phil and Mac's room senior year, WRGO with John Bermon and others*—MIT. (161)

BROWN, George J. (Bronco), 17 Slumber Corners, Weston—Academic Committee, Athletic Association (co-president), Student Council, (Vice-president), Varsity Baseball and Soccer—*Flagg, the porch, the Humanities Boycott, T.N.C., the halos, pink slip or green slip? Palmer 25—Faculty 7*—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA—(Morehead Scholar)—(198)

BROWN, Stephen H., Hill and Dale Rd., Carmel, New York—AMERICAN UNIVERSITY. (186)

BRUYETTE, James J., 30 Parkwood Drive, Windsor—Foreign Policy Association, Varsity Basketball, Cross Country, Golf—*The D's, Vacations, Pimping down the Quad, Amherst Trips*—DUKE. (230)

BUELL, Elizabeth L., 19 Parkwood Dr., Windsor—Theater Association, Vocal Group—*Dennis, Mr. Bermon, Molly*—TUFTS. (172)

CALDWELL, Donald B. Jr., Glenwood Rd., Ellington—Student Council, Varsity Lacrosse and Hockey—*Friends: Ogs, Max, Ted, Eddie, James, Brownie, Rubes, etc., Batch 2nd*—JOHNS HOPKINS. (186)

CARTER, Michael C., 37 Dandy Dr., Greenwich—Allyn Soccer, Student Council, Theatre Association, Varsity Track—*Theatre, Diane, Mort, The Gym Crew in '72*—TRINITY. (189)

CAUFIELD, Francis E., 45 Shadow Lane, West Hartford—Varsity Lacrosse and Football—ITHACA COLLEGE. (221)

CASHMAN, Darcie M., 84 Brookside Dr., West Hartford—Varsity Tennis and Volleyball—GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY. (174)

CHAPMAN, George B. IV, 39 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois—JOHNSTON COLLEGE. (236)

CHIRACHAVALA, Arun, Student's Department, Royal Thai Embassy, 1906 23rd St., N.W., Washington, D.C.—Cum Laude—Chess Club, Glee Club—*It is my only year at Loomis—Chaffee and my first in the United States. It gives me a pretty good impression of America, though I know Loomis—Chaffee is not the American standard. I got to know quite a few people and have learned a lot of new things—good and bad. Anyway, I will never regret that once I spent a year here, and was changed by the environment in this school*—STANFORD. (209)

COHEN, Steven D., 36 Rutherford Ave., Haverhill, Massachusetts—Aviation Club, Photography Club, Ski Club—*Nancy, friends, flying, a few good teachers*—BRANDEIS. (154)

COHN, Wendy J., 135 Woodland St., Windsor—Theatre Association, Varsity Basketball and Field Hockey—*We love you, Shiela; TNB, Mason, Weekends, games*—CASE-WESTERN. (165)

COLLINS, Benjamin N., 136 E. Hunting Ridge Road, Stamford—Bike Racing, Medical Club, Varsity Cross Country—*Tate and Ogs, Running at away CC meets, the pressure of getting into college, winning the big bike race at Loomis, messing around, talking, passing time and senior sliding*—SWARTHMORE. (225)

COSSEBOOM, R. William, P.O. Box 343, New Hartford—Aviation Club, Crew—*Private Pilot License, flying to Nassau with Mac and Steve, Crew with Al, Cush, Max, Sam, Jane, and Risa, People from Warham 3rd sophomore year, Shope*—TUFTS. (191)

CUSHMAN, Stephen B., 10 Reservoir Rd., Newtown—Cum Laude—Crew, Loom, Loomiscellany, Student Council—*Teachers, books, ideas, and people whom I could not begin to count, let alone thank*—CORNELL. (171)

DEMING, Edward W., 15 Bainbridge Rd., West Hartford—Allyn Senior Soccer, Bicycle Racing, Medical Club, Varsity Wrestling—*Being coached by Mr. Pierson, Short Story with Mr. Knowles, Mr. Bermon's Death course*—DUKE. (166)

DI LORENZO, Philip A., 20 Ridgeview Dr., Farmington—Allyn Football, Coach for Allyn Jr. Basketball—*Bull Sessions in the lounge, Setback*—Military Service. (192)

DOBBIN, Benson H., 35 Bainbridge Rd., West Hartford—PRESCOTT COLLEGE. (202)

DODD, Cynthia M., 58 Waterside Lane, West Hartford—President of Glee Club, Social Committee, Theatre Association, Varsity Lacrosse Manager (Loomis), Vocal Group—*Patience, Tuna Team, Mason II '72, Suffield, and lacrosse with Kelly*—VASSAR. (179)

DUBILIER, Michael J., 1 Ridgeway Rd., Larchmont, New York—Cooking Club, Student Council, Mountaineering Club President, Seante—*Cross Country Skiing, Mountaineering, Rock climbing, eating, sleeping, existing*—CONNECTICUT COLLEGE. (170)

EDINBERG, James, Apartado 62284, Caracas, Venezuela—*Excitement in bookstore sophistication, boredom with bovine feuds, the Important word with Mr. Joseph Stookins, the last laugh on the lopsided dancer, Palm Sunday at the North End, amusement with the perverted elite*—INDIANA UNIVERSITY. (195)

ELBRECHTZ, Folkert, 3578 Schwalmstadt 1, Hephata, W. Germany—Cum Laude—Brass Ensemble, Concert Band, Junior Varsity Cross Country, Orchestra, Stage Band, Varsity Track—*Mr. Eaton (Coach), Mr. Knowles (Advisor), Mr. & Mrs. Howe, the boarding experience, American open-mindedness, distance running*—(200)

ELLIAS, David S., 118 Charlotte White Rd. Ext., Westport, Massachusetts—Intramurals, Medical Aides—*Maine with Jim Dinsmore, Calculus, Maher House, Queenie, The Boycott*—TUFTS. (208)

ELLIS, Bernard W., 235 North Virginia Ave., Massapequa, New York—Varsity Football, Varsity Track, Senate President, B.S.A., Student Council President—YALE. (203)

EWING, Charles A., 71 Bowdoin St., Portland, Maine—Cross Country, Log, Outward Bound, Patience—*Work as a Lab Assistant, Cross Country running, Local Union 236, the Sharps*—BATES. (180)

FEGELMAN, Andrew J., 86 Lawler Rd., West Hartford—Apercu, Foreign Policy Association, Log—*Algebra I with Charlie Pratt, getting thrown out of the library, Mr. Stevenson and the Allyn Aardvarks*—NORTHWESTERN. (197)

FINK, Martha G., 2 Harvest Lane, West Hartford—Cum Laude—Current Affairs Club, Debate Team, Medical Club, Orchestra—*Mrs. Greene's Biochemistry class, next time you feel creative Prudence, don't break your engagement ring, stick to smashing heart lollipops on people's heads, "the fearsome foursome"*—RPI. (201)

FISHER, Jonathan H., 48 Barndoor Hills Rd., Granby—Club Hockey, Varsity Lacrosse and Soccer—*Cindy Pullen, Sports, Mr. Levy, Humanities—the worst course I took here, the happiness of sometimes being able to make a few people laugh*—BOWDOIN. (155)

FITZGERALD, Nancy J., 81 Westmont, West Hartford—Cum Laude—YALE. (155)

FLETCHER, Jonathan A., Box 1712, Lenox, Massachusetts—David & Lisa Crew, Orchestra—*Weekends*—CORNELL. (211)

FULLER, James S., 555 Main St., Suffield—Ecological Society, Log, Photography Club, Loomiscellany—*Batch 2nd and the Teen Center, Bets, Midnight Gorillas, Teen Originals*—HOBART. (210)

GEER, Bartlett R., 6 Hope Drive, Darien—Varsity Lacrosse and Soccer—*Mr. Wise's, Mr. Pierson's, and Mr. Grey's English Classes, Friends, faculty and students all of them different but equally likeable, lacrosse with Grim and Mr. Vernon, the end of it all—it's so good and so bad*—DARTMOUTH. (225)

GELLIN, Bruce G., 89 Brainard Rd., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Lacrosse, Log Sports Editor, Oke-Fun-Oke, Senior Class President, Soccer (captain)—*Spring vacations, insights, thanks to those who did and meant so much . . . You know who you are*—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, (Morehead Scholar) (199)

GINSBURG, Martin L., 1387 1 East 87th St., N.Y.C.—Log, Stage Manager for Fantastics, Track—*Dexter Bullard, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Frost*—TUFTS. (182)

GREENE, Anthony D., 226-05 Merrick Blvd., Laurelton, New York—CASE WESTERN. (192)

GREGORY, Randall Scott, 43 Fairfield Rd., West Hartford—Aviation Club, Social Committee, Student Endowment Committee, Varsity Football, David & Lisa, Patience, Don't Drink the Water—*The theatre with Dexter and Phil, flying, Mr. Howe, cast parties*—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA. (182)

HALPERN, Phyllis Louise, 237 Preston St., Windsor—Cum Laude—Log News Editor—*Joanne, Laurie, Israel*—VASSAR. (201)

HALVORSEN, Michael I., Ovre Hogstad Goard, Asker 1370, Norway—Foreign Policy Association, Varsity Track, Soccer and Riflery, Ski Club—*The Howe's The Shea's, and everybody else whom I had any acquaintance or relationship with during my years at Loomis-Chaffee*—(156)

HANDSCHUMACHER, Kurt R., 90 Northford Rd., Branford—HAMILTON. (233)

HANDY, Edward A., 36 Barker Rd., Scituate, Massachusetts—Allyn Baseball, Paper boy, Student Council, Varsity Football and Hockey (co-captain)—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS. (229)

HARRIS, Jacqueline A., 365 Holcomb St., Hartford—B.S.A., Pelican Captain, Varsity Lacrosse and Volleyball—*The gang, the circus, Math class with Goldie, Biology I, Mrs. Carlson, H*—BATES. (232)

HARRIS, Robin S., 114 Sharon St., Hartford—B.S.A. Secretary, Glee Club, Minorities Committee, Varsity Basketball and Lacrosse—*Labs; Harris, Harris, Hennessey; The Corner in Freshman Biology (Thanks Mrs. Carlson) and Math, Jackie, Betty, Phyllis, Joanne B., Joanne M., The gang, Comp I and Short Story, Sisters at Chaffee*—PRINCETON. (185)

HATHAWAY, Edward, 43 Sage Dr., Manchester—Conn. Citizens Action Group, McGovern Campaign, Varsity Hockey—*An empty mailbox*—CONNECTICUT COLLEGE (188)

HELLENDALE, Rufus P., 21 Shoal Point Lane, Riverside—LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY (212)

HELMAN, Gary, 216 Cedar Ave., Hewlett, New York—Apercu, Loomiscellany—BROWN (163)

HENNESSEY, Elizabeth M., 297 Plainfield St., Hartford—Cum Laude—Assembly Committee, Basketball, Lacrosse—*Harris, Harris, & Hennessey = H³, Lady Laurie, Mrs. Carlson*—BARD (183)

HESS, David, 728 McDonald St., Dora, Florida—*Bronco, Kayaking, Softball, Mrs. Treadway*—DREW (214)

HICKCOX, Edward, 30 Rosedale Rd., West Hartford—Varsity Lacrosse, Varsity Soccer—*New Orleans at 4 AM, Sam Pierson, Saturday Nights in Penn's basement*—MIDDLEBURY (152)

HILL, Richard E., 113 Hyde Rd., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Admissions Committee, Log Staff, Social Committee, Senate, Student Council, Student Endowment Fund—*Debbie, Frank, Pete, Bob, Pine Hill*—CORNELL (206)

HORSEY, Edmond P., On the Green, Dover, Delaware—Cum Laude—Mountaineering Club, *Climbing*—HARVARD (224)

HORSEY, Henry R., On the Green, Dover, Delaware—*Grim, Harry, Bronco, Dules . . . Ms. Elaine . . . "Sure Fred"* (187)

HORTON, Cleveland B., 258 Avede Tervueren, Brussels 1150, Belgium—David and Lisa, Don't Drink the Water, Dorothy Parker—*Cast Parties*—VASSAR (204)

HOSKINS, Frank E., 29 Pond Brook Circle, Weston, Massachusetts—*Garry and Ginny, Hoskins' bar and grill, Teen Center*—UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS (159)

HOUSE, Shiela, Beckwith Circle, Windsor—NEO, *Parties with Shelly*—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT (235)

JACHYM, Peter C., 642 Bloomfield Ave., Windsor—Cum Laude—Chorus, Band, Sailing, Student Council, Log, Admissions Committee, Political Debate Forum—YALE (231)

JOHNSON, James W., 247 Branford St., Hartford—Printing Club, Apercu, Medical Club, Varsity Track (Captain), Glee Club—*Palmer 3rd, The Clan, Walter and Marilyn Rabetz*—POMONA (157)

JONKE, Judith A., 23 Treeborough Dr., West Hartford—*Mrs. Carlson, Mr. Cutler, Mr. Fenner, Mr. Stookins, Mrs. Sundquist—My gratitude always*—TRINITY (175)

KASLER, Paula S., 93 Westerly Ter., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Chaffers, David and Lisa—*Jay and the 16th of May, 1970, Jellybean Vogel, NEO, Maine summer*—BOWDOIN (237)

KATZ, Nancy J., 36 Proctor Dr., West Hartford—Glee Club, Theatre Association, David and Lisa, Glass Menagerie, Don't Drink the Water—*Betsy Atkins, Peter Crim, Phil Lebowitz, Trice*—CONNECTICUT COLLEGE (226)

KELLY, Joanne L., 27 Ludlow Rd., Windsor—Loomis Varsity Lacrosse (Manager)—*the Lounge, Deannie, Pooh, Florida with Cindy and Sara*—DICKINSON (216)

KERANS, Charles, 23 Witch Lane, Rowayton—ST. LAWRENCE (228)

KERN, Peter F., 9711 Carnoustie Rd., Perrysburg, Ohio—Varsity Football, Lacrosse, Student Council, Loomis Athletic Association, *Ben, Doug, Rob, 2nd floor, Mason 4 years*—VANDERBILT (158)

KINGSTON, Joan E., 27 Walbridge Rd., West Hartford—Varsity Field Hockey, Varsity Tennis, co-captain—*Debbie, Timothy, Porculus, Steve*—ALFRED UNIVERSITY (163)

KILLOREN, Dennis W., 62 North Circle Dr., East Longmeadow, Mass.—Varsity Baseball, Basketball, Football—*Basketball, Mason 2nd, Mr. Howe, Niek, Truck and my roommate the slob*—AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE (178)

KING, Jonathan C., 18 Longview Dr., Bloomfield—Varsity Football, Lacrosse, Sports Publicity Club—*Bull Sessions in the lounge, Library seminar room, Tom Enright, Taylor, Deming, Pearson, Twilight softball*—MIDDLEBURY (164)

KINGSTON, Joan E., 27 Walbridge Rd., West Hartford—Varsity Field Hockey, Varsity Tennis, (co-captain)—*Debbie, Timothy, Porculus, Steve*—ALFRED UNIVERSITY (162)

KNEIPP, Thomas, 12301 Stony Creek Rd., Potomac, Maryland—EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE (227)

KOHL, John R., 42 Bonny View Rd., West Hartford—Loomis Athletic Association (co-president), Varsity Football and Track, Social Committee—*Football, Williston game*—DUKE (221)

KOOPMAN, Beatrice, 17 Brookside Blvd., West Hartford—Academic Committee, Graduate Council, Committee X, David & Lisa, Don't Drink the Water—*Munchkin & Pooh, Cleavage & Bill, Living, NEO*—KENYON (226)

LABAU, Peter E., 67 Duncaster Rd., Bloomfield,—*Mort, Tate, Frankie, "The Blue Streak"*—MIDDLEBURY (205)

LAMB, John A., RDZ Listitia Lane, Mt. Kisco, New York—Club Soccer, Club Hockey, Theatre Associa-

tion—Walter Rabetz, Hox, Arnie, Joey and Paul, the others, Bill Bud, Ray, Rick, Rudy—(177)

LAWRENCE, Gregory K., 136 Greenfield St., Hartford—BSA, Varsity Basketball (Captain), Social Committee—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA (189)

LEVINE, Jonathan C., 20 Circle Dr., Windsor Locks—Photography Club President, Varsity Swimming, Log—*The Swimming Letter, Petition and The Team itself, the famous one and a half off railroad bridge, unpublished works of Billy the Poet, beginning the famed slide prematurely, learning to cope with defeat*—UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT (160)

LINDSEY, Claudia F., 32 Chestnut Hill Rd., Glastonbury—Cum Laude—Glee Club, Greyhound Captain, Junior Varsity Lacrosse, Treasurer Chaffee Senate,—*Marcie Creamcheese, The Gang, Cecil, James, Debbie and Bonnie*—WILLIAMS (160)

LISCORD, Nadine H., 110 West St., Doylestown, Pa.—Academic Committee—*Contoocook, Kel, Jim, Tuna, Eclipse, Doylestown, Camping, Molly, New Londen, Wedding, Florida, Rochester (plane trip)*—DAR-MOUTH (216)

LITTER, Robert, 274 Capen St., Windsor—Golf Team—LAFAYETTE (193)

LONNING, Lucy G., 225 Halladay Ave., Suffield—David and Lisa, "Theater Associates", Varsity Tennis, Varsity Volleyball—*Mrs. Carlson, Mr. Bermon, The Gang, Peters (all of them), Stephen Dinsmore and Curtis Carlston, What Goes (Beaner and the rest)*—MACALESTER COLLEGE (181)

MACHERNIS, Joanne, 344 Palisado Ave., Windsor—Cum Laude—VASSAR (232)

MACLACHLAN, W. Scott, 106 Mntn. Terrace Rd., W. Hartford—Cum Laude—Varsity Football, Club Hockey, Varsity Lacrosse—*Grim, Bruce, Steve, Mr. Bedrick, Kathy, Skiing '73*—WILLIAMS (174)

MACRONALD, John J., Apartado del Este 60404, Caracas, Venezuela—JOHNSTON COLLEGE (204)

MAKGILL, Kathleen P., 100 Hilcrest Rd., Windsor—Cum Laude—Chaffee Athletic Association (Pres.), Loomis—Chaffee Glee Club, Varsity field hockey, volleyball, and lacrosse teams—*Let me have; Singing down the mountainside, bobby pins and frizzy blond hair, my private taxi cab service, the ability to excel in sports, the gang, and most of all let me have lips that smile*—SMITH COLLEGE (181)

MAXWELL, Hugh C., 26 Marine Ave., Westport—The Crew—UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE (197)

MCARTHUR, Pamela S., 90 Sherman St., Hartford—Cum Laude—*playing recorder and harmonica, psychology and religion, driving in to school late, trees by the river*—COLLEGE OF WOOSTER (173)

MCCOLLUM, Richard E., c/o Creole Pet. Corp., Apartado 889, Caracas, Venezuela—Club soccer, Loomis Aviation Club, Stagehand—*K. Palmer and Mr. Muzroll—two of the best teachers I had*—PURDUE UNIVERSITY (191)

MCCRISTAL, Hugh K., Briarcliffe Rd., Shoreham, NY—JOHNSTON COLLEGE (220)

MCDANIEL, Robert E., 33 Crest Drive, Vernon—David and Lisa, Class night Follies, Varsity Hockey—

Mason second, "Hearts" at Cueball's, all my friends, and Joe Hockey, Whoever he may be—ST. VINCENT COLLEGE (176)

MCGRATH, Gerard J. P., 179 Beach Bluff Ave., Swampscott, Mass—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT (229)

MCLEAN, Laurie A., 93 Pioneer Drive, W. Hartford—Chorus—David and Lisa, Patience—*NEO theater, the meadows, Eddie*—PITZER (175)

MENZER, Karen, J., 87 High Ridge Rd., W. Hartford—Cum Laude—Cast member of Patience, Glee Club—*Taking the 4:30 bus home while Nancy, Marty, and Judy sat in my car at Chaffee and waited for me to drive them, Hiding under the dashboard after I almost hit Mr. Carlsten's car, Fearsome Foursome*—TUFTS UNIVERSITY (172)

MIANO, Andrea A., 367 N. Granby Rd., N. Granby,—Vocal Group—*getting one science credit, Softball (twilight softball league), smoking permission, Vocal Group ("Scotch and Soda")*—ST. JOHN'S (157)

MITCHELL, Aaron, P., 88 Riverside Drive, Binghamton, N.Y.—Math Team, Set Construction, Seminar Planning Comm., S.P.H.E.R.E. tutoring—*Lester and the Molesters, The Teen Originals, The Muzz, Lester*—CARNEGIE-MELLOW (237)

MORAN, Sara S., 44 Claybar Drive, W. Hartford—*Suffield, The Bounce, Letters, Senior Joke, AGE, Florida, Tim, Friends*—DUKE (179)

MORISON, Timothy F., 9 Riggs Ave., W. Hartford—Varsity Rifle, Loomis Aviation Club, Sky-Life Flying Club—MIT (172)

MORRISON, Mark, A., 35 Vista St. Pymble, NSW, Australia, (214)

MUIR, Robert B., 16 Sunny Reach Drive, W. Hartford—Photography Club, Ski Club, Social Committee, Student Endowment Comm., Varsity Football and Lacrosse—*Mason second and third, Friday nights before the games, Friends who meant more to me than anything else, Incidents in a Volkswagon and Vega, Sharing my laughs and sorrows*—VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY (184)

MURPHY, Margaret G., 104 Ridgewood Rd., W. Hartford—Glee Club, Lovesick Maiden: Patience, Mountaineering Club, Secretary-treasurer: Chaffee Senior Class—*Tres, The Gang, "The Corner" in Math Class, Junior Class Retreat, Ceramics, Infamous ski trips*—MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE (152)

NIEKRASH, John E., 19 Juniper Lane, W., Hartford—Foreign Policy Association, Varsity Baseball (co-captain) and Basketball, Wolcott football—*My thanks to the D's—Penn, Hicks, Jimmy, Truck, a few Chaffers, Mark, Killer, and Johnny. Also Mr. Myers, Mr. Erickson, Mr. Enright, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Howard, Mr. High, Mr. Beebe, Mr. Muzroll and the rest of the faculty and friends I got to know. My best memories—"leopard"; Old Gym; K.I.T. '72; stretchers; spring vacation; Penn's Cellar; Whitney's; Hank*—TRINITY (194)

NORTON, Charles C., 1264 150th St. Whitestone, New York—Varsity Hockey (co-captain), Varsity Soccer—HARTWICK (150)

O'CONNELL, Joseph E., 38 Arnoldale Rd., W. Hartford,—Cum Laude—Foreign Policy Assoc., Loomis—Chaffee Log, Senate, Senior Scholarship Committee, Student Council—*The Library crowd, all teachers, and two years with the Loomis—Chaffee Log*—YALE (228)

OGILBY, Peter, R., 316 North Princeton Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.—Cum Laude—Cross Country, Student Council, Track,—*FRIENDS, Tate and Ogs, with Donnie at Hamilton, Batch 3, Warham 2*—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN (168)

PACKARD, Cornelia N., 1044 Main St., S. Glastonbury—Co-Captain J.V. Basketball—*WRGO? winter term, Chaffee basketball—(Jump!), Ronda, Dave*—UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT (173)

PALLAS, Michele P., 123 Elbridge Rd., New Britain—weekends, RAC, Colorado—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT (217)

PEARSON, John E., 1096 Albany Ave., West Hartford—Cycling, Log, Medical Aide—*Photography, the library, working in Hartford Hospital, Mr. Lungaho's Black Prose class, Club sports*—TUFTS (183)

PICKOFF, Dian J., 39 Putnam Blvd., Atlantic Beach, N.Y.—Cycling, Loomiscellany—*merci, M. Stookins, The Chapel at any time, Mr. Pratt, Mt. Washington winter '73, Darwin Cabin, and all the people in Batch*—BENNINGTON—(151)

PRESCOD, Cecil C., 109-115 173rd St., Jamaica, N.Y.—Chorus, Black Students Association, Foreign Policy Association (co-president), Patience—*Accepting Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior (Jan. 15, 1972), Duffey—70, McGovern—72, Messrs, Simpson, Norris, Mrs. Sundquist, Ms. Seidor, Chaffee Jr. Informals, The Clan, Black Awareness, Thank You, Jesus!*—HAVERFORD—(192)

PRESTLEY, Jonathan H., 519 Mountain Rd., West Hartford—Concert Band, Jass Band, Orchestra—*The piano in the chapel, electronic music, day hops, a few boarders*—YALE—(213)

PULLEN, Cynthia N., 57 Spencer Dr., Windsor—J.V. Volleyball team, Loomis varsity soccer assistant manager, Varsity Lacrosse Team—*Jay and Feb. 13, 1972, the Gang, Mrs. Carlson's bio class, Shoot out at Sugarloaf Mtn, trees and ice storms*—COLBY—(129)

QUISH, Timothy S., 117 Tudor La., Manchester—Club Cross Country Coach, Varsity Basketball,—*Mr. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Plamondon, Breaking scoring record in Basketball (42), Sara Moran, The home Kingwood game, Winning the KIT and receiving MVP, and Mr. Meyers*—WILLIAM PENN COLLEGE—(178)

REED, Christopher, 2607 s. St. James, Evansville, Indiana—JOHNSTON COLLEGE (169)

ROSENTHAL, Stephen Harris, 16 Northcliff Dr., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Academic Committee, Medical Club, Loom, Ski Club, Soccer, Track—*Whirlpool in the training room, Mr. Plamondon, Russian Studies with Messrs. Levy and Stevens*—AMHERST—(224)

ROSS, David Alan, Green Chimneys School, Brewster, New York—*Mr. Dinsmore*—MIDDLEBURY (217)

ROSS, Peter D., 70 Robin Rd., Windsor—Club Basketball and Football, Outward Bound, Stage and Concert Band—*Being a "mite bewildered" on Bear Mtn., 72-0 onslaught on my club football team, the fatal mistake on the Delaware River*—HOLY CROSS (207)

ROTHENBERG, Jeffrey K., 18 Orchard Rd., Windsor—Admissions Committee, Allyn Sr. Basketball, Varsity Cross Country, Varsity Track—*Glover Howe, Mr. Eaton, Mark Underberg, even before Tate and Ogs, the D's, especially Neik and Et., Mrs. Farrel*—UNIVERSITY OF PENN (203)

ROWLAND, William C., Mill Brook Lane, Southington—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT (220)

RUBINOW, Jonathan E., 68 Butternut Rd., Manchester—Batch 2, Varsity Golf and Hockey—*JV Baseball,*

Mr. Westfall, Flagg 3, Hockey with Grim '73, Donald Caldwell, my best friend—TUFTS (166)

RUDNICK, James Gaskill Rd., Worcester, Mass—Loom, Student Council—HAMPSHIRE (165)

RUSSELL, Sara L., 86 Windsor Ave., Kensington—*Going to Chaffee for four years to be able to sling burgers at McDonald's*—SIMMONS (159)

RUSSELL, Stephen M., 401 Woodland Dr., Hartsville—Don't Drink the Water, Varsity Football and Captain Varsity Tennis—*Debbie, Penthouse, T&O, Maher House, learning from John Bermon*—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA (209)

RUSSO, Frank T., 137 Scarborough St., Hartford—DUKE (231)

SAMIS, Peter S., 12 Wildwood Dr., Great Neck, New York, Cum Laude,—Apercu President—*Traversing New England On Wednesdays and Saturdays, Maher House, Wells, Dylan, The Rabetzes*—COLUMBIA (156)

SANDLER, Robin B., 65 Grandview Ave., Newington—Football, Ludlow Basketball—*Killerman Dennis, Joe Hockey, Glover Howe, Mason 2nd and the Big Bog (Moose)*—KENT STATE UNIVERSITY (153)

SAUNDERS, Michael R., RFD #1 B Rd., Houlton, Maine—Darwin Club, Varsity wrestling, Wolcott Soccer—*Mr. Howe, John Bermon, Joe Hockey, Clevedge Horton, Robin Sandler, Mason 2nd, Broad Run, Virginia*—UNIVERSITY OF MAINE (234)

SAVIN, Nina E., 1011 Mountain Rd., Bloomfield—Athletic Association, Varsity Field Hockey, Lacrosse, Volleyball (captain)—*Stacey, Susie, Cathy, Douglas, The Midnight Ramblers*—DUKE (218)

SCHWARTZ, Charles S., 36 Parsons Dr., West Hartford—EARLHAM (236)

SHOPE, Allan P., 327 Hopmeadow St., Weatogue—*Loomis Crew, Bill Cosseboom. "What do you want to do tonight?"*, Pam—TUFTS (188)

SIKORSKY, Katherine F., 96 Canterbury St., Hartford—Student Council—DUKE (158)

SILLIMAN, Molly J., 26 Prospect St., Windsor—Glee Club, Orchestra, Patience Don't Drink the Water, Student Council and Senate, Vocal Group—*Dine, Susie, Lisa Nance, Goldmund, thank you all but, "The party's over"*—MIDDLEBURY (199)

SINSIGALLI, William A., 507 Broad St., Windsor—Student Council, Varsity Baseball—*Mr. Sandulli, Democracy with Mr. Cutler, Varsity baseball with the D's*—HAMILTON—(167)

STRICKLAND, Mark D., 12 Cornfield Rd., Windsor—Chorus, Patience—*New York Follies, The Raptuous Maidens & Dragon Guards, R-r-r-ronda! France '72 with the gang, The Cast Party*—TRINITY—(184)

STURMAN, Peter C., 141 Lawler Rd., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Horror Film Festival, Varsity Soccer—*Hops, "Psycho", "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane", "The Fly", Jaguar*—UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO—(207)

SYKES, Mark E., North Farm, Abbotsley, Huntingdonshire, England—Varsity Soccer—*Thanks to some really great people, who often picked me up when I was down. I look forward to hours of pub crawling with any of you yanks who can drop by in England*—UNIVERSITY OF KENT AT CANTERBURY—(198)

TAYLOR, Brent H., 150 Hunter Dr., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Varsity Soccer and Swim Teams—*Mr. Bedrick was an outstanding figure in my Loomis career; There were many others (teachers and students) who were positive forces, Anchoring the championship relay*—BROWN—(227)

TEALE, Philip G., 655 Longmeadow St., Longmeadow, Mass.—ACADIA (176)

TEMPLETON, Allan, 37 Race Brook Rd. West Hartford—Coin Club, Republican Club, Wrestling Team—*Wrestling with Benjie, Tying Taft, Coin Auctions, American History with Mr. Cutler*—YALE—(208)

TOMASSO, Nancy A., 132 Roslyn Dr., New Britain—Theatre Association, Student Council, President, Varsity Field Hockey—*Play Competition '72 Freshman initiation on the train, Senate with Molly, Ted Williams driving school friends*—TUFTS (171)

TOMASZEK, David E., 19 Kellogg St., Windsor—Cum Laude—Foreign Policy Association President, Hartford Model U.N. President, Varsity Golf—*Golf, especially Kingswood '72, The Florida Trip, Tragic Vision and the Brothers Karamazov, Jackets, Ties, and Egg timers*—WILLIAMS—(230)

TRIPP, Tally L., 120 Cliffmore Rd., West Hartford—Glee Club, Loom editor Photography Club, Ski Club President, Vocal Group, Loomiscellany editor—*cycling, Midnight Ramblers, Vincent and the Indians, Colorado Rocky Mountain High, Gina Nothing, Mt. Washington, Winter '73, Grim, Harry and the Yearbook*—ROANOKE—(196)

TUFTS, Grace W., 101 River Rd., Merrimacport, Mass.—Cum Laude—Christian Fellowship, Glee Club—*Finding the love of God, seeing it live in my brothers and sisters in Christ, wise and loving adults—too many to list—who weren't too busy to share themselves*—(161)

TUFTY, Steven, 3812 Livingston St., Washington, D.C.—Hilcrest Club, Kayak Club, Supper Club, Varsity Soccer and Track—*My Yak, Tate's stereo, the long week-end, sophomore chicks, traffic*—M.I.T.—(235)

UNDERBERG, Mark A., 199 Palmerston Rd., Rochester, N.Y.—Log Editor-in-Chief, Don't Drink the Water—*Tate and Ogs, Marvin, Dules, Trials and tribulations with the Log, Karen, Mort, Frankie and the Gang, Liz*—CORNELL—(168)

VALENTINE, Pamela S., 78 Uplands Dr., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Midnight Ramblers, Senior Class President, Varsity Field Hockey and Loomis Tennis—PRINCETON—(200)

VAN ARSDELL, Scott W., 3 Sedgebrook Rd., Pittsford, N.Y.—Cum Laude—Cross Country, Manager, Cross Country Skiing, McGovern Campaign, CCAG, Outward Bound—*Adrian Bronk, Ray and Shelley Levy, Brownie, Batch 2nd, and the Teen Center*—BOWDOIN—(180)

VAN VLECK, Joseph IV, 127 Hunter Dr., West Hartford—Admissions Committee, Foreign Policy Association, Ludlow Basketball, Varsity Baseball (co-captain) and Football—*Honary Derelict, New Orleans, Bourban St., Captiva Delegation, Horses and Dogs, Setback, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Howe, Oxford St., Keep on Truckin'*—HOBART—(194)

VAN WYCK, Philip, RFD Landgrove, Londonderry, Vt.—Don't Drink the Water—UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT—(170)

VOGEL, Lisa E., 284 No. Quaker Lane, West Hartford—Glee Club, Patience, Vocal Group President—*Jellybean McDougal, Paula Sylene, "Hey, Raz", Bets, Bernita Sunquist*—COLGATE—(190)

WARREN, Benjamin S. III, 451 Lakecrest Lane, Grosse Pointe, Michigan—Varsity Soccer—*Glover Howe, Fires, The Z, Doug, Pete, Rob, Steve, Joe, Carey, Letters, Hating & Loving*—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA—(211)

WAWRO, Jill A. N., 44 Walbridge Rd., West Hartford—Cum Laude—Glee Club, Log, Varsity Field Hockey, Lacrosse and Basketball—*The Midnight Ramblers, Whipping Post, Junior Year, Spring Vacation, '73, "you betcha"*—ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION, BROWN—(187)

WEAVER, Mark, 175 Silvermine Ave., Norwalk—J.V. cross country, J.V. track, Loomis-Chaffee Fellowship—*Cross Country, Christian Fellowship Mr. Simpson*—UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER—(195)

WIENER, Jay L., 3858 Redbud Road, Jackson, Mississippi—Log—*Shiela's van & the "total Loomis experience," senior year, Warham & its perversion, Rufus, being educated with Grim, & Photo 1, Taylor III—the tears & the tears*—EMORY (185)

WIGGINS, Julius D., 38 Gilbert Ave., Bloomfield—OBERLIN (164)

WILDE, Priscilla A., 22 Stoner Dr., West Hartford—Athletic Association, Basketball, Varsity Field Hockey, Lacrosse—co captain—*Gill, Bud, Midnite Ramblers, Golddust*—BATES (222)

WILDE, Stephen W., 5 Dodge Dr., West Hartford—L.A.A., LOG—Sports Editor, Mountaineering, Student Council—*Wendy, Mason 2nd 1972, Spring vacation '72-73—Mount Washington, December '73, a lot of friends*—CLAREMONT MEN'S COLLEGE (212)

WILLIAMS, Morgan H., Carrollton, Kentucky—manager Tate and Ogs, Varsity Track—*Chaffee spring day '73*—TUFTS (234)

WILLIAMS, James, 541 Mapleton Ave., Suffield—M.I.T. (154)

WILLIS, Bill, 34 Gilbert Ave., Bloomfield—*Duncan, Sherman, Jackie, Mrs. Treadway, Eddie's room, music and all the REAL people*—PITZER (215)

WILSON, Stewart, 1701 Juniper Ave., Silver City, New Mexico—UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—SANTA BARBERA (169)

YEOMANS, Grace A., 11 Walbridge Road, West Hartford—Committee X, Glee Club—*letters and phone calls from friends, playing the piano, Dublin, N.H.*—SMITH—(238)

ZAUTRA, Joseph J., 511 Percival Ave., Kensington—Cum Laude—Foreign Policy Association, Hartford Model U.N., Varsity Wrestling—*Wrestling, Russian Studies, Model United Nations, Dave Tomaszek's wit-*WESLEYAN (153)

ZINGG, Christopher D. 164 East 72nd St., New York, New York—Senate, Student council—*OOzy, Cschenk (one of the few dogs who understood) and all other friends and acquaintances here at the institute*—KENYON (205)

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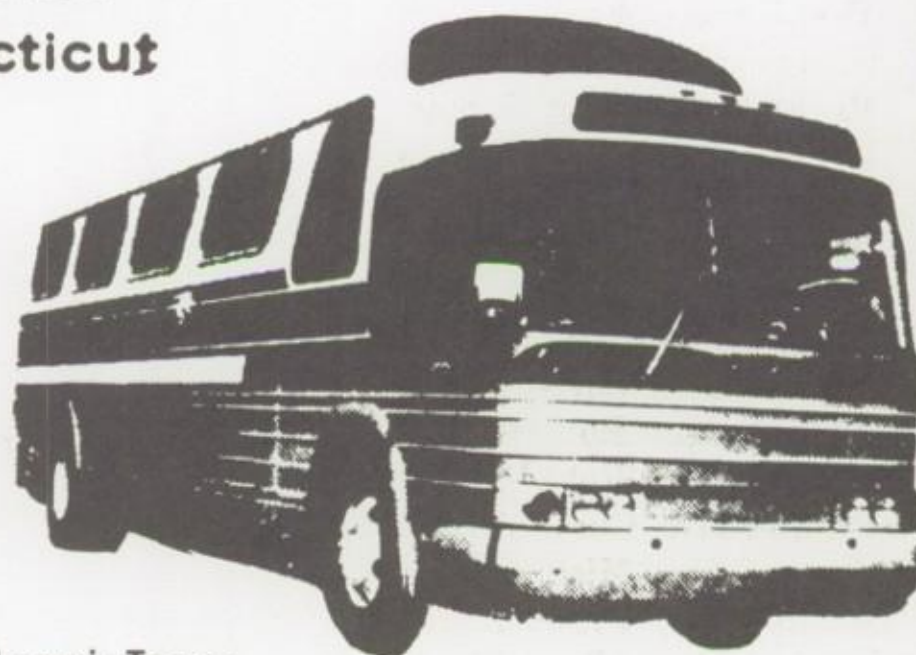
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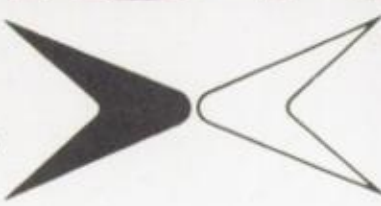
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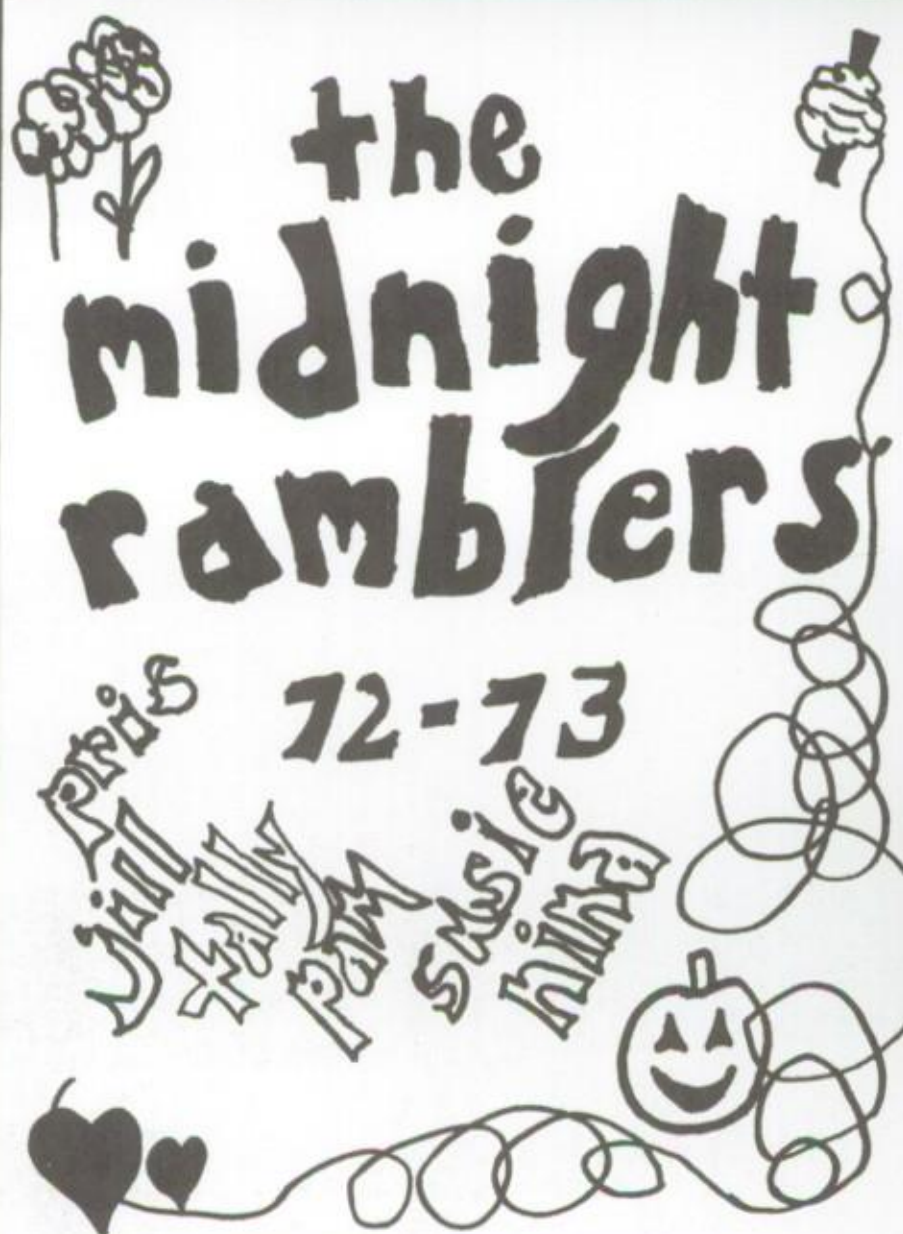
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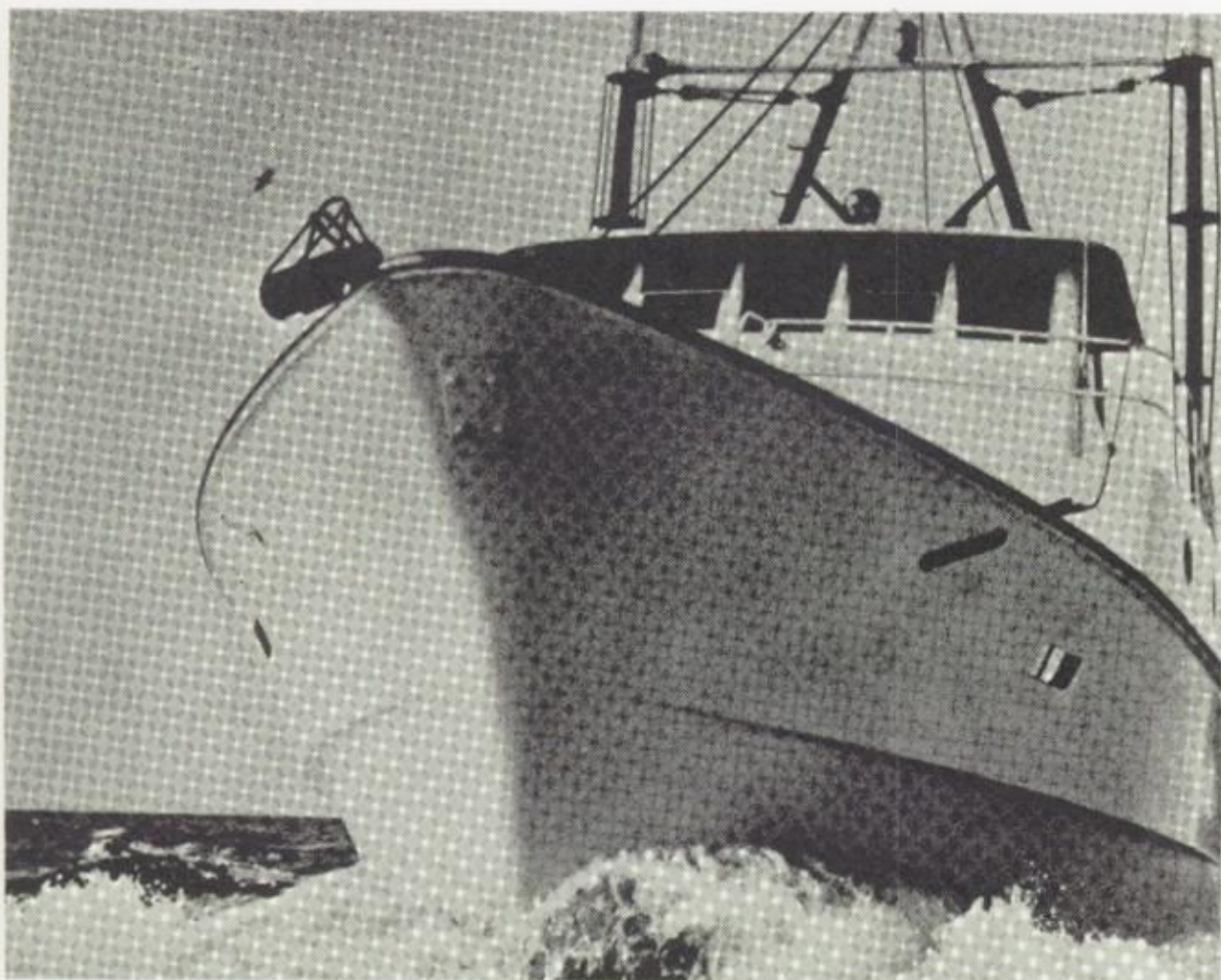
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The editors wish to thank those who have given up the beginning of their summer vacation and have worked hard on this publication . . . Bruce Gellin, Toni Shippenberg, Alex Feldman, Sharon Bard, Diane Alfano, Henry Horsey, Tim Holt, Keith Raphael, Gary Helman, Randy Parks, Al Shope, Dan Nussbaum, Diane Pickoff, and Steve Wilde. We also wish to thank Liz Traggis and Grim.

—Harry and Tally



